

## Brief Encounter

Everon

Alone in his empty room  
He read that book page by page  
In search of truth  
Of comfort or some hope  
He read 'If you knock, my door will open'  
But those he tried were all locked tight

Like flickering lights  
Bits of memories crossed his mind  
Countless shattered pieces  
That refused to fall in place  
He read 'I'll search for all the lost ones'  
But how much more lost could he be

He shook his fist at heaven  
Stood up for all the broken souls  
I will not forget the words  
He spoke to me that day  
He said 'Man, if you believe, would you ask one question  
In my name because to me God never speaks:  
Does he still rest on Sundays, and look at his creation,  
And think it was good?

He could barely breathe  
Hardly grab just one clear thought  
The walls were closing in on him  
His time was running out  
He read 'If you ask, you will be given'  
And he thought of everything he had lost

He shook his fist at heaven  
Stood up for all the broken souls  
I will not forget the words  
He spoke to me that day  
He said 'Man, if you believe, would you ask one question  
In my name because to me God never speaks:  
Does he still rest on Sundays, and look at his creation,  
And think it was good?  
Does he think it was good?

It was a brief encounter  
But after all these years it's still on my mind  
Nobody mourned for him  
There were no flowers on his grave  
I hope at last you got your answer  
And if so, would you let me know?