

Sorrow

THE SWEET

SMELL OF A GREAT

SORROW LIES OVER THE LAND

PLUMES OF

SMOKE RISE AND MERGE INTO THE LEADEN SKY A MAN LIES AND

DREAMS OF GREEN FIELDS AND RIVERS BUT AWAKES TO A

MORNING WITH NO REASON FOR WAKING HE'S HAUNTED BY THE

MEMORY OF A LOST PARADISE IN HIS YOUTH OR A DREAM, HE

CAN'T BE PRECISE HE'S CHAINED FOREVER TO A WORLD THAT'S

DEPARTED IT'S NOT ENOUGH, IT'S NOT ENOUGH HIS BLOOD

HAS FROZEN AND CURDLED WITH FRIGHT HIS KNEES HAVE

TREMbled AND GIVEN WAY IN THE NIGHT HIS HAND HAS

WEAKENED AT THE MOMENT OF TRUTH HIS STEP HAS

FALTERED ONE WORLD, ONE SOUL TIME PASS, THE

RIVER ROLL AND HE TALKS TO THE RIVER OF LOST

LOVE AND DEDICATION AND SILENT REPLIES THAT

SWIRL INVITATION FLOW DARK AND TROUBLED TO AN

OILY SEA A GRIM INTIMATION OF WHAT IS TO BE

THERE'S AN UNCEASING WIND THAT BLOWS THROUGH

THIS NIGHT AND THERE'S DUST IN MY EYES, THAT BLINDS

MY SIGHT AND SILENCE THAT

SPEAKS SO MUCH

LOUDER THAN WORDS OF

PROMISES

BROKEN

