

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