Capture

Brann

Your words are the blanket
That keeps me warm
When the night is cold enough to break me.
It is then that I can trust.
In celebration of the air we breathe,
We place all regrets aside.
To capture this moment
Is to let go of the last.
Love takes hold.
How beautiful heaven must be.

The sand beneath my feet
Is an echo of your grace.
It is then that I can trust in you.
To see beyond beauty, skin deep.
Trust in love.
Love takes hold.
How beautiful heaven must be.

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