

Bill Miller, Forgive

seven blue stones in the desert sand
a shiny gun in a young thief's hand
a stolen car and a broken dream
blood on his hands that won't come clean

no where to run, no where to turn
the fires of rage begin to burn
you can't go home, he can't go on
his flesh is weak, and his spirits gone

now he's behind a prison wall
and doesn't have the will to live
he says it's all his father's fault
he taught his son the way to live
he was unable to forgive

she wore his ring for thirty years
then one night he confessed his darkest fears
he'd been unfaithful, been untrue
what could she say, what could she do?
no where to run, no where to turn
the fires of rage began to burn
she can't go home, she can't go on
her flesh is weak her spirits gone

he betrayed her with a kiss
killed her desires, her will to live
who was blinded, what did they miss?
will she be able to forgive?
are we able to forgive?