

Vienna Teng, Between

We are not together here
Though we lie entwined
To make room for the other presence
We both draw back in our minds
I have a prophecy
Threatening to spill into words
This growing certainty
Of Over

There once was a time I was sure of the bond
When my hands and my tongue and my thoughts were enough
We are the same but our lives move along
And the third one between replaces what once was love

Freedom is being alone
I fear liberation
But something more alive than silence
Swallows conversation
No pleasing drama
In subtle averted eyes
The swelling fermata
As the chord dies

There once was a time I was sure of the bond
When my hands and my tongue and my thoughts were enough
We are the same but our lives move along
And the third one between replaces what once was love

There's no denying we feel the third one
We do
I'm tired of hiding and so are you

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