

Weaver At The Loom, Without Fear Of Their Return

A golden moment's come to pass,
And it made a swift goodbye,
Waved its hand from left to right,
Saying bye, farewell, goodnight.

But it left me brave and bold like the knights of ages past,
Leaving courage like the dawn leaves dew upon the grass.

As morning glories bloom so do some things in life this way.
Rising early but well past noon, they weaken, die, and fade.
But there's many perspective buds still clinging to the vine,
Waiting in patience to show their glory at later times.

Oh I got what I wanted and I'll be afraid no more,
And face all these toxic things, 'cause I have finally found my bravery.