

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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