

White Apple

Blind Pilot

In shadow, in dark
In cold wind, open up your heart
'Cause time brushes your face
And one loved them, every new shape
One loved them for what could not get left behind
Or washed away

Some were seasons, some just days
I'm bringing nothing with me I mean to save
This faint sweetness, this wick of light
This white apple, full of bites

A white apple, full of what has slipped away from me
Full of flesh, sweet as memory
Full of hope, grown from a fallen tree
Full of a life, I can't just let myself believe

So if I haunt you, if I do
If my shadow leans up on you too
No good intentions or ways I talk
I'll just leave a light lit for you to walk
I'll leave a light lit for you to walk