

Adrift  
All lost in those days  
A growing branch to smithereens  
Trying real hard to beat some grace out of all that withering and dying  
The thriving soul's beneath  
It's yearning for the surface

Years of pain not undergone in any way will reveal the wounds  
Fiercely tame, not about to make a scene...

I saw it drowning, gasping for air, disappear into the surging of the sea  
An agreement made with the one who wields the cane of ordeal

Seasons gone by have handed over the reins  
Highlighted the worth of our earthly strife  
Highlighted the worth of unearthly might

An early memory a feeble ground  
The facts remain all the same  
An early memory a feeble ground to build upon  
Assumptions die hard while the past remains

Home-grown severe denial  
Smothered way down inside  
Home-grown severe denial  
Shreds of regard defiled