

The Tony Danza Tapdance Extravaganza "Rollin' And Tumblin' On Santa's Rotisserie"

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our pearls to pigs
dreams are trampled
a gaze was so lazy
only to never find
and emptiness remains
as we handed out our souls
and gave over in trust
our pearls to pigs
tendencies of destruction
carry out in lonely lull
as steady hurt remains
now there is no wrath on
those who self seek
in flesh and blood they move swift
in their ideals barring wickedness
against simple principal
when charged by the presence
they tickled their ears with myths
some day to be cast aside
then instructors of the foolish are now
the teachers of the infants
like the turning of the tides
how constantly
we are remembered
broken by all that's nothing
erased like scribbled words
then a phrase goes a thousand times
still will it be heard
seeds that were stirred by your voice
promise is spoken softly
still impassioned by it's cause
blaze of a thousand suns break skies and burn all
the hand drives with action
as this earth rolls
giving unexplained comfort
to burden in souls

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