

## These old rags

Pale Forest

Smoother surface than before  
eyes set to a different shore  
But what of that which lives within this face

Sweeter scent than before  
renewed temptation, open door  
But what of that which stirs inside this body

My colours have faded to gray  
I know  
Inside I feel the same  
You've left to see a fresher show  
To burn another flame

Warmer weather than before  
storming fire now in store  
But what of the lightning we made

My colours have faded to gray  
I know  
Inside I feel the same  
You've left to see a fresher show