

How Do These Hearts Unfold

Raised By Swans

When strangers meet,
they seem more real to me,
wide open spaces and consciences clean,
and to what end, must i protect,
the boy I used to be.
Who thought a home where only silence falls,
no clock inside its walls,
could dodge a wrecking ball.

Locks blocking strangers both ways.
What kind of safety's that anyway.

I could have risked you love.

How do we stand our ground,
how do we say we're brave now,
I am waiting on your command,
a blindfold between my sight and your sleight of hand.
How do these hands hold,
how do these hearts unfold now,
never knowing the ways they can,
a blindfold between the night and Neverland.

You will come back to me.
You will come back to me.