

# *The Light from the West*

*Low comes the light from the west now*

*Shadows lengthening grow*

*The sounds of the day decrease faintly*

*Blossoms, though paling, yet show*

*Children's voices, now deeper,*

*Seem further away and quite low*

*This time of my life brings discernment*

*Of things that I'd rather not know*

*Youth comes armed with a filter*

*Your senses may clearly run blind*

*You see only that which you want to*

*Seeking but that which you find*

*But as the years weave on by slowly*

*You sense with a different mind*

*The truth now stands out full naked*

*And seldom does it turn out kind*