Wishing Well

Theocracy

Concrete and coldness
Cobwebs and chaos
Poison and promises
Liars and lies
Deception falls like ashes from the skiesIntentions and motive,
Lost to distraction
It sometimes seems easier to leave it alone
and sort through the wreckage when the buzzards leave the bones
Empty ruins rumble, wake and come aliveOne waits for a rainy day, while there are stories left to tell
One more chose to look away, a penny for the Wishing Well
Blood in the water, the Saint and the Martyr will stay
Wish AwayWatching and waiting
Fearless and faithful
Strength and surrender
Survival and hope
Another taking hold by letting goOne lowly vessel, scarred imperfection
Converging pieces in The Master's design
To work in the potter's field while there's still time
Father, night is coming, Mercy for the dawnOne waits for a rainy day while there are stories left to tell
One more chose to look away, A penny for the Wishing Well
Blood in the water, the Saint and the Martyr will stay
Wish AwayBeware! The silence
When apathy sets in like a disease
Reliance
On anything that pulls us off our knees
Approval
A vigilance to storm The Gates of Hell
Refusal
Of sideline lethargy and wishing wellFrom ashes a vision, Angel of Mercy arise
With no action it withers up and diesFire! Immortal
The hands of God to touch the face of pain
The loyal
To dust them off and lift them up again
The Fervent
A refuge for the broken souls in need
The Servant
Unto the least of these as unto MeFrom vision to action, there's a new story to tell
When living beyond The Wishing Well

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

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