

Mark Boutilier

"New Moon"

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Crawling my way
through the wreckage.
A new moon is
high in the night.
The whispers of voices
around me.
Behind me i sense
a great light.

It feels like i'm
trapped in a story.
Of courage to
continue to fly.
With noone to hold
on to show me,
what i am doing is right.

Can you help me,
Or just hold me.
Can you tell me the reasons,
that would console me,
console me.
Can you help me
Or just hold me.
Can you tell me the reasons,
that would console me,
console me.

Gather my strength
just to whisper.
I summin my spirit inside,
and open my faith
to the future.
My shut eyes
open wide.

I saw you there
along side me.
Forever youd be
by my side.
And angels and saints
who had told me,

i used the night as my guide.

Can you help me,
Or just hold me.
Can you tell me the reasons,
that would console me,
console me.
Can you help me,
or just hold me.
Can you tell me the reasons,
that would console me,
console me.

I'm crawling my way
through the wreckage.
A new moon is high in the night.

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