

Kevin Ryan

Song of the Selves

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Adapt, yet ye need not conform,
listen to the virtue inside your heart
& sing.

Sing your beautiful song America,
For America,
To the World & for the World,
All our songs create
a symphony for all souls,
together, America, the Beautiful.

This song you sing,
this public display of affection for affliction,
it's a grand song of greatness waiting to be heard,
needing to be heard, some suffer in silence.
Pierce their ears with passionate pleasure,
a perfect prescription for pain.

Let your heart beat hate, surrendering.

A meadow in your mind,
The heather in your heart,
Let it grow, let it go & let it glow.

Let it be thy light that guides us to love,
to be loved, loving America!