

PAGES®

Written by Michelle Madden

There are wise men - in ignorance have died.
There are strong men - who never seem to cry.
There are angels - who tend to always fall.
There are heroes; can we look upon them all?

The page is turning now I'm wondering, how we seem to lose our way.
My face it tells a sad - - sad story, how I come to run astray.

There are old men – living young and bold.
There are children - yearning to grow old.
There is winter - foggy, cloudy, haze.
There are memories - thoughts of better days.

The page is turning and I'm wondering, how we seem to lose our way.
My face it tells a sad - - sad story, how I come to find my way.

There is peace, but only if you sign the dotted line.
No more warfare, if you find your peace of mind.
There is friendship, if you find the time to concentrate.
There is love, but only for those who do not hate.

If we're so peace loving, then why do we choose to load our guns?
UNITED WE STAND, but the truth is we're the lonely ones.
We call on silence, why does it seem to rip our ears?
We call on sunlight, but we are blinded by our fears.

I know - - - I will never die, cuz death is a limit and limits are a lie.
I know in my heart dreams are burning strong and I will carry on.