

# There Is An End

The Greenhornes

Words disappear,  
Words weren't so clear,  
Only echos passing through the night.

The lines on my face,  
Your fingers once traced,  
Fading reflection of what was.

Thoughts re-arrange,  
Familiar now strange,  
All my skin is drifting on the wind.

Spring brings the rain,  
With winter comes pain,  
Every season has an end.

I try to see through the disguise,  
But the clouds were there,  
Blocking out the sun (the sun).

Thoughts re-arrange,  
Familiar now strange,  
All my skin is drifting on the wind.

Spring brings the rain,  
With winter comes pain,  
Every season has an end.

There's an end...