

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