

Karine Polwart, The Light On The Shore

Old as I am
Older than the threads of understanding
Which we weave between us
And old as you are
Older by far than the contours of the love
Which we leave behind us

Bold as I am
Bolder than the pioneers
Who trekked their way across the desert
Bold as you are
Bolder by far than the lovers
Who have swum the tide to be together

Are we old enough and bold enough to say good-bye?
Are we old enough and bold enough that we do not need to cry?
Well, I am not so old and not so bold I don't need you more
Now the light is slowly beckoning you to the shore

Cold is the ground
For which you're bound
It's a place where we can never more be together
Cold is the air
That takes you there
On a passage that will end with your end forever

But it's not so cold I do not feel the warmth of your skin
And it's not so cold I do not know the fires that burn within you
Though they are fading now, I wish that they would blaze once more
And keep you from the light that's slowly beckoning you to the shore

If I could sail the seas of time, then I would keep you from harm
But I am no sailor and I cannot warn you
Though there is nothing in my life I ever wanted more
Than to keep you from the light that's slowly beckoning you
Than to shield you from the light that's slowly beckoning you to the shore