

Closer

Stream of Passion

Give me the brush,
the paint, the night,
and I'll romance
the stars up in the sky.
Give me the frown,
the pain, the knife,
and I'll surrender to
the sadness in my eyes.
I know, the road is frightening,
just say you'll hold on tight.
We're getting closer and closer
to find our meaning,
a reason to live.
Deep within you
are colors that would break
a thousand words.
Give me your doubt,
your fear, your strain,
and I'll reveal what
words can never say.
In every stroke and
every line
I'll leave a trail of memories
for you to find.
This road is dark and frightening,
we better hold on tight.