

These days are filled...

These days...
These days are filled
with such a strange stillness.
I can no longer feel
the wind of the future
against my face.

These days...
These days are filled
with such a strange silence.
I can no longer hear
the pulse of life
within my heart.

These days...
These days are filled
with such a strange darkness.
I can no longer see
the light of hope
within my soul.

These days are so empty.
These days are so lost...
are lost.

Text by Rain Worthington (1977)