

Parable

Kreyson

Seeds are falling like rain from heaven,
Landing here inside my heart,
Each one ready to bear fruit,
Seeking a place where it can start growing.

Birds hungry and dark
Could steal the seeds,
Land, swallow them up
And fly away.

Sprouts still ungrounded,
Still so pale and green,
Scorched by cruel sunlight,
They could burn away, burn away.

Where can they grow and take root?
Where can they grow and bear fruit?
In fertile ground...

Thorns. brambles and briars
Could grow like weeds,
Choke all of my garden
Till it dies away, dies away.

Where can they grow and take root?
Where can they grow and bear fruit?

Where can they grow and take root?
Where can they grow and bear fruit?
Looking for fertile ground...

Seeds are falling like rain from heaven,
Landing here inside my heart.