

During the time of which I speak
it was hard to turn the other cheek
To the blows of insecurity
Feeding the cancer of my intellect
the blood of the love soon neglected
Lay dying in the strength of its impurity

And all the friends I thought were so together
They've all gone and left each other in search of fairer weather
I sit here in this storm and drink a toast
To the slim chance of love's recovery

There I am in younger days
stargazing painting picture-perfect maps
Of how my life and love would be
Not counting the unmarked
paths of misdirection my compass, faith in love's
perfection
I missed ten million miles of road I should have seen

And all our friends
we thought were so together
Left each other one by one
on the road to fairer weather
And we sit here in our storm and drink a toast
To the slim chance of love's recovery

Rain-soaked and boys choked
Like silent screaming in a dream
I searched for an absolute distinction
Not content to bow and bend
To the winds of culture
that swoop like vultures
Eating us away...eating us away...
eating us away to our extinction

Oh how I wish I were a trinity
so that if I lost a part of me
I'd still have two of the same to live
But nobody gets a lifetime
rehearsal as specks of dust, we're universal
So let this love survive and
be the greatest gift that we could give

Tell all the friends who
think they're so together
That these are ghost and
mirages all these thoughts of fairer weather
Though it's storming now,
I feel safe within the arms of love's discovery