

The D.O.C. "Gentle Hands"

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Drawn in by an unseen cold hand,
I pass even time as it flows to eternity.
As your eyes look away into the hazy distance,
What is revealed to them, I cannot see.

As the moonlight shines on my bitter cold fingers.
Frozen tears of mine begin to flow anew.
I look at the sky. That distant far off dream,
It always has me in it's view.

Unafraid, I reach my hand into the darkness.
I am at the point of no return.
If I truly realize the person I am,
Hidden away inside my deepest memories.

I still want to believe that you will return to me.
Until you are with me, together in this place.
I still want to feel until the end of time.
The gentle loving touch of your hands on my face.

Trapped inside this cage made of glass,
Hurt feelings held captive in the cold and icy night.
From far beyond the infinite dark.
There must always be a ray of light.

I know that your eternal shining light
Will embrace me in the warmth of infinity.
While trying to run from the pain of reality,
I'm losing sight of what is so important to me.

I still want to believe that you will return to me.
Until you are with me, together in this place.
I still want to feel until the end of time.
The gentle loving touch of your hands on my face.

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