Glory (1st Version)

The Acorn

Burning rock, in the palm of your hand.
Treat this place as you're wont to,
I will make my land, to comfort you.Arch precision.
Pull the ropes with a dry hand,
Soaked in scenery
Painted by brushes of hair
I pulled from your head.
Don't make this difficult.
I can't wait for the morning sun.Oh, the morning sun has come and you're not there.Petals encircling
Newspapers crumbling.
Turn the TV off and wait for the writing in the sky
It could be bad, it doesn't matter
'Cause those words will just melt into the clouds.
Don't be mad, my name was misgiven...
I've known glory all my life
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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