

Old Fires

Raised By Swans

No shadow beneath my feet,
no trace left on the ground.
I used to think that our hearts could beat,
the speed of sound.

We'd soar past the crowd like angels,
hardly visible.
Those times when we thought we'd time to kill,
darling, it's criminal.

Only if I'd only kept it only to myself.

Starlight hide your warmth,
although the wolves cry at our door.
And days get older,
the night is young,
vanish like the moon without the sun.

We stretched like a sunbeam across the sky,
no end in sight.
Who would have thought a heart could break,
the speed of light.

Entwined in the night like animals,
hardly divisible.
My shadow has not rejoined me still,
darling, it's criminal.

Morning without warning,
cut the moorings,
push me out.

Starlight hide your warmth,
although the wolves cry at our door.
And days gets older,
the night is young,
vanish like the moon without the sun.
That is like the moon without the sun.

Id fires burn young again tonight.