

## 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

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