

I got here by the window side, To gaze upon the sky outside; And contemplate the morning
mist, Of who is my bride and
where she is. A

thousand years of drinks and more,

The skies light hearted dull to poor;

A thrifty trend of shallow ways,

Is answered in the grey old days.

A grey old day, what will occur,

A standard word to her or concur;

Of time lost in the risen lord,

The truth to come and be my reward.

A miracle of days gone by,

Of blues skies perfect and scattered clouds die;

As if the morning was lost just now,

To be revealed but only God knows how.

All humbles here within my room,

Of all that's visible appears gloom and doom;

It's not as if I cannot hear,

But see in depth and wisdom fear.

So long ago did the lord portray,

Of what would be a grey old day;

But beyond my shallow penned down page,

Te sun is there in ancient age.

Signed,

Blackness numbed comes