

Jeff Finlin, Weight Of The Flame

Sometimes she laughs so hard she cries
Sometimes shes darkness, other times shes light
Finds a warmth in my soul dear, with an icy stare
With the touch in her hand and the sound of a prayer

And when I think its all over she finds a place to begin
Out above these ruins, time and time again
She knows the face of perfection carries mistake in its heart
And thats the weight of the flame of her love in the dark

When I sink from the sadness I see along the way
And start living tomorrow instead of living today
She walk me past reflection in the murky pool
To where the water runs deep and loves the only rule

And when Im caught in the crossfire, head goner than gone
Cant see standing stills the only way to move on
She turns the lamp down low and lights the way with a spark
Thats the weight of the flame of her love in the dark