WHEN THE NIGHT FALLS SILENT

At night, when stars are hushed and fade into the wind,
the memories return to where they've always been.

The promises you broke without a single thought,
the love you cast aside, the love you never sought.

Your lies were soft and sweet, a summer storm at play,
that painted fleeting beauty, then slowly slipped away.

But what I thought was rain, a gentle, cooling sound,
was lightning in my heart, where jagged scars are found.

You held me close again, as if the past could mend,
as if a touch alone could make the heartache end.

But deep within my soul, the truth begins to ring:
that love is not a silence, it is a different thing.

I offer you my pardon, but I cannot erase
the silence in your eyes, the coldness in your face.

I shattered in the dark and tore myself apart,
while someone else already held the beating of your heart.

Karl Schnürch

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