

Torn Picture

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Tightly wrapped in sadness
I keep walking through the park
To recall forgotten feelings
Has the fire kept a spark?
Standing on our bridge of sighs
Afflicted with my grief
I see my troubled picture
In the water underneath

Where will the river take us?
Will we ever meet again?
Or will we get lost in the ocean
Like a teardrop in the rain?

Glued to her very picture
I see through my inner eye
Our hearts have long stopped yearning
And still I wonder why
Looking back in sorrow
There's a crack-up in my view
Things look pretty different now
From the sights I knew

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Will we ever meet again?
Or will we get lost in the ocean
Like a teardrop in the rain?

Love is but a wanderer however steady it may seem
Two halves of a picture slowly floating downstream, downstream, downstream . . .
Floating downstream, downstream, downstream . . .

Firmly trapped in silence
I get swallowed by the dark
Deafening the pain inside
Where the cutting left its mark
One last look from our bridge of sighs
Reluctantly I leave
For other pictures to be taken
For other dreams to weave

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Will we ever meet again?
Or will we get lost in the ocean
Like a teardrop in the rain?