

Dust on the diamonds

***There's dust on the diamonds but a gleam through the grime
All things are beautiful in their own time
Tears of joy and wonder sublime
There's dust on the diamonds but a gleam through the grime***

Faces just glow in response to a smile
The precious emerging out of the vile
Bringing pure gold out of every trial
From dross to the top of the pile

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Stones have been cleansed 'til they shine like a gem
Joyful expressions again and again
Beauty for ashes now glorifies them
Such fruit from a faltering stem

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Life when it seemed that the living would fail
Peace at the centre of every gale
Radiance beams where the light had gone pale
Compassion will always prevail

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