

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