

Hollow Hands

Daylight Dies

One day you will find a letter
Words escaping from a drowning man
Giving in
Losing hope
Surrendering
To the hands of time

So hard to see what's leaving you
The youth draining from our eyes

So hard to feel what's killing us
The slow, collapsing of our lives

My hands have lost their substance
They slowly lose all shape before my eyes
Always shaking
Always thinning
Always numb
Always fading
In the light of day