

# Lament for Lost Dreams

mind.in.a.box

I woke up one day,  
and didn't know whence I came.  
I looked back one day,  
and nothing spoke my name.

I saw myself from afar,  
and could not comprehend.  
I felt a throbbing scar,  
and knew it would never mend.

I beheld the path behind me,  
and the weeds were growing tall.  
I looked where my footsteps should be,  
but there was nothing there at all.

I knelt down without a sound,  
feeling the emptiness inside.  
I buried my face in the ground,  
screaming silently to stem the tide.

I will cry out into the night,  
and let my anguish die away.  
I will thrust my agony aside,  
to prepare for a new day.

in this moment my strength failed,  
I was falling through the ground.  
in the distance my soul wailed,  
all my parts became unbound.

in this moment I felt strong,  
I could see me inside out.  
and my soul it came along,  
so effacing my pitch-dark bout.

I cried for what was not meant to be,  
a last tribute to lost dreams.  
I had to leave behind my effigy,  
and with it bury all my screams.

I turned around and looked straight on,  
aware of the crossroads up ahead.  
I felt my fear the first time gone,  
and saw a future for me to tread.

I will cry out into the night,  
and let my anguish die away.  
I will thrust my agony aside,  
to prepare for a new day.