

A Place Called Home



by Kyle Burton

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Held in the arms of an old oak I rest in the forest of my soul

Making friends with the breeze

Where water sings like the current of time

And gravity carries me to the embrace of peace

Night falls and gives the stars their moment to shine

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Held in the arms of an old oak I rest in the forest of my soul

Making friends with the breeze

Where water sings like the current of time

And gravity carries me to the embrace of peace

Night falls and gives the stars their moment to shine

Reminding me of the light within and its refusal to cease

Burning like passion unchained, burning like the sun

Inspiring me to breathe upon the coals of my hope

Giving me visions of wild feet on the run

Dreams of hands climbing heaven's rope

Here inside my mind I find the beauty of my design

As I gaze upon the walls of my imagination

In awe of these translucent inscriptions

Convicting me of destiny's conscription found in complex depictions

As my name is woven throughout countless tales of adventure

Stories of a boy who would venture from storm to storm to taste the rain

To breathe in perfect silence at the eye of a hurricane

To spread his wings and ride the wind

Discovering what it means to be a man along the way

As he pressed on towards the dragon he would soon slay

And the princess he would soon save

Guided by a northern star and fueled by a restless heart

I've felt the truth in these times of déjà vu

Beyond the confines of time I can hear the rhythm and rhyme

Of something more

I've felt the sand run through my fingers on a distant shore

A shore I haven't yet been to

A place called

Home



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