

# 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

Lyrics provided by

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