

# Woods Of Ypres, Crossing The 45th Parallel

To pass between, these winter walls,  
While traveling at night,  
Taken by reflection,  
I mine my life  
The trees have seen me come this way,  
Many times at any hours.  
They stand on both sides,  
And greet me, as I pass.  
A time and place, where winter begins,  
I see inspiring sights.  
Reminiscent of years gone by,  
I mine my life.  
I am, being expected,  
by those who are waiting at home.  
Taking caution,  
knowing I'm guided by white lines covered in snow.  
On occasion I pass through,  
From the life I build,  
To the life I knew.  
Only the trees would have seen,  
Who held the wheel.  
Only they would have seen,  
When I grew tired of travel.  
Only the trees would have seen,  
Who held the wheel.  
Only they would have seen,  
When I lost control.  
In desperate times, in such desperation,  
This long road traveled once left me behind.  
Now used, for gaining momentum,  
The theme of it all,  
Defines my life.