

Spectator

Shadows of the city lights
I stand alone every night
silent in the crowded street
a spectator, so discrete

Spectator, lost in time
I watch the world go by
theater, hopes and fears
drowning in unshed tears

Seasons and the changing tides
observing as lives collide
I dream outside the confines
I wonder who made the design

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I will search for flesh and blood
it may seem a little odd
I'm longing to hold a life
knowing that I have to strife

Deep within those watchful eyes
lies a universe of hopes
yearning to be more than this
spread my wings and touch the sky

Will I ever be more than
a ghost among the living
there's no hero in this tale
behind the transparent veil

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