

Iluvatar

"Holidays And Miracles"

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Romeo's crying, some say he's bleeding again
dripping his shadows through long nights of tales and
lament
sifting through memories imbedded in youth's trying
days
dark colors burning red while it's too late

Missed the hours in the day, that was wise
in the holiday newborn suite long live their lonely lives
an all too familiar scene, the hollow grave
twilight indigo sleep would be the strength i would find

Juxtapositioning holidays and miracles
they would come to me, they would follow me 'til i rose
a long time ago a reverend would hand me his name
when i turned to address him, his figure dissolved with
my faith

A whisper on the pine suite was all i could collect
another storm rising as one wave moves to the next
you would think that they could pull me through
emptying silos and breaking all virtues
for the warmth of one woman's health
if you'd talk with me, a thousand times and days
and i could feel you walk with me on any given day
in my years of fates, I've conquered all I'd gained
entrusting wisdom's grace as it passed across my
hands.

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