

**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 ...