

## Mist of Memories

Lethian Dreams

Our soul's sorrows seek us most with dawn  
Crawling through dirtied windows  
Longing to be known and felt  
But your ever somber trail of thoughts  
Rescue will never easily be taught

If only our healing tears  
Could ease the weight of memories

The same old ghostly haunting of your eyes  
And the old poisonous mist of memories

Rises about me, and the old desire  
Quickens along my veins in sharper fire  
O! I am lost, you will not set me free  
Unless I turn again, and seek the sea  
Some vague new world of waters, bounded by  
The soft and sudden barrier of the sky