

# Pain Of Salvation, Her Voices

Looking at you I see her face  
Through all these years, just waiting  
It all catches up to you when you slow down

I'm back in that yard, tasting that shame  
Of pushing her down, Of kids and her games  
...their strongholds

We had a bigger world - we had a better view  
I guess I never fully realized then  
What she lost when I cut that loss

So she filled the void with unearthly friends  
Voices of hers - greater... than us

We had a bigger world - we had a better view  
I wish she'd never told us about her voices  
We were strong, we were much too strong

Never forgive - never forget

We picked and pierced, we ripped and we tore  
We hit and we scratched to make in her a hole  
Glares and eyes - whispers and notes  
Attached to her every pose

We fed her shouts  
For the collection of her voices  
I was too weak to collect  
But so, it turned out, was she  
Both paid in soul for the cutting of that loss

Their ugly truth  
Outnumbered by far her beautiful dream  
And I closed my eyes  
Were her eyes in yours already when we met?  
Am I still paying debts to recover Life?

Now I can see she proved to be right  
As she was called down  
It's sad though...  
...that I turned out to be one of her voices.