

## Geese

Joshua James

All the leaves turn green in the summer  
All the roses bloom in May  
All the geese fly home for the winter  
High above our earth now paved.

All the stars gleam for the night time  
And the moon reflects it's adjacent sun  
It's so hard to find real answers  
When no real side has won.

Well the grass covers up my body  
And the river taught me to hear  
Well trees have served as my refuge  
And the dark it taught me to fear

All the men that live to burn  
All the arms that love to hurt  
All the hearts that have turned their worst...  
We're so cold.

Aall the leaves soon loose their color  
And the roses begin to fade  
Crying loud I hear our mother  
For just a few of those geese that were saved.

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