

In Recognition

Miss May I

The sand, surrounding my feet.
Drifting in the wind, looking at the ocean
As the waves roll by.
The same now as before, over and over again.
Meaning washed away, with the hands of time.
Always the same, always the same.

I miss the sight of the faces I know.
Their voices are the sounds that I cannot let go.
So far away that silence is all that I feel.
I hear them now, the sound is so perfectly clear.

My thoughts, everywhere but here.
Distant from where I am.
The path I follow now, I've already seen.
The same now as before, over and over again.
Meaning washed away with the hands of time.

These will not become, memories.
They will not be unfamiliar to me.
These will not become, memories.
Because they are everything to me.
Always the same.

I miss the sight of the faces I know.
Their voices are the sounds that I cannot let go.
So far away that silence is all that I feel.
I hear them now the sound is so perfectly clear.