

North Of Light's End

Raised By Swans

From this moment,
there is nothing left of us,
maybe there never was,
much point in hanging our hopes.
High like daggers,
aimed to pierce the earth's core,
who were we falling for,
before we broke we glittered in the sun.

One day,
you'll slip past the sleeping guards,
through the gardens of drowned alarms,
swallow me in your swan dive,
fly from this house of cards.

North of light's end,
where the curtain falls.
We're nowhere at all.

One day,
you'll slip past the sleeping guards,
through the gardens of drowned alarms,
signal me through the cell walls,
sing to me from afar,
a siren in an ice storm,
at the end of the world.