

Minus A Holiday

With Broken Wings

early years consist of only silence
his image is buried beneath a falling sun a cold day
another holiday
your minutes turned into empty hours (years)
a cold day
another holiday
my thoughts of you are far from gone I'm not among
the boys whose bearings vanish
when autumn's memories
become more vivid the sound of your voice is
like a melody left unfinished

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

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