

Emilie Autumn, Constant

You appeared to me
Like rain after a dry spell
Like growth after a hard year
Like life after death
And it had been so long
Yet my eye could discern
Less beauty in its object
Than my memory maintained
So I whispered to myself
"All is but illusion
You did well to love him
It gave you songs to write
And kept you safe"
And with a sigh of relief
I let you go
But you would not go
For you came to me
In the air about you
And you walked with me
From the other side of town
And you touched me
With your hands behind your back
So I whispered to myself
"All is but illusion
You were wise to look closer
You have lost nothing
Only exchanged a face for a soul
Whatever happens now
You have been Constant
And let no one say
You never loved".