

Images (Chapter 1)

Saga

There he sits
Drawing images on the causeway
With small bits of chalk
He sketches all the lost days
And the rain keeps coming down
Wipes them from the ground
And the rain keeps coming down
Watching his life drown
Dashing past
The people circle around him
With a laugh
A bottle must have drowned him
And the rain keeps coming down
Wipes them from the ground
And the rain keeps coming down
Change his smiles to frowns
None remain
Not the friends or possessions
Who's to blame
With all those good intentions
One picture did remain
A face that had his name
A body lies, no pain
Under blankets of warm rain