

Taking Time to Remember

Bret Lundstrom

Fallout radiated through the room
Fighting apparent with the gloom
Screams echoed through the hall
Slowly dying against each wall

Tears flowing and hands in head
Much remorse shown for the dead
No comprehension as to why
Her poor husband had to die

Hands on shoulders and hands in hands
Guess it's a matter of glass and sands
Oh how it's scary to feel so numb
Just sitting here in my own glum

Father taken and I feel nothing
Isn't this supposed to be crushing
My best mate and dad all in one
Oh how now I remember all the fun

It may feel fleeting, but they're still there
All the memories that we got to share
Stuck in time like stars against the sky
They take me up and won't let me cry

He knows my thoughts and feels my soul
He knows all about how he made my heart whole
No tears here coming from my eyes
No matter how hard my mind tries

He was taken, he just had to leave
It's not Death's fault, so I don't grieve
At least not with tears and sorrows
For he won't be there for the tomorrows



I'll miss all of the yesterdays no doubt
It's just I find no reason to pout
Because I had the number one dad
And today is the day I realize I'm glad

