

3dob**"The Ballad Of Burning Hope And Lost Dreams"**

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standin before a broken man
no tears of joy, just a pen in hand
but can he,,buy his pride
with his reflection to confide
this story, is sad but truthful, lightly beautiful
if we could mend
a shattered heart

The shadows, comforting his thoughts
his dreams are in the clear
and he doesnt, feel the hurting
cause hes already known fear
as thoughts, begin racing
all good things must end
and problems, that hes facing
are like he never dreamt
no one sees him cry
as the wind slowly admires
and no one sees him die
throwing his hopes into the fire
the light, shines slowly on the room
the mornings sounding
his mind is blanker
than his lively stare
he hides, in shame of knowledge
knowing that alone, he falls again

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