

## 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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