

Weaver At The Loom "Without Fear Of Their Return"

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A golden moment's come to pass,
And it made a swift goodbye,
Waved it's hand from left to right,
Saying bye, farewell, goodnight.
But it left me brave and bold
Like the knights of ages past,
Leaving courage like the dawn
Leaves dew upon the grass.
As morning glories bloom
So do some things in life this way.
Rising early but well past noon,
They weaken die and fade.
But there's many perspective buds
Still clinging to the vine,
Waiting in patience
To show their glory at later times.
Oh I got what
I wanted and I'll be afraid no more,
And face all these toxic things,
Cuz I have finally found my bravery

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