

The Wild Son

The Veils

Your knives are sharp
When you put them in my heart
Though the truth, you'd say,
Is I like them there that way

From this hoodlum skin
I can always run to him
Undeserved, capsized
In the gutters of his eyes

Darling I need you far more than I say
None of my fears are as dear to me

And a great light dims
Every day I'm torn from him
And our stars align
In Elysian Fields at night
And the wheels, they turn
And the fallen heather burns
At a loss and scared
In exile and unprepared

Darling I need you far more than I say
None of my fears are as dear to me

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None of my fears are as dear to me

Blessed's the night
Blessed's the night
Blesses's the night
When none of my fears are as dear to me

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