

I picture a place that is
and always will be heaven.
To the eyes, ears, nose and mouth.
But most of all where my dying
heart can sooth and regain it's love
and affection for all, but especially you.
There is a special place knowing no end
to me, myself, and whatever I become.
This thing inside that ticks away ticks lower with each coming
day.
But this place reminds me
I am loved, but not wanted here.
Eyes sulk with the burden of never ending tears.
I am loved but not wanted here.
Pain is only the beginning which binds us all together.
But the meadows somewhere will appear and everything will be al
right.
I am loved but not wanted here.
Eyes sulk with the burden of never ending tears.
But this place reminds me
there is a special place knowing no end
to me, myself, and whatever I become.
This thing inside that ticks away
ticks lower with each coming day.
This place reminds me
eyes sulk with the burden of tears.
I am loved but not wanted here