

Chantal Kreviazuk, Love's Recovery

During the time of which I speak
It was hard to turn the other cheek
To the blows of insecurity
Feeding the cancer of my intellect
The blood of love soon neglected
Lay dying in the strength of its impurity
Meanwhile our friends we thought were so together
They've all gone and left each other
In search of fairer weather
And we sit here in our storm and drink a toast
To the slim chance of love's recovery

There I am in younger days, star gazing
Painting picture perfect maps
Of how my life and love would be
Not counting the unmarked paths of misdirection
My compass, faith in love's perfection
I missed ten million miles of road i should have seen
Meanwhile our friends we thought were so together
Left each other one by one on the road to fairer weather
And we sit here in our storm and drink a toast
To the slim chance of love's recovery

Rain soaked and voice choked
Like silent screaming in a dream
I search for our absolute distinction
Not content to bow and bend
To the whims of culture that swoop like vultures
Eating us away, eating us away
Eating us away to our extinction

Oh how i wish i were a trinity
So if i lost a part of me
I'd still have two of the same to live
But nobody gets a lifetime rehearsal
As specks of dust we're universal
To let this love survive
Would be the greatest gift that we could give
Tell all the friends who think they're so together
That these are ghosts and mirages
All these thoughts of fairer weather
Though it's storming out I feel safe within the arms
Of love's discovery