

Sins Of The Fathers

Barnabas

Timeless, on the edge of any city
A field of weathered stones
Watching, all alone
Marks the fitful resting place
Of silent, stirring bones
Some that pass before us
We, in guilt, cannot let go

An old man runs his hands through tattered memories
Of dreams that wouldn't wait
The future; much too late
One foot caught in yesterday, the other near the grave
Conveniently removed from sight
With little fight, he fades away

So many things remain unsaid
So many signals never read
Behold the unenlightened truth
Of blind, unfeeling youth

Growing up, a child is surrounded
Towering above, so rudely pushed and shoved
By those who've lost the child-heart
Demanding, without love
Limping into parenthood
The son becomes what father was

So many things remain unsaid
So many signals never read
Behold the pitiful results
Of unfulfilled adults

The rivers of our lives run
Under many bridges burned
No river runs forever
Is a lesson sorely learned

So little time for things unsaid
So little time before we're dead
Behold life's bright and fragile flower
So easily devoured

Timeless, on the edge of any memory
A figure stands alone
A knife-blade, keen and cold
That wounds the heart of every man
Who's love was never told
Some that pass before us
We, in guilt, cannot let go