

## Of Crows And Crowns

Dustin Kensrue

you are a sight for aching eyes  
a river for my thirst  
when all the world is harsh and dry  
wasted by the curse  
all words seem better being poured  
then set to single grace  
what could i've know of love before  
my eyes had seen your face.

my love how beautiful you are  
my love is everywhere you are

i know you feel the wounds of time  
the wondering feet of crows  
but i am yours and you are mine  
and no one truly knows  
how wonderfull you are to me  
more lovely everyday  
i pray that i will live to see  
you wear a crown of gray

my love how beautiful you are  
my love is everywhere you are

Oh when you kiss me i am lost, or is it that i'm found?  
my feet send roots beneath the rocks  
to fix me to the ground never to float away again  
a captive to the tide.  
No more to wander in the wind without you by my side

my love how beautiful you are  
my love is everywhere you are