

Reflection

By Thomas Whitson

What I see when I see your eyes
Neglected, abused, forgotten, despised
Downtrodden, afflicted, a burdened old soul
Too easy we fall back into the role
And play once again the parts we forgot
Though if we remembered we'd never be caught
By the past and the fear and the hate and the lies
All of the things that I see in your eyes

The thing that I hear when hearing your voice
Remembering when we still had a choice
Before we were bound by decisions we'd made
Before life became a game we had played
One time to many and so became a bore
When living and loving turned into a chore
By the apathy felt when love cried rejoice
All of the things that I hear in your voice

The thoughts that I think when I think of your love
Pass the saddest and deepest far, far above
For the depths of my sorrow are heights of despair
When I think that my treachery laid you down there
Where deep down inside your own heart is torn
By years of unspeakable worry you've born
When I have forgotten what think I most of
The things that I think when I think of your love