

Demis Roussos

"Shadows"

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Shadows of a thousand faces keep on turning in your
mind,
And forgotten names and places never really left
behind.
Is it here imagination seeking shelter from the rain,
Or a long self conversation once again.
Shadows never point a finger at the things you say or
do,
Silently they seem to linger any way you may run to.
Sharing every joy or torment, every laughter or
despair,
Facing you at any moment if you dare.
Gentle past at once surrender at what you didn't
understand,
Conquest of the night that ended holding you with
trembling hands.
In a book a fall leaf-clover marks the days at below,
Till she found that it was over long ago.
Little thanks had most of meaning leaving only
emptiness,
Tender words and simple feelings never eased your
hunger.
Yesterdays remain so sudden and tomorrows round
the bend,
Can you read the line that dark ends on your hand.
Both ends of a candle burning shine so brightly for a
while,
Rancours of a life reflecting in your smile.
Shadows never point a finger at the things you say or
do,
Silently they seem to linger any way you may run to.
Sharing every joy or torment, every laughter or
despair,
Facing you at any moment if you dare.

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