

The Staple Singers

"Soli Deo Gloria"

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Look to the sky for the evidence, breath of the wind
chilling every cord on my spine.
In this instant, I'm taken atop the world.
The burning of buildings and houses beneath never
reaches the lowest of stars.
It's a fallacy to think that the world stops at us.
These towers don't seem so tall, when compared to the
galaxies of the universe.
In it's ever changing beauty, we take notes.
On how to paint, of what to sing; it's manifold.
A fleeting world is rotting right before our eyes, the
chances of restoring beauty ever-slowly dies.
Day, turns to night, back to light, with no help from
mankind.
And then light shines our way to all fortune.
I'll take a ticket to be by your side, for this mystery will
not suffice.
There is more to what we see than what we know.
There's room for growth.
And with a flash, the earth will shake, and be sure that
everyone will fall.
It can't combat the violence which feeds off of the
world.
Mountains can stare, as every building falls on top of
all of us.
Everything we make, everything we dream, every
ounce of beauty seen, brings a glimmer of hope for
what is on the other side of the sky.
The color it comes from above, and surrounds every
one.
Infusing us with light.
Deep in the corners they wait, these dire forces intend
to invade.
Slowly fading to magical places, where the color is no
more.
What's in the garden?
Now it waits.
Mind not the delusions, it's never too late to reconvene
slowly as words keep us growing, relationships forged
in gold.
What was in the garden, is now in wait.

Mind not the delusions, it's not too late.

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