

Barefoot On Sunrays

Autumnblaze

Dreams or caves
Just something to forget myself
Blind or deaf
Or something worse to bear the nights

Afternoon
We're sitting at the table
Lights are dimmed
No windows in the dining room

I try to think of funny days
We're walking barefoot on sunrays

Mother's mute
She's weeping at a lonely place
Mad and dark
This house is like a grave

I try to think of funny days
We're walking barefoot on sunrays

Yearning for the flight
Yearning for a weightless flight