

There Is An End

The Greenhorns

Words disappear,
Words weren't so clear,
Only echos passing through the night. The lines on my face,
Your fingers once traced,
Fading reflection of what was. Thoughts re-arrange,
Familiar now strange,
All my skin is drifting on the wind. Spring brings the rain,
With winter comes pain,
Every season has an end. I try to see through the disguise,
But the clouds were there,
Blocking out the sun (the sun). Thoughts re-arrange,
Familiar now strange,
All my skin is drifting on the wind. Spring brings the rain,
With winter comes pain,
Every season has an end. There's an end,
There's an end,
There's an end,
There's an end,
There's an end.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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