

# Warning, Footprints

I am not feeling the green burning flame,  
As I gaze back along footprints you have made.

And I am not dreaming of more than you have shown.  
You are not a foundation,  
You are not a stone.

But I'm afraid of the way that I'm feeling;  
Afraid of this new understanding now;  
Afraid for the beauty within me,  
And that which I hold within my hand.  
And this is the ultimate secret,  
That many before me have ever known.  
So capture me while I am weakest;  
I want to know,  
I want to know.

Here I am wide open, surrendering to your side;  
I have laid down my armour,  
I have no sword at my side.  
I leave behind me the ruins of the fortress I swore to defend;  
I leave behind me foundations;  
I'll leave you a man I'll need you to mend.  
And through all the battles around me  
I never believed I would fight.  
Yet here I stand, a broken soldier,  
Shivering and naked, in your winter light