

"In the dresser he kept all the letters  
All the prizes of love gone wrong  
As the rain spat down, the new love he found  
Lay sleeping as he wrote this song  
And the blue candle burned in the small room  
As he stared at the form in his bed  
Like a flower bloom, she lit up the room  
And his life had begun again  
Time is not such a boundary  
Not a river that cannot be crossed  
And her advent into his small kingdom has cancelled the loss  
Mutual accolades and freedom  
What great love can grow from respect  
His hands on her sides, ethereal rides  
It was like they had never met  
In a small museum in a small town  
He found the jewels he would use for her crown  
The blond king and queen, she would wear his ring  
And he would sing her songs  
Time is not such a boundary  
Not a river that cannot be crossed  
And her advent into his small kingdom has cancelled the loss  
But her beauty is more than her long hair  
Or her face or her lips or her skin  
The royal gatekeeper to her kingdom has let him in"