

I walked across a continent
where children did not bat an eye
when made to watch their mothers die
they left the bodies by the sides of roads
where only willows cried
yes even my own eyes were dry
when somehow there I lost my bride
the ring slipped free and fell beneath the earth

so like Orpheus I bowed and went far underneath the firmaments
my harp strings broke
my voice was spent
I kissed my lady's hand and sent
my two weeks notice with my rent
and she grew cold and softly said
I am not your lover I'm the map you use to find her
I am not your lover
I'm just a map you use to find her

I step outside my room once more
and see what I have seen before
another ship washed to my shore
a figure walked towards my door
her face is tired her dress is torn
I look into her eyes and feel her thirst

she says I've come across these waters
high pressed on by such auspicious signs
I've watched the stars and read the tides
the winds have brought me to your side
I come to you
I am your bride
and I grew cold as I replied
that I am not your lover,
I'm the map you used to find him
I am not your lover
I'm just a map you use to find him