

# The Loss Of Innocence

Pantheist

When suddenly at nights dark thoughts intrude your peaceful sleep  
And your dreams wander in places long-forgotten  
When visions of loss and regret engrave their ugly features on your skin  
And you feel your purity slipping from your hands

When gradually you see the years you've lived turn into statues  
-The hopes and dreams you had, now cast in stone  
And when the years that come appear to be stillborn  
-When you reach out to touch them they have already gone

Please don't let sorrow and grief make you bitter  
With honesty and diligence search in your heart and find  
The secret gift of your old innocence

And if by chance once, in a black winter night  
As a casual trespasser on your way back home  
Suddenly you spot a tragic figure writhed  
Don't let me quench blinded by my guilt  
But like a Good Samaritan  
Lend me a hand  
Salva me