A Small Boy and a Grey Heaven

Caliban

I turn inside of myself - look back into my past -
into nothing - the best time in life - barely present
I wish I could go back - tell that little nice boy
to be stronger - to be brave
but I can't - he had his chance
I burn - scream - I despair on (3)
these thoughts of the past
I realize that I had barely lived
but just existed - it's too late now
and my thoughts feed on this grief - the grief
creates tears that burn my skin
unable to ease the pain - I float in hoplessness
for the time is gone and the boy is a man now
the end - a beginning for everything flows and
we live to change - live to learn
the future's still open and to be lived like
the past has been wasted
with hope in my heart I look forward

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