

Greenwood "Burn"

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Today, the sky was mocking as she spat upon my face
I woke up ten past should've been - here, repentance
without grace
Sixteen hundred years ago, a man gave Christ a
chance
Did he ever greet the morning with the antithesis of
dance?

And I wonder in the brilliance, as my heart devours my
mind,
How the sun is so accessible, when I feel left behind?

And then you took me away from here,
Away from pain, unto a loss that's somehow gain, and
then you took me
Father, now I've noticed the glory on your face
I walk in circles now in this humbling maze of grace
Unrivaled by my passion, the thought of giving peace a
chance,
As I feel the burning, your heart gives movement to the
dance

I'm stumbling in the darkness, my purpose faint and
velied
My doubt engulfs my freedom, my direction is assailed

Burn, Father, burn.

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