

Falconer

"Catch The Shadows"

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You grasped a pot of gold,
Now it looks like led.
On your path of hunger
The gold lies still ahead.

At the end of the rainbow
Another rainbow starts.

Try to catch the shadows
And run until you fall.
Strain your nerves to follow
The temptations of them all.

The prizes fade with time

As day fades into night.
The state of satisfaction
Is a slowly dying high.

As sun descends in the sky
The hunt is on for the dawn.
Chasing tricks of the day through the night.

The scent of dawn is so sweet
But it is spoiled with each bite.
Losing pace among all of the treats.

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