

The Frames, Mighty Sword

I may not hold you
For as long as forever exists
I may not know you
For as long as the heavens permit
There will be distance
And we'll both have to come to expect
The wild ending of our dark and feathered friends

And we wield the mighty sword
That cuts through bone and lays the liars down
And we wield an angry sword
That softens stone and turns the tides around

So you called me over
And I'll wait by your building tonight
But you may not bother
But it's better than feeding the lie
I am receiving
The message that I need to go
But I'm not leaving
'Til one of us surrenders its soul
'Til one of us renders it so