

A Time of Peace

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I wrote this after my parents divorced, and I kept on thinking it was my fault, and wished I could go back in time to when we were happy.

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I walk through a land of long ago,
and Iâm taken back to a time of peace,
I remember the rustle of the old oak tree,
followed by the ringing of my fatherâ s voice
Itâ s always sad thinking of old times,
Times of happiness, better times than today,
and I know that itâ s time to let go of the past,
but I find it heartbreaking, somehow.

When I think of that time, that lovely time,
of ages and ages ago,
and I think about where time went wrong,
I canâ t help always crying aloud,
because I feel like it was all my fault.

I try to fix it, I try to mend,
but the seams fall apart more and more,
and I think, â Oh, Iâ ve done it again..â
and Iâm struck with a guilt far worse than before.

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