

# Blanketed Mind

*Bret Lundstrom*

My bed doesn't feel anything  
My dreams have abandoned me  
Sleep is so far off in the depths  
Deaf to my every silent plea

The sheep sheared and sold off  
Snow blankets these sheets  
As truth slowly numbs the mind  
Nothing enlightened save the streets

The quiet ring of the day's work  
Still echoes back and forth in my ears  
My mind races to tomorrow  
Filling me with regret and fears

Trapped on this slab of predicaments  
The seeds of possible problems grow  
Nourished by the waters of loneliness  
Waiting for more troubled seeds to sow

Simple sorrows to quintessential quarrels  
Tossing and turning across my mind  
Answers are nowhere among the stars  
They must be here in this vacuum to find

There must be a way to fix all of this  
A lost light somewhere along the cave walls  
Some bright light waiting to be crossed into  
A quiet wait for the morning's calls

Days of amusement and light broken by  
A chain of thoughts brought along by night  
Nothingness will save me from my torment  
Finally a rift and a glimpse of the light



Light saves the slave of the frozen night  
Thawing the contempt that slowly crept in  
Being bound by the fears of time and self  
Slowly and surely unraveling from within

