

Stavesacre, Stavesacre

You slipped from my arms, I knew you had to go
Such a heavy heart, who could hope to hold
And I know where you're going, and that's the hardest part
No matter where tonight ends, you won't escape your broken heart

Stay a while

Helpless for the words, and it tightens up the air
It's not what you deserve, it's not for lack of care
Inside of me is screaming out, I'm praying for my prayers
Distracting and unworthy of each and every burning tear

Seems insincere

Do I see God in all of this, maybe all along
It's just that we're so small, and simply not as strong
Strong like wings of silver, and feathers made of gold
To carry heavy hearts, to cover all our helpless souls

To cover all of us

Under wings of Gold and Silver sometimes we have to hide
For shelter from this bitter winter at least tonight

If it were mine to give I'd give you your own time
Turn it back or forward whatever you decide

Stay a while