

Better Left Unsaid

Lisa Mitchell

There's moving haze that holds his head,
Of words that all go left unsaid.
In darkened halls and passage ways,
He's not ignorant,
He must be brave

Stronger than a chainmail-piece,
This armour like the eagle's free.
But warm? No?
It'll never keep me,
But it might keep me.

With eyes like those obsidian,
There's always gonna be someone.
But know there isn't much that I'd like more,
Than to be the one you're waiting for.

Something like a cloud clings,
Cotton wool,
But not touching.
None could ever dim the glow,
There'd be miles to sleep
But still I'd go.

Still I'd go,
Oh I'd go,
No one could dim the glow,
Oh you know I'd still go.

These countries they are wide and long,
But fall inside a quiet song
If you listen in the dead of night,
You'll hear the whispers
of the lover's fight.

And if you love me let me know,
There's probably days and days before I go.
Oh, you will leave and I will too,
But still, my love is love
When love is due.

Beneath the velvet canopy,
No thought to how or where they've been.
No mind to when they have to go,
Oh, they speak the language lovers know.

Say, I'd never loved at all;
Never fell for Aphrodite's call,
Never watched the rocks approach below,
There'd be miles til sleep
And still I'd go.

Still I'd go,
Oh I'd go
The rocks approach below,
But you know I'd still go.