

Peter Green

"I Once Wrote Some Poems"

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I once wrote some poems of stillness and silence,
standing by rivers of reflected light:
my thoughts were on being loved and yet unloved, too

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I surrendered to the warmth of the night.
And now I feel like dying,
and if the water were still here, it would
hold me close.

I once wrote a poem while walking on gravestones,
as cobbles, rain and tear lashed down my face....

I then felt my whole world was fading
as memories jostled and fell into place.

And now I feel like dying,
and the pain of old fires still burns.

I never wrote poems when I bit my knuckles
and Death started slipping into my mouth...

but that was really a long time ago,
and I'm not writing poems now.

And though I don't feel quite like dying,
there is something deep inside me
softly crying.

And though I don't feel quite like dying
there is something deep inside me softly....

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