

Scars

S. Martin

Well, well done
My good, and faithful one
Well, welcome home
It's been too long
Oh you've been gone

Let me check you over for scars
I commend you during battle
For protecting your heart

Now embrace me in your arms
I'm not letting go
We'll cover those bruises
And we'll make sure that they don't show

We'll tell stories of stories
And laugh at the life that you lived
And how you still gave
When you had nothing left to give

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