

I don't know quite what's happening  
and my eyes don't see too clear;  
all I know is I need you here,  
if only to shield me from the mood of the world  
and hold me and say it doesn't matter....  
but I'm like a child whose dreams are shattered,  
Crowding round me: images of broken thought,  
lines of my life now overgrown.  
All I can feel is I'm so alone,  
without even your bright eyes to reach into my mind  
and say that in my life I've done right,  
and I'm like a moonchild in the sunlight.  
So cast your thoughts upon me, wherever you are,  
that I may feel you close beside me  
and hold your hand, for you to guide me  
through all these catacombs which freeze me  
with their touch;  
unknowing, knowing so much, my mind cries out  
and I'm like a child when the light's out  
With a child's fear of the dark