

The Joy Of Sorrow

A Canorous Quintet

A bitter tear smashes the surface.
Happiness spreads it's wings, never to return.
Blackness now the state of mind, an endless age of suffering.
A statue it speaks words never to be spoken.
Forced entries opens up the soul like never healing wounds.
Will it ever disappear?

It's beautiful like moonlight touching water.
It's painful, a being torn to shreds.
It's magnificent like perfection itself.
It's awful, a being fading on the shelf.

Endless cries above and below.
Prayers they stay unheard like the silence of a world, fading into nothingness.
Time has left us in the cold, still the fires are burning.
While everything is getting old, except the sorrow in the snow.