

Love's Lost Regard

[Amelia Curran](#)

When you abandon all manner of me
The concrete and angels' ashes
With nothing to serve but your own memory
Bring them the rain, the last of the tidings
Tied to the arrows fired off to love's lost regard
Lovers don't love you
And silver don't lead to your door?
Will you take comfort
That you have been taken before?
Oh, every intention has paved every path
They followed through driftwood and moor
What haunts you the most only lives to outlast
Cast off the best, the rest of all sorrows
Left to the gallows, the palace of all that you are
Have I been good to you?
Blue in the shadow of gold?
Blue in the phrases of letting go

Songwriters

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