

Widow

Tracedawn

From the day you saw his face
You knew that he was yours
You saw your life in his blue eyes

No he sleeps the endless dream
Death always comes too soon
You linger your days counting out time

Wasting away crying in vain
Colours have turned to white and gray
You wait for your love to take you across again

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Colours have turned to white and gray
You wait for your love to take you across again