Silver Wings

Thrice

From a tender years you took me for granted
(But still I deign to wander through your lungs)
While you were sleeping solemnly in your bed
(Your drapes were silver wings, your shutters flung)I drew the poison from the summer sting
(And eased the fire off your fevered skin)
I moved in you and stirred your soul to sing
(And if you let me I won't move again)I've danced with sunlit strands of lovers hair
(And formed the final words before your death)
I've pitied you and plied your sails with air
(Gave blessing when you rose upon my breath)And after all of this, I am amazed
That I am cursed far more than I am praised

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