

Akissforjersey, The Fire

From the top of my tree
I thought I could see you
From each branch as I
Worked my way around
Leaving darling I'm here
Carved in each I passed
Hoping you would admire
My attempt to outlast
The beating rain like a
Sheet on the line
A fire's coming
And it's coming for
You soon my son
Tell me will
You be ready?
Is my question
To you my love
And I've grown
Accustom to things that
I will never understand
Maybe when I die I can
Come down and put Your
Hand on my shoulder
My heart feels so young
But my bodies getting older
God I'm standing here
With an open heart
A fire's coming
And it's coming for
You soon my son
Tell me will
You be ready?
Is my question
To you my love