

## Catch The Shadows

Falconer

You grasped a pot of gold,  
Now it looks like led.  
On your path of hunger  
The gold lies still ahead.

At the end of the rainbow  
Another rainbow starts.

Try to catch the shadows  
And run until you fall.  
Strain your nerves to follow  
The temptations of them all.

The prizes fade with time  
As day fades into night.  
The state of satisfaction  
Is a slowly dying high.

As sun descends in the sky  
The hunt is on for the dawn.  
Chasing tricks of the day through the night.

The scent of dawn is so sweet  
But it is spoiled with each bite.  
Losing pace among all of the treats.