

Sorrow

Morna

Tears are welling in our tired eyes
As gears of life grind all hope to dust
Our feelings have grown so hollow
With every day bringing more pain to swallow
Can't stop to bury friends
Death, wants to hold our hands
With bleeding wrists of no hope for tomorrow
Freezing cold of this great sorrow

Rotting flesh of days passing us by
And memories of when we were young (covered in dust)
Outside our minds a rusted horizon, but we never look in
its eyes
All sleepless nights when we think of days that we need to
survive.
All things we want to say but we keep, keep to ourselves