

Final

Wilson

"This night is cold" he said
As he turned from the dark
And moved towards the amber light that glowed ahead
"I'll come along" she spoke
Her eyes remaining on the snow that collected softly in her palm
And with that, she watched her imprint grow
As seven bright stars lined up all in a row"See, they were once like you
They climbed the valley walls
To hear the mountains' tales of unheard truths
But no one could have known
That they'd be taken one by one
By force of greatness all
They're just a moment too soon
Or a second too late
They were nothing more than a moment too soon""But what of fate?" she cried
"Surely there is one who decides
Which way the wind turns in the morn?"
"My darling girl," he said
"There is no reason and no rhyme
For those we love and those we bid goodbye
There is no reason and no rhyme
There is no reason, no alibi
For those we love and those we must bid goodbye
There's just a moment too soon
Or a second to late
The phantom of warmth
An outline of sorts
Those moments too soon
Or a second too late
Oh, sing to me of loss
There's just a moment too soon
Or a second too late
The phantom of warmth
An outline of sorts
Those souls that I've loved
Those perfect ones
Oh, sing to me of loss"I wouldn't dare try
See, I know not of life and even less of loss

So I wouldn't dare try

Songwriters

TAMSIN WILSON Published by

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