

Vert, Age Old

I met an old king yesterday
he was standing on the mountain side
and though he wore peasants clothes
his royalty he could not hide
nor his grief
staring at the stars
his old hand pointing out the brightest by far
he told me of the skys secrets
and he says the stars lead to Jesus
another king?
and he crys as he says
I have wisdom but it matters not
for my children do not believe my words
I have wealth but it matters not
for it's not enough to buy their love
and he whispers
my children do not love me
as we sit and watch the sun fall
he asks of my knowledge
he says he's felt the pain of a fallen castle wall
he clames sorrow is wisdom's college
as I listen to his words of tears
he quietly confirms my fear
that no matter how you run and scream
terror is never just a dream
I have wisdom, but it matters not
for my children do not believe my words
I have wealth but it matters not
for it's not enough to buy their love
and he whispers
my children do not love me
I'm the only one who listens to his words,
am I the only one to listen to his words?