

Death or Glory

[Dustin Kensrue](#)

An old bearded oak of a man in the street yells,
"A storm is coming soon".
The weather man says it will never rain again.
By their own perspective philosophies one of them's just a body.
Reading teleprompts in two-piece suits,
One of them is too strange and splendid for any to comprehend. I feel somethin's coming for me.
Is this death or glory that hangs like lightning in the air?
It's been years of barren skies,
But I see dark horizons draped like night beyond this glare Out there at the edge of town,
Where the wind whips up, whispering my name.
I walk the streets of this withered and wicked land.
My shadow darkens the door of a place I ain't been before,
But I shamle off in shame.
Throwing rocks at the rooks with these brittle and broken hands.
I feel somethin's coming for me.
Is this death or glory that hangs like lightning in the air?
It's been years of barren skies,
But I see dark horizons draped like night beyond this glare I swear I feel the rain in my bones,
And I imagine thunder shattering stones, playing crack the sky.
I was scared I might be lost in the floor but now,
I see more than that I'm just longing for love and this land's so dry. In the dark of the night I woke with a start,
And I stared across the room,
But all I saw was this dream burned across my brain.
From here to the ocean there was a field of roses,
I watched them burst and bloom.
I saw them wither and fade but revive,
When they felt the rain start to fall.
I feel somethin's coming for me.
Is this death or glory that hangs like lightning in the air?
It's been years of barren skies,
But I see dark horizons draped like night beyond this glare.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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