

Bloodgood, Rounded are the Rocks

No matter what you say
You see it every day
It's all in front of you
It's inside you too

It's really everywhere
If you would only care
To look inside the truth
There's so much living proof

Rounded are the rocks upon the beach
That take the pounding of the waves
It never ceases, never stops
The crashing sounds of thunderous water as it hits
Against the shore
Only to pound once more

Silently and safely quiet
Far from shoreline battle fronts
All is well and no one thinks
Of danger ever lurking here

Peaceful inlet well protected
The rocks are sharp and unaffected
There's no pounding waves to round them
Only bleeding feet have found them

Pounding is the heart that beats alone
Inside the soul surrounded
By a man's emotion and his thoughts
While flesh and blood keep breathing

Life out of the air provided
By the highest power sighted
Sitting at the right of glory
Have you ever heard the story

Rounded are the rocks
Pounding in the heart
One of man, one of God