

It rained the whole day he spent at his lover's grave  
Said his goodbyes to her family and friends  
Packed his things in a rusted car  
And rode off in the rain  
Came upon a church in ruin  
With an old man dwelling within  
Who said, "watch where you stray my friend"  
Old man spoke of meanings lost and without name  
Never shifting from their worn and weathered place  
What was found in the endless search  
For truth behind the tale  
Beneath the ash and ember lies only one story to tell  
Watch where you stray my friend  
There's a flower that grows in a cave  
So lovely to see but need to be saved  
Its' beautiful blossom will wither and die  
If ever this flower leave the darkness for daylight