

Agathodaimon **"Past Shadows"**

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Now far I, I am from you before my fire alone
And read again the hours that so silently have gone
And it seems that eighty years beneath my feet did
glide
That I am old as winter, that maybe you have died

The shadows of the past swift stream across life's floor
The tale of all times, nothing that now exist no more
While the wind with clumsy fingers softly fumbles at
the blind
And sadly spins the fiber of the story in my mind

I see you stand before me in a mist that does enfold
Your eyes are full of tears, and your fingers long and
cold
About my neck caressing your arms you gently ply
And it seems you want to speak to me, yet only sigh

And thus I clasp entranced my all, my world of grace
And both our lives are joined in that supreme embrace
Oh, let the voice of memory remain forever dumb
Forget the joy that was, but nevermore will come

The shadows of the past swift stream across life's floor
The tale of all times, nothing that now exist no more
While the wind with clumsy fingers softly fumbles at
the blind
And sadly spins the fiber of the story in my mind

And thus I clasp entranced my all, my world of grace
And both our lives are joined in that supreme embrace
Forget how after an instant you thrust my arms aside
For now I'm old and lonely, and maybe you have died

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