

Sharon Musgrave

"Revolution Children"

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Revolution Children
You're the gateway to the garden
Like a word to fertilize the soul
You gather greatness like a temple in the sand
You've inherited the world
Take it away, see the possibilities
Do you know what to say
Will you talk about the greenery
Children of the revolution
Now the time has come
To Learn the words of wisdom
In passing dreams have spoken
Destiny has come
Children of the Revolution
You're the magic of the future
You are the ones where waiting for
To walk in the sanity of the riots in the fields
To clear the leak that's on the shore
Take it away, see the possibilities
Do you know what to say
Will you talk about the greenery
Children of the revolution
Now the time has come
To Learn the words of wisdom
In passing dreams have spoken
Destiny has come
Children of the Revolution
You're the prize possession
In tomorrow's dream you are the core
You are the promises of action
You are the world you must endure
Take it away...

Selah
When you look into her silence you will find a little
creek
The water trickles on the opals and the pebbles comfort
her feet
The forest trees chant melodies of bright ancestral
songs
She smiles to herself pleasantly, in that place, where

she belongs
Inward sings the sparrow dedicated and carefree
Here you have solved all else this your discovery
The velvet air breath speeches precious words that
must be said
The message is clear, sincere, simple, and so her mind
is fed
Enter with discipline renders the buttercup guarded by
her bitter beauty
Your utopia is vulnerable, beware, this your duty
Render to us your motherly urge, to encourage and to
care
Women of great ability speak, while they're here
An excursion to this place of hers, ordered by her
temperament
Is like a temple she built meticulously with love her only
sentiment
Telepathy, soul, nature, a forth a sixth sense

This forms the composure of her temperance
This delicate reflection is the strength of her
forbearing
This in all it's magnificence, is the euphony we're
hearing
How did it internalize, this blessedness, haphazardly?

Tuneful are those notes, and chords and all those
living harmonies
Promptly urging the childish clouds happy as they gaze
To send a few drops of secrets, this their gift, her
praise,
In this her backdrop, a picturesque location of content
With love, bliss, without malice, this the place she's
sent
A freedom, so far away from scientific measures
There is stored her life, her dreams
In all it's earthly treasures.

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