Back In Sight

Everon

She found a withered flower
Between the pages of a book
This book's her book of memories
Which off the shelf she tookTonight without a reason
Except for feeling in the mood
For a little journey backward
To give her weary soul some foodSome memories prick her like thorns
Some really make her smile
But she can't stop holding that flower
That speaks of a life that once was hersOut of reach, out of touch
But right now back in sight
She wishes she knew how to get back thereWith her eyes closed she lets her
Memories take her on a ride
She relives all she has been through
And all she's put asideIt seems she had been walking
Down a long and rocky road
Sometimes she has been mourning
Her head she never bowedOut of reach, out of touch
But right now back in sight
She wishes she'd know how to get back thereOut of reach, out of touch
But right now back in sight
She misses him badly, and still she cares...

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