

Heather Dale, Confession

So here I am again, I think I've sinned
I can't exactly place the how or why.
I tried to be a sister and a friend
I never dreamed she'd give this winged reply.

The one I told you all about
The pretty who came here, so devout
She told me all the things she felt she'd lost
And all the things she feared to be without.
I told her all the things that I've been told
Those comforts that I took when I was young
But still, I think she only saw me old
I don't know what I said to make her run.

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She's given up the veil, the vows she'd sworn
Abandoned every effort to conform
Without a word to anyone she's gone her way alone
A dove escaping back into the storm
I tried to show her I could understand
But still she chose to leave me for the cold
It makes me doubt the woman that I am
God forgive me all that I've been told.

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