

"Darkened, Empty Sky"
by Gregg Standridge and Terry Ware

I sit and stare out a shattered window pane
Watching the river go dry
You tell me I should probably wait for rain
But rain don't fall from an empty sky

You try and keep me down with the words you toss around
And fool me with your crooked, little grin
If I live or die makes no difference in your eyes
This battle it was never mine to win

All you have taken it once was mine
And that which remains has lost its shine
I no longer dream
I no longer try
And all that I see is a darkened, empty sky

All hope and trust has slipped through my hands
And lies in the cracked earth I roam
That's been laid to waste by the greed of your chase
And I'm left with the scraps off the bone

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I no longer dream
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