Helen Daly
Swan Song of a Soul

Some days i don't know if i’ll go,
But i don’t know how she can stay
The heat is too hot and the pain too wrenching
As it melts my soul away

To draw a breath and then think of death
Is a strange idea to relate
For how can one, who cannot overcome
Inspire within such a state

And the happy days, seem so far away,
When there is laughter that veils a frown
It’s funny to me, that a smile of glee,
Can cover a mask of down

And i’ve thought of the ways, and it turns into days
When i considers the options that be,
But i don't take a step, lest i prematurely be met
With the reapers grasp upon me.

Sure, i go and i talk, and i relate all the pain
Which goes back to my childhood days
There was something amiss, in a whirlwind that persists
Which held my happiness at bay.

And i turned to chemical comfort, after trying to stuff
All the sadness that was inside
And it robbed me of life, after years of strife
And i continued on the painful ride
Anything was better, sure any drug could fetter
A different me to show the world
As if i was acceptable, or worthy or credible
To be part of their lives, unfurled

Well, it sometimes gets better, then clouds up, seems forever
The me that i see in the glass
If only i could love her, embrace the soul above her
i might save this little girl from the past

I cannot speak to what the future holds
But i do so wish i could know …
what becomes of the past in tomorrow’s looking glass
Is only as the wind blows …

And she mustered her courage, battened down not to perish
And saw the storm through to the last …
She learned that the beauty she could now see through the pain
Was her soul’s swan song of the past …