

The Words

Soen

Shiver through the fever, silence of the trees
Chasing woes of my weary soul, blight of the leaves

Rest from your trouble, lay while you wait
Dream something beautiful
Fill these blank pages with rue, each one

Patient you stayed by my side for years
I know I owe you more than I have
Given the words that will make you leave
There's nothing left here, no one to save

How we share this hopeless devotion
Passing the hours as if they were days
And I won't breathe until it's over
No turning back here, no final escape

Bide here for the closing, fearless by the sea
Time to let go of what always' been there, peacefully

Struck by your silence, drenched in my doubt
Numb from the burning cold
Tear out the pages, change what I sad
Mend my wrong.

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