

# Flow "Falls"

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Far,  
Such scars,  
To be carried by one,  
As if finding,  
His way.  
Some day,  
He'll be facing the fall,  
And will he recall?  
Will he recall  
That them falls,  
Don't compare to the small,  
Things she gave him,  
And to the way,  
His whole being swayed,  
By the tone of her voice,  
When she whispered his name.

His heart,  
He chose,  
That wherever he goes,  
She could touch it.  
He would say,  
That some day,  
He'll forget and regret,  
And that he'd never recall,  
He'd never recall,  
That them falls,  
Won't compare to the small...

Scars,  
So far,  
Roads were traveled by one,  
Overcoming,  
The pain.  
No complaints,  
Only fading regrets,  
And the longing,  
To that place,  
And to that space,  
Only he could have got,  
In her being,  
And while she stayed,

At no man's land,  
She would recall his falls,  
And that one didn't seem small.

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