

Death or Glory

Dustin Kensrue

An old bearded oak of a man in the street yells
"A storm is coming soon"
The weather man says it will never rain again
By their own respective philosophies, one of them's just a body
Reading teleprompts in two-piece suits
One of them is too strange and splendid for any to comprehend

I feel something's coming for me
Is this death or glory that hangs like lightning in the air?
It's been years of barren skies
But I see dark horizons draped like night beyond this glare

Out there at the edge of town, where the wind whips up
Whispering my name
I walk the streets of this withered and wicked land
My shadow darkens the door of a place I ain't been before
But I shamble off in shame
Throwing rocks at the rooks with these brittle and broken hands

I feel something's coming for me
Is this death or glory that hangs like lightning in the air?
It's been years of barren skies
But I see dark horizons draped like night beyond this glare

I swear I feel the rain in my bones, and I
Imagine thunder shattering stones, playing "Crack the Sky"
I was scared I might be lost in the flood but now
I see more than that, I'm just longing for love in this land so
dry

In the dark of the night I woke with a start, and I
Stared across the room
But all I saw was this dream burned across my brain
From here to the ocean there was a field of roses, and I
Watched them burst and bloom
I saw them wither and fade but revive
When they felt the rain start to fall

I feel something's coming for me
Is this death or glory that hangs like lightning in the air?
It's been years of barren skies
But I see dark horizons draped like night beyond this glare