

Gloria

Mineral

A brave morning
Thoughts flap their wings and fly
And I can still taste
Defeat on my lipsBright tie, fish fly
I have not yet arrived
How can I not admit
I need to know youCause I just want to be
Something more than the mud in your eyes
I want to be the clay in your handsHey sorrow where are you
Tomorrow just won't be the same
Without you here
I'll wish for shoulders bold and broad to bear
And strength to hold my head above themCause I just want to be
Something more than the mud in your eyes
I want to be the clay in your handsCause Gloria is silent
And glory is a silent thing

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