

# Sins Of The Fathers

Barnabas

Timeless, on the edge of any city  
A field of weathered stones  
Watching, all alone  
Marks the fitful resting place  
Of silent, stirring bones  
Some that pass before us  
We, in guilt, cannot let go

An old man runs his hands through tattered memories  
Of dreams that wouldn't wait  
The future; much too late  
One foot caught in yesterday, the other near the grave  
Conveniently removed from sight  
With little fight, he fades away

So many things remain unsaid  
So many signals never read  
Behold the unenlightened truth  
Of blind, unfeeling youth

Growing up, a child is surrounded  
Towering above, so rudely pushed and shoved  
By those who've lost the child-heart  
Demanding, without love  
Limping into parenthood  
The son becomes what father was

So many things remain unsaid  
So many signals never read  
Behold the pitiful results  
Of unfulfilled adults

The rivers of our lives run  
Under many bridges burned  
No river runs forever  
Is a lesson sorely learned

So little time for things unsaid  
So little time before we're dead  
Behold life's bright and fragile flower  
So easily devoured

Timeless, on the edge of any memory  
A figure stands alone  
A knife-blade, keen and cold  
That wounds the heart of every man  
Who's love was never told  
Some that pass before us  
We, in guilt, cannot let go