

Where Was I To Know

Brother Cane

How many times have I said to myself,
This means nothing to me?
What doesn't kill, only makes me stronger,
So comforting to believe.
But in these strange days I find,
That I'm a ghost, in my own life.
Can you forgive these blood-stained hands,
And trust the scars have healed out of sight?
Where was I to know
You were running out of reasons?
Afraid to just let go,
We were crashing into pieces.
But where was I, where was I to know?
And I'm so tired of feeling sick and tired;
Shattered to my very soul.
A dying light in a coal black sky;
I'm too young to feel so old.
With hungry voices, we stand in a circle,
Chalked upon the floor.
We're waiting for grace; is it all in vain?
Or do we count the ways once more?
Where was I to know
You were running out of reasons?
Afraid to just let go,
We were crashing into pieces.
But where was I to know?
I'm humbled by your patience.
In time, the spirit grows.
Will bring me to your garden.
But where was I, where was I to know?