

Shadows

Demis Roussos

Shadows of a thousand faces
keep on turning in your mind,
and forgotten names and places
never really left behind.
Is it here imagination
seeking shelter from the rain,
or a long self conversation once again.

Shadows never point a finger
at the things you say or do,
silently they seem to linger
any way you may run to.
Sharing every joy or torment,
every laughter or despair,
facing you at any moment if you dare.

Gentle past at once surrender at
what you didn't understand,
conquest of the night that ended
holding you with trembling hands.
In a book a fall leaf-clover
marks the days at below,
till she found that it was over long ago.

Little thanks had most of meaning
leaving only emptiness,
tender words and simple feelings
never eased your hungriness.
Yesterdays remain so sudden
and tomorrows round the bend,
can you read the line
that dark ends on your hand.

Both ends of a candle burning
shine so brightly for a while,
rancours of a life reflecting in your smile.
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