

Wive's Tale

My Epic

Last week you got lost in the guest room
and for a couple hours you didn't know my name.

Today I'm lying for the tenth time
saying "he can't stop by" when he's been dead for ages,
but you forgot.

Each time when the tide inside your mind lifts,
it sets adrift the moments and people you held dear.

Every loss, every lapse another death.

Curse and mourn, a dozen funerals a day here.
Honey you need some rest, trust me whatever's next,
just don't surrender yet.

If all our promises escape you in the night,
don't fret, I'll hold up both our ends.
Holding your hand while you're losing your head
and the only thing worse than the things you forget
is the constant reminder I could be next.

If man is nothing but a pile of sand
with just a little bit of consciousness
and we can't even trust our memories
how can we have faith in anything?

But the faith that I lost in myself
found a way to believe someone else.

I make no promises but I've got some prayers left.
Whatever happens I won't live in fear of the end.

I'm down on my knees as you're falling apart
and trusting the One who can go where you are.
He'll take your hand and lead you from the dark.
Darling if we forget, He can hold both our ends.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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