

Skeleton Grip

The Lonely Forest

He silently wonders about all the pain in the world
Why we fight and the hatred that orbits us
Spinning and balancing, perfectly hovering
Above all the stars that rest in a palm that created our lives
to be heartfelt and righteous, but here we have tainted this vi
sion for us...

Holding the world as we quarrel and struggle
You watch from above as we grow sick and die
Do you have a place for the children the world claims?
Victims of creation, tell us all why!

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Dance with us oh child of God x 4

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