

Forgive

Bill Miller

Seven blue stones in the desert sand
A shiny gun in a young thief's hand
A stolen car and a broken dream
Blood on his hands and it won't come clean
No where to run, no where to turn
The fires of rage begin to burn
You can't go home and he can't go on
His flesh is weak and his spirits gone
Now he's behind a prison wall
He doesn't have the will to live
He says it's all his father's fault
He taught his son the way to live
He was unable to forgive
She wore his ring for thirty years
And one night he confessed his darkest fears
He'd been unfaithful, he'd been untrue
What could she say, what could she do?
No where to run, no where to turn
The fires of rage begin to burn
She can't go home and she can't go on
Her flesh is weak and her spirits gone
He had betrayed her with a kiss
Killed her desires, her will to live
And who was blinded, what did they miss?
Will she be able to forgive? Are we able to forgive?
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