Born to an air of apathy Indifference shapes a fragile mind. Questions formed at an early age beg answers unasked

Silent cries

Behind curious eyes resides a child who cannot speak.

Silent cries

Years find a mind alone whose questions flow too deep for words. Covered in a shroud of silence watching the world go by

Silent cries

Behind outcast eyes, hides a child who cannot speak.

Silent cries

Time blindly races on toward the autumn years Seasons unheeded pass while we all drown in tears.

Questions unanswered remain alone they mourn a fragile mind

Silent cries

Behind lifeless eyes, lies a child who cannot speak.

Silent cries Silent cries