

The Offer

Yowler

The shadow, my shadow I can't see
Still figure suspended behind me
The spirits and shapes they make
I've never grown to hold their face in the dark
So the offer I make
Is a promise to stay here
Though my wounds do grow
May I hold onto this hope
Their dark heads will quiet in my sight
Hands will stay from me this night if I only close my eyes
To the ones outside of my sight
The offer I make
Is a promise to stay here
If I only close my eyes to the ones outside of my sight
And give honor to what I can't know
They will walk with me where I go
But be still behind their shroud
May they never speak out loud
So the offer I make
Is a promise to stay here
May they leave me out their wandering
And be still

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

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