Middle of June

Noah Gundersen

Time is a cold wind blowing through the leaves
Of a tired, old tree I sit beneath
Where I think about the world and I don't know how,
what will happen to us now?And peace is a ladder up to the clouds,
that I'm wishing I could climb but I don't know how
So would you lend me a hand to the promised land,
where I'm headed, glory boundAnd it comes and it goes
Where it's headed, no one knows
And we come and we go
All the saints and the liars, sitting by the fire
What will happen to us now?And hatred is a sharp knife held by the blade,
it's cutting in your palm til you feel no pain,
And burning in your eyes with a righteous rage,
til the ashes blow awayLove is a thing that you can't define,
Though you try with all your might
Through the riddles and rhymes
But it'll fly you like a kite,
It'll throw you to the ground
But that's the best thing I have foundAnd it comes and it goes
Where it's headed, no one knows
And we come and we go
Like the winter and the spring,
Losing everything just to gain it back againBut oh, how pretty is the middle of June

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