

# White Apple

## Blind Pilot

In shadow  
In dark  
In cold wind  
Open up your heart  
This time brushes  
Your face  
And one loved then  
Every new shape  
One loved then  
Form what could  
Not get left behind  
And washed awaySome were seasons  
Some just days  
I'm bringing nothing with me  
I mean to saveThis feigned sweetness  
This wick of light  
This white apple  
Full of bite  
White apple  
Full of what  
Has slipped away from me  
Full of flesh  
Sweet as memory  
Full of hope  
Grown from a fallen tree  
Full of life  
I can't just let myself believeSo if I haunt you  
If I do  
If my shadow  
Leans up on you too  
No good intentions  
No ways I talk  
Just leave the light lit for you to walk  
I leave the light lit for you to walk

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