

# Renaissance, Golden Thread

The thread is tugging hard  
The refugee from Love's not his own  
The rainy window tears  
The seeds of grass confusion sown  
The bait is laid at hand  
The deal is much too good to miss

Lucifer sees a stray  
And waits to mark him with his kiss

We walk the golden thread  
And keep our footing firm and away  
If you trip, I'll fall  
You'll do the same for me one day