

# Pride And Fall, Adored

If love was born in that fine April sky  
And run unheeding when the sun was high  
And slept as the moon sleeps through the autumn nights  
While clear steady stars burn in their heights  
If love so lived and ran and slept and woke again  
Give me a sign  
Give me a day tomorrow  
So I can relive it with you  
Give me a sign  
Give me a dream to hold onto  
So I can hope this ends good  
In those old days I were called beautiful  
But you have worn the beauty from my face  
The flower like bloom has withered on my cheek  
With the harsh years and the fire in my eyes  
And the fire in my eyes  
Never be adored  
We will never be adored