Servants and Kings

Radical Face

Through rolling hills,
and many miles of blood
We slept in the rain, falling;
marched through the mud.
And you were not like anyone I'd known.
You spoke with impunity,
had nothing to atone.In quiet evnings, you'd tell me what you thought about:
Servants and kings and how everyone is bought,
and that no one's hands are bloodier than God's,
and that I won't be judged for doing as I ought.
It's hard to say just when I fell in love.
There was no epiphany,
no light from above.
But you'd become my candle in the dark,and all through the hell you were a shield across my heart.
When all was fire
and the weather out for blood,
and the boys, still too young to drink,
were drowned in the flood.
I'd hear you laughing,
it was like coming up for air.And I'd laugh with you, pretending not to care.
Not many years have passed since the last time I saw you.
When I kissed you on the mouth, you walked away.
I knew it would be too much; I knew that it would scare you.
But I couldn't find the proper words for what I had to say.
But I don't regret a thing.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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