

## **The Provenance "At Arms Length"**

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The tears, the crying, this world is dying,  
And all I can picture is black.  
The lack, the sorrow, denuding the morrow,  
Somehow it always comes back.  
The distance, I'm further away from you now,  
Drifting apart from my world.  
This venture I've started, rejecting it all,  
I'll never let go of my word.

Clinging to fragments, pieces and segments,  
Never have I been alone.  
You've always been there, feeding my strength,  
Always been there, at arms length,  
Always been there, feeding my strength...

What I've become, the person I am,  
Stands taller than most of you all,  
The goals I set out to achieve in this world,  
I've faced them now, both big and small.

The tears, the crying, please stop your lying,  
And skip all your empty promises.  
The lack, the sorrow, denuding our morrow,  
But somehow, it cannot get darker than this.  
The world, still at arms length...

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