

Bow Your Head

Lillian Axe

I saw your photograph
A baby boy with rare afflictions
I saw your mother as she prayed beside your crib
I watched your father as he smiled and proudly
gazed upon his son
Only wished he had a better life to give

Not a day goes by that I don't hang my head and cry
So shame on us
As we wallow in our sorrow like there's no tomorrow

Bow Your Head
Beneath the wings of angels
as they come to take your hurt away
Bow Your Head
And all the world will take your hand and pave
A golden road for you

Take these words I say
And put them snugly 'neath your pillow
And set your eyes upon
the crescent of the moon
Listen to the songs
Their lullabies to soothe your restless nights
Sung by ancient souls
The guardians of your fight

While your inspiration makes me
such a better man
Know my child that you will one day
be free
Free from all the pain that binds you

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And all the world will take your hand and pave
A golden road for you
Bow Your Head
Beneath the angels' wings
As they come to take you home again
To make your body whole again
May you find your peace and smile forever

R.I.P. Tripp Roth