

# Greenwood, Burn

Today, the sky was mocking as she spat upon my face  
I woke up ten past should've been - here, repentance without grace  
Sixteen hundred years ago, a man gave Christ a chance  
Did he ever greet the morning with the antithesis of dance?

And I wonder in the brilliance, as my heart devours my mind,  
how the sun is so accessible, when I feel left behind?

And then you took me away from here,  
away from pain, unto a loss that's somehow gain, and then you took me

Father, now I've noticed the glory on your face  
I walk in circles now in this humbling maze of grace  
Unrivaled by my passion, the thought of giving peace a chance,  
As I feel the burning, your heart gives movement to the dance

I'm stumbling in the darkness, my purpose faint and veiled  
My doubt engulfs my freedom, my direction is assailed

Burn, Father, burn.