

Truth Hurts

"Against The Dying Of The Light"

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In my darker hours
When the shades have all been drawn
I count the cost I've paid
Just to count myself alive
Feel the sand slip through my fingers
As I clutch at the shore
Feel the tide, always receding
Feel the absence of your warmth
Could this be the last time
That you call these arms home
Could this be the ending
That we never thought would come
You fade, intangible
Your words reach my heart
At least say my name
Let me know you're safe
That you reached the far horizon
If we must say good bye, let it be like this
With our eyes and mouth denying
Our hands clutched in resistance
Futile though it may be
Standing in this moment
Against the dying of the light
End the songs of mourning
Raise our voices now to hope
For what passes into shadow
Is never truly gone
For what passes into shadow
Is never truly gone
"Go not gently (go not gently)
Into that good night
Rage, rage, (rage)
Against the dying of the light."-Dylan Thomas

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