

Closed Hands

Saetia

She died long before that day I know this tortured, \
Grieving heart of mother no longer knew her own being
And as the sun set on another, you fell through dying dreams
But could not catch them and I could not catch you.

Hiding below my shadow yet dancing above my fears
I grip sorrow's edge as you crumble to fall at my soul's tears
I have not forgotten you
But sometimes I can't help feeling numb through and through
Closed hands on open arms hold nothing