

Monument

Is there a power in the piles of stone that stand in the desert to this day?

Majestic yet crooked, proud and tall, telling their tales of eternity

Teaching with a straight up and down,
A lone lighthouse speaking light to the ground,
But round here there's no one who sees.

They're monuments to time to trust, truth to grace,
People won and people they lost,
They're promises to wizened eyes who saw these things that now only stones remember.

Is there a power in my keeping of dates and times and photos
and wise words that occasionally shaped my life and do they actually

Promise me a straight up and down?
These lone lighthouses speaking light to the ground,
But round here there's no one, there's no one who sees

They're monuments to time to trust, truth to grace,
people won and people they lost,
They're promises to wizened eyes who saw these things that now only stones remember.

Will you remember?
Will you remember?

The truth is wasted on us, it's wasted on us.
The truth is wasted on us, it's wasted on us.
The truth is wasted on us, it's wasted on us.
The truth is wasted on us, it's wasted on us.

Teaching with a straight up and down,
A lone lighthouse speaking light to the ground,
But round here there's no one, there's no one who sees.