

## Secret Garden /S.C

Raised By Swans

My love, buried its young with  
just one, question,  
it broke the spell,  
i've bitten my tongue but,  
it's set in motion, set in motion.

I, I pulled a rope, and rang a bell.  
When you carvedm your neural runesm into my spine.  
And then you, you lowered a light for me to decode them.  
I dug through miles of tangled earth to say I'd try.

In your arms I'm silver air and sleeping pills.  
But you draw, your tripwires with poison quills.  
The garden awakes,  
you're drawing away,  
I'm drawing my first breath.  
But roots hold tight, like traplines,  
they carry a lot of weight.

Don't save your strength for the end of the dream.  
All you'll have left is please don't leave,  
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