Silver Wings

Rory Block

Two houses were born, in a very different time,
And I saw one from above, as I circled in a cloud,
And I was flying in a cloud,
And it had white porches, and small windows,
It had a wild front yard,
And I was flying, trying not to fall too hard,
I was flying, trying not to fall down too far,
But my faith, my faith can pull me up on silver wings,

I heard a voice, it was Wendy saying,
She said a soul wants to be born, She said, you will be its mother,
You know you are its chosen one,
I was nursing a baby, he was my own little child,
And then he looked at me so wild, and he had laughter in his eyes,
But I was crying, trying not to fall to hard,
I was crying, trying not to fall too hard,
I was crying, trying not to fall down too far,
But my faith, faith can pull me up on silver wings,

I had a friend, she was wise and patient, she had raven black hair,
And her eyes were morning blue, you know she always spoke the truth,
And she rode white horses, that she raised on a farm,
While many birds were singing, and there were birds everywhere,
And she was flying, she didn't want to fall down,
She was flying, trying not to fall down too far,
But her faith, her faith could pull her up on silver strings

Lyrics submitted by Gabriel Z.

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