

Crystal Shawanda

"Departure"

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I discern a subtle stream converging in the quiet
Just behind the silence my mind has slipped inside it
I can feel a past being fed me, a second hand future's
misled me
Second hand futures misled me, I feel a fate being fed
me

To devour my memories in a single sitting
Seems the only means the only means befitting
A reunion with my beloved, a reunion with the sun
A reunion with the stars, a reunion with the sun

Though I know endless dawn awaits
Still I rotate at the gate to watch my life escape
Never turning as it runs
My reunion with the sun never turning as it runs
Never turning as it runs

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Just behind the silence my mind has slipped inside it
My mind has slipped inside it

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