Strictly Confidential

Howard Alden

Before I die I'll write this letter
Here are the secrets you must know
Until the cloak of evening shadow
Changes to mantle of the dawn
Will it be sunny then I wonder?
Rolling and turning
How can I sleep?
Hold on till morning
What if I fall?
Over the hills and down the valleys
Soaring aloft and far below
Lying on stony ground the fragments
Truth is the seed we tried to sow
Marking the time spent on our journey
There isn't much we have to show
Counting the cost in money only
Strikes me as funny don't you know?
Tongue tied the thread of conversation
Weighing the words one tries to use
Nevertheless communication
This is the gift you must not lose
Hauling me always are the voices
(Tell us are you ready now?)
Sometimes I wonder if they're real
(We're ready to receive you now)
Or is it my own imagination?
(Have you any more to say?)
Guilt is a wound that's hard to heal
(It's a cross you have to bear)
Could it be evil thoughts become me
(Tell us what you're thinking now)
Some things are better left unsaid
Magical moment
The spell it is breaking
There is no light here
Is there no key?

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