

# 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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