Where do they go to?

Where do they go to, the people who leave?

Are they around us, in the cool evening breeze?

Do they still hear us, and watch us each day.

I’d like you to think of them with us that way.

Where do they go to, when no longer here?

I think that they stay with us, calming our fear

Loving us always, holding our hands

Walking beside us, on grass or on sand.

Where do they go to, well it’s my belief

They watch us and help us to cope with our grief

They comfort and stay with us, through each of our days

Guiding us always through life’s mortal maze.