

Anekdoten, Book Of Hours

watching the world through the eyes of a child
leaving the past behind me
curiously peeping behind each door
already longing for tomorrow
there's no need to fear as long as you're here

it's not always easy, not always plain
you cannot evade your sorrow
those are the terms in this old game
give and forgive for tomorrow
there's no need to fear - I will be here

all of the reasons were lost in the wave
I scabble around for reassurance
dragging my grapnel athwart the sea
scanning my book of hours