

Sinith Hall

"Desert Sands"

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the silent cry in my mind
the oracle of our time
still remains unheard
to count the days and the nights

passed him up in the desert sands
thrown out by the time's hands
the clock is of essence
so we are slaves waiting in line

all that's been made you have created
you've molded everything you have
the artist only paints the picture
his mind the framework the canvas

what will be done is erased

years won't advance the cause or place
cover your eyes, for what you'll lose
imagine a smile, traded abuse

we ignore what could be changed
to fill our hearts with pain
and we embrace our own ignorance
to feel again

until you know there is none, the hope strives on
because the feel the fear is...
and the voice you hate is what drives you along
and this ride won't wait.

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