

# Will Haven, Miguel Abburido

She cried as I lied between the ivory  
I screamed the sand hurts, abrasive on my hands  
I dared to fall asleep to the waves crashing on impotence  
But can you climb to your feet and be proud  
Of what you have of what you've made  
What's on your shelf?  
What's in your card catalogue?  
Today I dreamed that the sod was laid  
But I was blind to what the stone said  
Do you see it in your eyes?  
Could you read it for me?  
Tell me in song and I'll snap my fingers as we stroll  
Can you feel the heat on your souls?  
Or are the aches of time too painful to walk on?  
But push on brother we are not weak  
We will stand in tall shapes and sizes