

Thyne Scabbard

"Reaching Out With Broken Fingers"

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I'm reaching out with broken fingers, to the things I
cannot have.
You are so close but I can't see you, I miss you so much
I might go mad.
I'm reaching out with broken fingers, to the children
who hold my heart.
I want to say that I love you, and wish you were both in
my arms.

Its not the end.

I took for granted all the times we had,
When I could have held you close anytime I wanted.
I can't live without you, I can't live my life, without your
hands in mine
I might just die. With out you here beside me I feel my
soul might die.
Alone my heart in screaming to see your precious eyes.

The precious hands of my children come back to me.
Without your presence I am dying come back to me.

I can't live without you.

Through this fight I will not surrender, until your hands
are held in mine.
Your innocence and safety will be first, I'll never
jeopardize your lives.
I'll be here fighting for you until I die, There's nothing I
won't stand up too.
It brings me joy when I look into your eyes, The best gift
I'll ever have is you

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