

## APPALACHIAN ADORATION

Black hills glow golden in the sun;  
Life flourishes in the face of adversity,  
Building bonds that won't bend nor break,  
A faith that won't falter when misfortune prevails.

The rigid backbones of these hills  
Are strengthened with each burden born.  
Songs erupt in the splendor of silence  
With the dawn of each new morning.

These hills and hollows are as old as time,  
Yet remain timeless in their beauty.  
Hundreds of thousands of souls have lain  
Their hands to this rich soil, toiled this land.

In sorrowful squalor, there is yet a vast fortune  
To be held in the hearts of generations to come;  
A claim to a heritage hard won and clung to  
With severity and firm conviction.

You can leave the place,  
But the place will never leave you;  
The ghosts of yesteryear follow silently  
Into the haunted hollows of tomorrow.