



GOD OF LOVE

© 2014 Bob Sima Music, *Believe the Bird*, Released March 2014

When the god of love speaks through us her mouth never moves
It's a fingertip to the lips, it's up to the heart to choose
But the obvious is only obvious to the mind that's subservient and clear
To the impermanence and flowering scents of this right now and here

The weary lovers stretched and strewn out along the loneliest road
The one between the head and the heart, between the hope and the know
The song is lost as the dance is cut off, as the beauty is questioned and frayed
Fruitless inquiries into old teenage diaries, but the music just plays and plays

To the thundering applause in the world of broken hearts so entangled in their selfish ways
To recognize this unbridled disguise of a god of love who never strays

Our words never fail to thicken the veil, our eyes are projectors at best
What we yearn to believe and we try to conceive of the depth of this breath in our chest
If the air is the spirit and the heart it can hear it, then love is the currency of this place
And the god that dispenses this feast to our senses wakes up with a smile on her face

At the fields of gold, children young and old, dancing in the presence of grace
The lovers in tune with the rising of the moon as it pulls all the hearts into place

