

Eternal

Pity the living, not the dead

The spirits get to rest in peace

With those who have made their last bed

An end to an untimely lease

Land of the living; hell on earth

A beautiful thorn mangled rose

Acid raining sweet smelling mirth

Inhaling still sorrows eyes closed

Our hearts carry jealousy

For those that go into the light-

It is the only prophecy

Day by day, the ultimate fight

God our almighty father

Earth our nurturing mother

Take us back to where we came from,

To be free in the kingdom come.

Red Gloves

The woman wore her gloves night and day

The leather caressed her smooth skin,

Like a kiss from a secret lover.

They kept her warm like the summer sun

Those gloves concealed her delicate hands,

Protected them from harm

The sharp jagged glass that lie on the table-

Or the splinters of wood that seek a flesh bed.

The woman felt comforted by their strength,

Their compassion and security never failed her.

But the woman knows one day she will meet someone

Who will caress her

Who will keep her warm

Who will protect her

And his compassion and security will never fail her.

When that day comes and it's time for them to go

She will slide them off her hands

Kiss them good night

Keep them out of harm's way

Forever loved, forever secure.

The Ronnie Empire

A reach in the dark is a reach out to you
To all of those loves that couldn't come true
Pain is love and love is regret
When you find that person you can never forget
Your songs burn with fire, just like your eyes
When you scream them in pain up to the skies
I wish I could tell you that I know what it's like
The pain that goes with a lifelong fight
Miles away and days from today
I will love you anyway.
Pain is love and love is regret
When you find that person you can never forget
You overcame the devil's desire
And built: The Ronnie Empire.

Worry

I can feel worry inside my teeth
A feeling that works its way in deep
It burns its way down to the tip of my tongue
There is a lump in my throat where worry has stung.

I can feel worry inside my hands
A twisting pain that I don't understand
My bones are all gnarled, fragile, and frail
All the movements feel new, unused, and stale.

I can feel worry inside my heart
This ever-present feeling, no end or start
My heart wants to be held till the end of time
But there is no denying this fear that is inside.