

My distraction grows in leaps and bounds
in every year gone by.
my addresses now so lovely penned
the blind would shed a tear
maybe I don't need the things that you and you need
and maybe I'm the shadow cast
on drying grass and dying trees.

a scar is only so when cuts run too deep
forgiveness rests upon weight
of what we give and what we keep

maybe there's a footprint I left a life ago.
if so, there's something beautiful
out there, somewhere, I know

words can only reach the ears
of whom you aim to speak
a stone can only roll
so far as the ground is not too steep

and I aim to speak to generations
I wish to touch but one
drive to tears that something beautiful
may never come undone