

## 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