

# Claire Voyant, Iolite

Aisle of fire  
close to you and desire  
I'm half way home

The worst stings in life have left me numb  
Please don't leave this disaster  
The hummingbird as my imposter

Aching sighs  
To the words and the writing  
I'm blind

Ghosts run in my angels eyes  
Sing words so soft from my mind  
Believe the eyes of iolite

Please don't believe the way they want you to leave  
Blaming arms are better I think left alone

Ghost ride in my angels eyes  
steal words so soft from my mind  
believe in the eyes of iolite

"Tell you why I won't cry  
Tempted by life  
Want this strife I suppose  
Tell you know  
I was light, Iolite