

DAVID JUDSON CLEMMONS



Of Our Wealth

As the death inside you is born
your pulling on the dry rotted oar
pretty stones still circle your fire
space between ship and shore grows

You died to save your world
started the war with me
can anybody see, how the seeds of peace
just avoid you

We fed upon a lie
stepped up into the line
painted the moral mile
now the dreams and the laughs are pointless

We loved in a many field
let us - slipped into a deal
we paid the lame ones to fight
now the weeds and the dirt ignore us

The stage below me is burning
see me wonder if it's worth it
see my face
reflect back as a dead dream in a dead sea
did anybody see anything of our wealth
The stage below me is burning
they've seen me wonder if it's worth it
and I've seen my face
reflect back to me expected to fix everything
we didn't do enough it seems

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