

## Where Was I To Know

Brother Cane

How many times have I said to myself,  
This means nothing to me?  
What doesn't kill, only makes me stronger,  
So comforting to believe.  
But in these strange days I find,  
That I'm a ghost, in my own life.  
Can you forgive these blood-stained hands,  
And trust the scars have healed out of sight?  
Where was I to know  
You were running out of reasons?  
Afraid to just let go,  
We were crashing into pieces.  
But where was I, where was I to know?  
And I'm so tired of feeling sick and tired;  
Shattered to my very soul.  
A dying light in a coal black sky;  
I'm too young to feel so old.  
With hungry voices, we stand in a circle,  
Chalked upon the floor.  
We're waiting for grace; is it all in vain?  
Or do we count the ways once more?  
Where was I to know  
You were running out of reasons?  
Afraid to just let go,  
We were crashing into pieces.  
But where was I to know?  
I'm humbled by your patience.  
In time, the spirit grows.  
Will bring me to your garden.  
But where was I, where was I to know?