

Weaver At The Loom, You Can't Evade Them.

Lately I've been staring at the clouds, alive with beauty.
Reflecting all that I live, and I can't help but wonder,

"When will they fade away? Fearing the dark may come my way,
turning day back into dreary night, where clouds I'll never see."

I will stare 'til I can see no more.
With dark approaching,
I'm longing for answers to these questions that I pose.

"When will they fade away? Fearing the dark may come my way,
turning day back into dreary night, where clouds I'll never see."

Though outside it's dark and toxic,
I'll try not to be afraid.
'cause the stars burn brightly with the hope you give my love.

Their bright lights shine like beacons in the sky,
guiding me far from this place.
Glowing knives cut right through this darkened sky,
'til all that's good refills my gaze.