

Sand on the Fire

Moor Hound

To catch your toes on silver
To stumble over gold
To never fear another day
'Til death carries your ghost To see the painter's toil
On a canvas of pale skin
To wander the perimeter
Smiling over every inch I never learned to think is not to do
To dream is not to follow through
With this stifled spirit barely keeping me alive
Sand on the fire long before I die To see your own reflection
In the water passing by
To see that aging dreamer
Once with hope in rich supply

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

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