

### MAAR DIT WAS ALTYD SO

Dis terug  
van heel agter  
tot voor in my bewussyn,  
skielik t'rug,  
uit die skadu's verskyn.  
Dit hou my hand  
loop langs my aan  
en wil my nie laat gaan.

Ewe skielik sien ek dan  
aan my regterkant,  
'n uitgestrekte hand,  
'n gaatjie in die palm.  
Ek neem die hand,  
en word dan kalm,  
vergeet my seer  
en glimlag weer.

Ja, my dae is getel  
maar nie eens oor.  
My dae is getel,  
maar dit was altyd so,  
altyd, altyd so,  
en ek kan nog voortgaan,  
en die lewe soos altyd aanvaar.  
Vergeet my seer;  
ek glimlag nou alweer.

### IT'S ALWAYS BEEN THAT WAY

It's back,  
from the back of consciousness  
to the forefront of awareness.  
It's back,  
flouting my plans  
taking my hand  
walking with me,  
not letting me be.

But then I see,  
reaching out to me,  
another hand,

**a pierced palm.  
I take that hand,  
regain my calm  
forget my pain,  
and smile again.**

**My days are numbered  
but not yet up.  
My days are numbered,  
but that's how they've always been,  
always, always been,  
and I can go on  
as I've always done.  
Forget my pain  
I smile again.**