

# 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.