

# Night Will Forgive Us

Swallow the Sun

Did we make it through the night,  
or was it just a dream of woe?  
When did mother's arms turn to dust?  
The fortress so unbroken.  
But still your heart was strong  
to lead us all through.

The gentle morning mist  
still veiling the graves.  
Breathe it in and watch the sunrise.  
Time will wait for us in this early hour  
like the ghosts still lingering on the flowers.

Time won't heal, it just buries the pain  
and slowly changes form.  
But a bleeding heart is an open one,  
alive yet so undone.  
We carry these wounds until the night forgives us.

Loneliness, so hard to bear,  
when these rooms breathe emptiness.  
Still your voice is all around me here,  
singing me to the blue dream  
through the quiet summer rain.

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and lets us say a last goodbye.