

# Pale Forest, A Second Opinion

Her eyes were red, here dress was torn  
the wind blew on the hilltop  
She raised her head and watched with scorn  
the sky and felt her heart stop  
For though it was a pretty sight  
and should have brought her glee  
She cursed the sky of all her might  
and all because of me

As she launched herself into mid air  
she must have seen below  
My fingers through your golden hair  
and granted us true love

She stood beside my bed last night  
Her slender hand upon my chest  
The tears had washed all anger from her sight  
her heart had found its final rest  
She gently gazed with eyes so bright  
into my spirit's nest  
to tell me no one lost the fight  
though we both tried our best

As she launched herself into mid air  
she must have seen below  
My fingers through your golden hair  
and granted us true love