

9811

"Things Uncertain"

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You were too young to play the fool, but
sometimes they break the rules.
Burdened by your emotional bruise;
Hovering the skies, the demons roost.
I hear them voices ringing, Hallelu --
a child is born. I hear them angels
singing, Hallelu -- Hallelujah,
I tend to believe in things uncertain.
I tend to conceive in things uncertain.
They were always chasing after you

but you angel held fast, wouldn't
let them through. Now they crucify
her -- what will you do? Darkening
the skies, the demons roost.
You were young enough to believe.
You pray. You were too young,
young and free to take it away.
but I saw your knees,
were down, on what they said.
And you were young, and so naive, that's you

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