

# Rage

**Kim Churchill**

We bet it all,  
Did we bet it all,  
All upon our ancestors to win,  
All upon forgiveness from within, And you like this day,  
Is grey as the sky,  
And seeing all the rage there in your eyes,  
Feeling fail is learning to be wise, We've learnt from nights of cold our ages warm,  
Be some truth I am young enough too learn,  
How to begin, Rage is a flower,  
That blooms in the heat,  
The most beautiful of these we choose to keep,  
And it helps with how we mask all our defeat, We've learnt from nights if cold our ages warm,  
Be some truth I am young enough to learn,  
How to begin, And all that I believe will change our fears you,  
Nothing seems to stay the same,  
Nothing seems to move, We've learnt from nights of cold our ages warm,  
Be some truth I am young enough too learn, Called upon the wind that blows so cold,  
Your running on the failing fo it grew old,  
Too old,  
Too begin

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