

# The Drifter

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*more an arrangement of prose..i guess it's another philosophical pondring*

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# 1 - The Drifter

The drifter/ she walks/ eyes blinded by tears/ sent from the deep/ bittersweet /longing for this/ of a time/in a time /when those could be/

Could there be/ in a time/ when a drifter walks on/ beyond that of day/ begone to a night/ yet into the night/ still blinded by tears/ abundance of stars/ light up in her eye/ but to walk/ out in cold/ with a day set before/ of a day gone by/

Could she walk/ knowing this/ and the night will turn out/ when it's been /and is gone/ how she mourns /of lost time/

Could it be/ for the drifter/ alone in a night/ finds a peace/ for the day/ to go on

In a world/ where sorrow exists/ and now/ for her time/ let it be.

And the wind in her hair/ still soft/ though in night/ where her soul yearns to be/ when in night/ or in day/ be with God.