God Alone

Rob Clay

Who was born here and danced with infancy?
The stones let me go, (but) to make a difference their names are kept,
expecting half with nothing to find.
Like a lighthouse, a wild nothing moved to an empty place
tended embers of life fires, envelop, something wide and moral.
It takes and leaves, flicker, heavy, growing, leeched.
The son will rise.
The son has died.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/