

Beth Crowley, The dark

Lost one tell me do you want to be found?
You caught me moments before I hit the ground.
And I hear voices screaming to run away.
Yet I see not black and white, but silver and gray.

I don't trust you, but I want to.
Please don't let me fall.

I gaze up at the midnight sky,
can't find a single star
There are times when I miss the light
but I'm not afraid of the dark
I'm not afraid of the dark.

Your whispers follow me when I try to leave
I fight for a love that I don't fully believe
In my heart you're a risk I'm willing to take
but my head is telling me there's too much at stake.

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