

Rust

Holy Soldier

Sitting on a weathered bench in the middle of a park

The names can barely still be read, where two lovers carved a heart
I wonder where they are today, are they
together still?

Or does only one return to trace the heart that never healed?
And on, and on, and on, and on we all pretend
Day after day goes by but someday it will end
Turning of time, sowing of seeds

Saying the words we seldom speak

Say what you should, do what you must
Turning of time, sowing of seeds
Not for the now but eternity

Hearts like a wheel can turn to rust
Mother saved the photograph, now she keeps it in her book
She cries every time she sees, though she can't help but look
Her only child made her smile, though she can't
accept the loss

She spends her day but not alone, at the foot of the cross

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