

Obdurate Obscura

Woven Hand

Braided in the hair of the earth
Sweet grass your brother inferior
O obdurate
Do beg to differ
Rolling to and fro
The sleeping camp
A burning lamp
Never the gentleman
Over her shoulder goneAn esoteric enclosure
Abandoned early on
Driven from the face of the ground
This tiger city prowess
What in the world is better than
Hidden in the light
His silver cup in your sack
Obscure man x2Up from His high place
He looks
But there is no man
Casting down imaginationsVerily verily this silver vein
Drawn a blank name
Asleep in the stern
Who dare to wake him
But the innocent

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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