Grains & Grams

Morgan King

The fire it felt so so heated
Believed in all the things you said
Authority words unspoken
Broken in the ashes spreadDisabling my sense and feeling
Seeds planted in my head
Now it's time for you to leave here
Every grain and gram I shedEvery truth a grain of sand
As we hold it in our hands
It's falling through the cracksFrom the ashes we create
Many grams the truth will weigh
Now thrown into the wind
Into the wind...I see now how the fabric woven
Fibre tight still bound and bled
Do no harm a constant story
Then contradict our moral threadEvery truth a grain of sand
As we hold it in our hands
It's falling through the cracksFrom the ashes we create
Many grams the truth will weigh
Now thrown into the wind
Into the wind...Fickle is our rhyme and reason
Obese in thought indulgent mind
Our gravitas has lost it's meaning
Does it sink beneath the changing tidesEvery truth a grain of sand
As we hold it in our hands
It falling through the cracksIn the ashes we create
Many grams the truth will weigh
Now thrown into the windIn the riot of our wake
Only stillness we create

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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