

# Forgive

Bill Miller

Seven blue stones in the desert sand  
a shiny gun in a young thief's hand  
a stolen car and a broken dream  
blood on his hands that won't come clean

no where to run, no where to turn  
the fires of rage begin to burn  
you can't go home, he can't go on  
his flesh is weak, and his spirits gone

now he's behind a prison wall  
and doesn't have the will to live  
he says it's all his father's fault  
he taught his son the way to live  
he was unable to forgive

she wore his ring for thirty years  
then one night he confessed his darkest fears  
he'd been unfaithful, been untrue  
what could she say, what could she do?  
no where to run, no where to turn  
the fires of rage began to burn  
she can't go home, she can't go on  
her flesh is weak her spirits gone

he betrayed her with a kiss  
killed her desires, her will to live  
who was blinded, what did they miss?  
will she be able to forgive?  
are we able to forgive?