

Honey And Salt

Jeff Black

There are sacred sanctuaries
Warm and full of light
That we should be walking through
Day, night only denied by the cross I bear
There are silos full of holographs
Rendered from the loss
A paper garden in my window sill
Rain, frost
Who is hiding behind the sun

Oh I could use a place to rest
I could use a change of heart
Willingly I acquiesce
Pining for the part

The constant pull of gravity
Through the turn was just too much
I believe I lost my sanity
Grace, touch
Is it a sweeter life by the trials we share

Oh I could use a place to rest
I could use a change of heart
Willingly I acquiesce
Pining for the part

Oh if I could lose myself
Long enough to read this book I might have a chance
To lose the fool or someone else
It's no surprise I never learned to dance
Very well, use me now
I could be your friend

There's a phantom in my tragedy
And this is not your fault
They drag me through the giving fields
Honey, salt
Is it a sweeter life
By the trials we share