

# Song For Zula

## Ronnie Fauss

Some say love is a burning thing  
That it makes a fiery ring  
Oh but I know love as a fading thing  
Just as fickle as a feather in a stream  
See, honey, I saw love, you see, it came to me  
It put its face up to my face so I could see  
Yeah then I saw love disfigure me  
Into something I am not recognizing  
See, the cage, it called, I said, come on in  
I will not open myself up this way again  
Nor lay my face to the soil, nor my teeth to the sand  
I will not lay like this for days now upon end  
You will not see me fall, nor see me struggle to stand  
To be acknowledge by some touch from his gnarled hands  
You see, the cage, it called, I said, come on in  
I will not open myself up this way again  
You see, the moon is bright in that treetop night  
I see the shadows that we cast in the cold, clean light  
My feet are gold, my heart is white  
And we race out on the desert plains all night  
See, honey, I am not some broken thing  
I do not lay here in the dark waiting for thee  
No my heart is gold, my feet are light  
And I am racing out on the desert plains all night  
So some say love is a burning thing  
That it makes a fiery ring  
Oh but I know love as a caging thing  
Just a killer come to call from some awful dream  
O and all you folks, you come to see  
You just stand there in the glass looking at me  
But my heart is wild, and my bones are steam  
And I could kill you with my bare hands if I was free

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