

Of Crows And Crowns

Dustin Kensrue

you are a sight for aching eyes
a river for my thirst
when all the world is harsh and dry
wasted by the curse
all words seem better being poured
then set to single grace
what could i've know of love before
my eyes had seen your face.

my love how beautiful you are
my love is everywhere you are

i know you feel the wounds of time
the wondering feet of crows
but i am yours and you are mine
and no one truly knows
how wonderfull you are to me
more lovely everyday
i pray that i will live to see
you wear a crown of gray

my love how beautiful you are
my love is everywhere you are

Oh when you kiss me i am lost, or is it that i'm found?
my feet send roots beneath the rocks
to fix me to the ground never to float away again
a captive to the tide.
No more to wander in the wind without you by my side

my love how beautiful you are
my love is everywhere you are