

Stay with Me

Thrice

You were a silhouette, shimmering shadow in the mirror with ash and snow

I took your fevered hands, felt like embers of the world's dying glow
And you were featherlike as I carried you quietly through the crumbling streets

And in the fading light I could see in your eyes that somehow we were meant to meet

Would you stay with me
If you thought the war was over
And everything made right?
Would you still believe in us?
And would your love for me grow colder
With no one left to fight?

Would you stay with me?
Would you stay with me?

After the fever left, together we scavaged through the city and her scars

And when the day would end, by the door against the demons and the darkness

We'd share a can of something, a bottle of bourbon I'd hid away
It warmed me from within and you from without
Till I forget the chilling grief

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Oh, it seems like every night
You lie in bed and worry that the world would start to heal
Now I'm terrified
If the demons start to ask if what we have is real

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