

Slow Coming Day, Pages Yet To Be Written

Another page turns in my life
as I'm left here contemplating how the sky can appear so clear then turn gray
and as the rain falls down on my face.
And as the rain falls on my face, a darkness lingers.
And haunting memories plague my mind.
Vivid pictures of all the past times and all I left behind, I left behind.
I'm standing in a crowd, yet I am all alone.
Trying to figure out just what went wrong here
and as the rain falls down on my face.
And as the rain falls on my face, a darkness lingers.
And haunting memories plague my mind.
Vivid pictures of all the past times and all I left behind, I left behind.