

She's Fading

Manilla Road

A painting of a young girl sleeping, framed in silver,
Where all her life is time,
Winter is failing dignity...she draws the shade,
And lying to her grace,
Thinks se feels security...where nothing dies,

She speaks in soft filter smiles,
Tastes the rain of memory's water...can't heal her pain,
She stares into a mirror's cracked and broken lines,
A little girl waves goodbye,

She's fading as her hourglass runs out,
So sorry for the pain,
Still waiting for a young girl from the magazines,
A torn and yellow page,

In her darkened room she cries,
For faces, now shining halos,
Can't believe what time has done to her,
Can't stop thinking through the frame,

She's fading as her hourglass runs out,
So sorry for the pain,
While all her life is time,
Winter finds a place for her,
And draws the shade.