

Sorrows come,
And sorrows go,
The tears that fall,
Are sad I know,
But here in this moment,
I reach out my hand,
Greedy I may seem,
But don't you understand?
Sorrows come,
In an abundance of pain,
But denying yourself,
Only adds to the rain,
Happiness is limited,
That's why I hold tight,
I can't control the sadness.
It's too much of a fight,
In holding true to myself,
By reaching out my hand to hope,
Happiness can be found