## Tall Tales And True, Trust

Blue dawn, cold day feels like Sunday But there's no rest for some No time, winter's round the corner Lift that weary head And those limbs that feel like lead Don't say the season's at hand When the hunter is the hunted And the mystic widows weep Today I saw a crystal vision Mirrored in a stream where Stealthy lovers creep I have no reservations now Into her open arms I would gladly cast myself Into that wishing well on a hill By her summer house She said people are confusing When they get what they want They just throw it in the corner It's true they can do Such ugly things in the name of honour I know that a fragile trust Can be torn to pieces By a world ever changing But you know what they say No pain, no gain