

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 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
Hope is hiding
I lift my gaze from my wicked ways and sing

Oh, what beautiful things I see
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