

## Intro: The Shams of Optimism

Woods of Ypres

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...