

## A Small Boy and a Grey Heaven

Caliban

I turn inside of myself - look back into my past -  
into nothing - the best time in life - barely present  
I wish I could go back - tell that nice little boy  
to be stronger - to be brave - bu I can't  
he had his chance  
I burn - scream - I despair on these thoughts of  
the past - I realize that I had barely lived  
but just existed - it's too late now  
and my thoughts feed on this grief - the grief  
creates tears that burn my skin  
unable to ease the pain - I float in hoplessness  
for the time is gone and the boy is a man now  
the end - a beginning for everything flows and  
we live to change - live to learn  
the future's still open and to be lived like  
the past has been wasted - with hope in my heart I look forward