

# 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?