

Praise The Night Time

Catherine

The night pretends not to notice im the only one who s yet to s
leep

For the moonlight cast the shapes that fit me best

Day time brings those who this and that but see not what my eye
s do

Carried across these colored maps by the cloak of could this be
My eyes see these light-less canvases as beauty at its best
but something tells me im not like the rest

As the sun comes down i look around and realize this is home

Make believe youre paths of excellence mean more because the da
ylight.

And that my means of life are insufficient, yea youre right

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I'm not liek the rest

this is where you end and i begin