

Six Elements "Words of Love"

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Oh, the words of love... in love the words are moot, the
utterances lost in twilight,
And twilight lost until the sun above
Has brought you back to life, brought you back to life.
Then your enchanted reason, ahead of daily strife,
ahead of daily strife
Is giving up its freedom and defenses, accepting
passionate, transcendent might
Of giving up yourself to the words of love.
In rhyme or prose they well within
And like the creek becoming flood they overcome
All well-established banks of clear reason
And float the boats of happiness or wrecking ships of
some
On the shores of the words of love...
Hmm, the words of love... the words in love are moot,
in love the words are lost in moonlight,
And moonlight lost when sun comes up above
And brings you back to life, brings you back to life.
Then un-believing reason, instead of daily strife,
instead of daily strife
Surrenders to your feelings and your senses,
accepting passionate, transcendent might
Of giving up yourself to the words of love.

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