

# Face of Yesterday

## Renaissance

The lonely street eclipsed the sun  
Until the sculptor had begun  
To etch and mold a dream  
Which soon became a passing game  
A sad forgotten scene  
A face of yesterdayThe builder need his base of sand  
And stretched his willing gentle hand  
To seek the help, to shape the life  
He had depended on  
Which fell like rain and snow  
A face of yesterdayThe man of music wrote a score  
For several instruments or more  
But when they played together  
Then they found disharmony  
A cluttered symphony  
A face of yesterday

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