The Summer Drones

Inter Arma

We've spent a spell drifting on paths bygone,
Where our voices wane against the breath of Gods.The summer drones..."Here, where the spirit is purged of all earthly trespass, crooked men and vagabonds desire a most desolate peace."But we'll tread on, through a season unchanged,
Across barren expanse to the high desert plain
Where we'll accept our fate and take our rightful place
Among the devils and thieves nailed to the Joshua trees.The summer drones on.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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