

Burning Wreath

Fuzz

Dead sage fill my page
words of age that set the stage
cats eyes set their sights
twisted skies are on the rise
In the valleys of the moon
where the sand stands still
watching the fathers watch
their rain burn from the hill
Free spech out my teeth
lie beneath the burning wreath
hot coal melted soul
pays the toll and breaks the mold
From these valleys we will bloom
sands will boil through
and leave the watchers watching
burning from the hill
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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