

George Fox, Truth

she always said it was difficult to be jealous
of something that wasn't really there, I thought I knew love
but I was simply trying to convince myself of it
trying to justify and prove myself

finding your own love of yourself
and sharing it with another love, your truth sears through me like a giddy rush
but like a too sharp knife as well It's hurting me
It's not so scary, it is liberating, it is truth

I see your truth and you see mine, we shock ourselves with the imagery
only cause I hold up the mirror and I show you me and you show me yourself

I think It's called truth, I know that It's right
in all It's splendid beauty and vivid gain
I think It's called truth, I think it deserves
to bring beautiful glory with necessary pain

you do not make me feel complete
just part of another whole that halved is another wonderful self
joined in a beautiful mystery journey
a snake finding legs and a horse learning to sit a while

making mistakes along the way and hurting another
is par for the course,
if you are following your own, which ofcourse you need to do
as broken wings are mended and we watch us fly

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