

Aislin, You Are Fire, I Was Ice

Say goodbye. We say goodbye. But there's no response, we begin to cry.
And you sit so still with your hands cross tight, it's not right.
I'll hold my breath and close my eyes, but it's still not right.
It's not right to end it like this. It's not right to say goodbye.
It's not right we were meant to be. We are back where we swore wed never be.
Turn back the clock, I'm coming back, and you just lost,
the greatest thing you'll ever have. I've become the owner of my own darkness.
I couldn't help but look at the picture beside my bed and thought back on our past.
I want you to come here to take a second look at this photograph
that held every memory of you and I.
Look at you in your black dress in front of my white wall, but my hands are red.
So much for that black and white photo that I'm glad you came here to see.
With a taste of color I have become the owner of my own darkness. It's not right.
I'm not saying goodbye. You know we were meant to be