

Anna Maria Jopek, The Wind

The sky turns grey and fades to dark
The leaf hangs in mid air
An open window lets in the cold
Time stands like a century (I feel you)

Theres nothing left but everything remains
To remind me I miss you
And everything I see and touch is tainted
And it turns to dust

Who plays your voice to me
Who strings it on the breeze
If I could just believe
But its nothing just the wind

If I put it in a hidden place
An image in my mind
The window may close some more each day
And then time might keep on moving

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Who steals these falling tears
Who heals the aching years
I thought I heard you speak
Its nothing just the wind

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