

## Faces

Siobhán Donaghy

And the days they speak to me  
With all their history  
Little ways passing phases all so consistently  
As the gazes reached for me with that intensity  
Through this maze of misled praise the words get into me

Staring at faces of our times to reconcile  
There's always patience waiting for a place in our minds  
And in that autumn you'll find  
Every orphan will lose their need to pine  
Reassure them the world before them  
Staring at faces

Change...

Cause words alone will soon dissolve  
And leave us with a face we can't console  
In the zone conscious of tones  
We can't resolve

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