

Woods Of Ypres, Intro: The Shams Of Optimism

An hour away from home,
The lights come on.
Standing at the side of the road,
I am in awe.
Amongst the snow and trees,
The freezing cold,
I thrive on each sorrowful note.
For the moment, all is still,
A tranquil pace.
The ease of being stranded,
In this compassionate place
Amongst the snow and trees,
The air is cold and clean,
and for the moment, I am at peace.
Being able to enjoy a disaster
is a sham of being so optimistic.
Now that the thrill has worn off,
and the adventure has lost it's charm,
I just want to go home.
Still waiting at the side of the road,
The hours have passed, since I last moved.
Head down, eyes closed,
Into a suspended sleep I fall.
Then in sequence, from far to near,
Light reflects off of objects before...
A sun, of the darkest blues,
Rises from the hills behind...