

With Broken Wings, Minus A Holiday

early years consist of only silence
his image is buried beneath a falling sun

a cold day
another holiday
your minutes turned into empty hours (years)
a cold day
another holiday
my thoughts of you are far from gone

I'm not among
the boys whos bearings vanish
when autumns memories
become more vivid

the sound of your voice is
like a melody left unfinished