

Astray

Lyriel

Alas, my love, alas
Some things slip away so easily
Hold on to the time
You were so perfectly mine

In a different time
I lay my head to rest
On a bed of silk and thyme
And rosemary upon my chest

No hand to guide my heavy dreams
No eyes to lighten deeper means
No lungs to share a common breath
No skin to hold in soft caress

We are grown apart
In a time astray
But your boldly flaming heart
Is making me stay

Alas, my love, alas
Some things slip away so easily
Hold on to the time
You were so perfectly mine