

George, The Beauty Of All Things

The vines on the walls, crawling through the ragged earth
and reaching out across the waves
Sailing away, over to a distant love,
a torn and aching love

It might change, it might fall
but love is stronger than the seasons,
of our daily lives
Out of death, comes new life,
waking up inside the beauty,
the beauty of all things

The seeds that burn, could they re-seed so easily,
sprouting for new love
Realising what it takes,
focusing on love

It might change, it might fall
but love is stronger than the seasons,
of our daily lives
Out of death, comes new life,
waking up inside the beauty,
the beauty of all things

Living love, living love
Living love, living love

It might change, it might fall
but love is stronger than the seasons,
of our daily lives
Out of death, comes new life
waking up inside the beauty,
the beauty of all things

The beauty, the beauty...