

What Beautiful Things

[Dustin Kensrue](#)

Leaves are falling, the wolves are calling
And death goes with them.
The light is waning the night will reign o'er me
But in the heart of the deepest dark, the light is shining
I lift my head from my dying bed and sing Oh what beautiful things I see
The lunatics with the fire-sticks and the
deadly rhythm,
They reprimand us with reckless savagery.
But in the midst of apocalypse, the dove brings tidings
I lift my eyes to the the azure skies and sing Oh what beautiful things I see
We're so surprised when we realize
that we're deftly skilled in
The very vices we swear off violently
Still at the crux of the worst in us, the hope is hiding.
I lift my gaze from my wicked ways and sing Oh what beautiful things I see

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