

## Sonet Of Sorrow

Jag Panzer

I see the remnants of our past  
Were we there?  
I see no light, no hope, we fall  
Are we here?  
We see our aspirations fail

I feel the winters growing cold  
No sign, no light, our lives are growing old  
I feel the winters growing cold  
No sign, no light, no hope, growing cold

The dove of dreams is flying overhead  
Her wings are spreading softly signs of dread  
So cold inside the earthly bounds below  
Singing out her somber tales of woe

Her sorrow covers me  
The somber tales of old  
The sorrow covers me  
Tis somber tales of woe