

# 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.