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Lyric som medverkar i min musik.

Death through the pale window

Death or sunlight strains through the high windows into his life

He knows of its beauty, and on the very far edge of him he may even feels it

A numb sense of joy trying to help him, save him

Yet he can't hold unto it.

The sunlight illuminates the broken candlehold he only keeps because it was a gift from his daughter and he sees himself in it. Its tall and broken. The candle lains on the filthy window, useless, taunting.

Another example of what could have been, if only he been there. Yet here he is, tall and broken.

Though he was a gift to someone too, he's now useless and emotionless in the dust and stillness of his life.

Though the realisation he was a precious gift allows the knowledge and truth and more, he retreats from it, another joy he can't bear to feel again, cause he knows its mostly gone and he chooses the consistency of nothingness over a fleeting moment of joy, that will sink from something, to nothing in beyond

down to pain, anguish, and finally...emptiness

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