

Buried Dreams

"Looking Through The Fire"

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I sit beside the fire and think of all that
I have seen of meadow flowers and butterflies in
summers that have been
Of yellow leaves and gossamer in autums
that there were with morning mist and silver sun and
wind upon my hair
I sit beside the fire and dream of how the world could
be
when winter comes without a spring that I shall ever
see!
For still there are so many things
That I have never seen in every wood in every spring
there is a different green
I sit beside the fire and think of people long ago
and people who will see a world that
I shall never know I sit beside the fire and dream of the
great immortal night

with every tear and every cry remember the cold nights
Never seen this light before
Great fire without a light
Darkness burns in me
Will I ever see the night again I do not longer care
I just want to leave this world
My hope is almost dead
Fire take my soul
My cold hands hold the tears-long forgotten by time
I awake in this neverending dream
I hear your hopeless voice- that screams from the
beyond
Please don't leave me I will be forever by your side...

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