

Streets of Broken Dreams

*Gone the woodland paths of hope
Gone the carefree ways of youth
Gone the dreams of yesterday
..... just this cold, unvarnished truth*

*Gone the treasures of the hearth
Gone the ease of kith and kin
Gone the comfort of embrace
..... just this loneliness within*

*Gone the warmth of bosom friends
Gone the blossomed wildwood flower
Gone a loving mother's smile
..... just this endless, aching hour*

*Gone the promises of faith
Gone the solace of a prayer
Gone a doting father's touch
..... just this deep well of despair*

*Broken children of the streets
There cast loose with pangs of guilt
By generations living doomed
In a culture they'd not built*

*Doomed to live and doomed to die
Edged on madding, surging hordes
Far from home and far from love
Now just passing, empty words*