



Into the woof of the loom of life is woven,
red of passion that wastes
itself in one short hour,
the soul empty, like a burned out crust,
the w... out s...
To cast awa...
That housed them.

The white star of fame above all
hypocrisy and sham,

A heart reaching out toward the real teachings of the
And the torture of a worldly Cagliary.

A soul willing to endure the suffering of Gahs
That the real teachings of Christ might touch the hearts of men,
And lead them onto the heights.



ave the gleaming threads of
bition

toward bigger hopes and higher love,

esire to leave behind, when we have stopped from our little cog
on the wheel of this so called life,

of the soul that will live on

new hope to some soul, downcast
A resurrection of dead dreams.

