

Exile

Heather Dale

Your begging on your knees,
without dirtying your hands.
You want someone to love,
but not someone I can.

I dare not ask why this again.

A trusted friend in my exile...
I'm free in my exile,
I'm free.

A string was born to play,
with fish hooks in my flesh.
You try to draw me in,
but still deny me then.
You're clinging to what I have left.

While I forget in my exile...
I'm free in my exile,
I'm free...

Free to forget.

I drag these rags and tatters off my feet.
Here a test I know I can beat.

You say that I am weak,
and kiss the tears away.
You offer what I need,
for more than I can afford.

My choice is to choose who I want to betray...

Or stay in my exile...
I'm free in my exile,
I'm free ... to stay.

In my exile...
I'm free in my exile,
I'm free ... to forget.