

## **Rob Klajda**

# **"Last Bitter Fruit"**

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Sometimes in the worst of all situations  
Comes the best of all possible times  
When the dust settles down  
And the shadows have lifted  
Hand in hand we will watch the sunrise  
A lightning bolt sliced  
Through the late summer skyline  
Now a cool healing rain waits to fall  
The survivors are few  
And the heroes are many  
Though their stories may never be told  
Now is no time for harvesting hate  
The last bitter fruit on the vine  
We're all in pursuit of a fountain of truth  
Nothing will stop us this time  
We'll drink till our tears run dry  
The snow will soon fall  
And sweeten the landscape  
Like a single red rose on the grave  
If there's really a face to all of our sorrow  
Like a river it just runs away  
We all have a day  
We've committed to memory  
And those days always

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