

## Middle Earth "Gift"

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Your grand ideals are so close to all of ours  
and for us all of this you would do.  
Yes, the sun illuminates your face.  
Well, you might think - but your mask of gold  
still shows your eyes of coal.  
Of course the moon throws shadows on your face;  
your cold mask wanes.  
You're wishing on, insisting on a way  
to wake to find a gleam of hopeful rays.

You might say that it is my lack of faith and not your  
mistake.  
Aside from right or wrong or who is at fault, the end  
result-  
a broken image that you can't hope to mend.  
You might try to adhere the pieces with your denial.  
Is this your gift to me?  
Music & Lyrics; ©1996 by Middle Earth  
lyrics by David Lee & Charlene Thompson

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