

Book of Hours

Anekdoten

Watching the world through the eyes of a child

Leaving the past behind me

Curiously peeping behind each door

Already longing for tomorrow

There's no need to fear as long as you're here It's not always easy, not always plain

You cannot evade your sorrow

Those are the terms of this old game

Give and forgive for tomorrow

There's no need to fear - I will be here All of the reasons were lost in the wave

I scrabble around for reassurance

Dragging my grapnel athwart the sea

Scanning my Book of Hours

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