

Lil BrownBunny

"Gei Lian"

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I am a woman with a full heart, hidden somewhere in
an empty room - with eyes not quite of autumn's gold,
and yet neither all of summer's green.

I wonder if love is a tale made for children, a granting
of sweet dreams in their innocence - a honey-coating to
help their throats choke down the bitter drought.

I hear a voice that whispers warnings, half-formed,
bodiless as hope, until I swear I cannot draw another
breath unless this specter be unmasked. His lies
mangled - neath my righteous tread.

I see a woman, proud, uncompromising, that fall in
desolation about her weary feet, diaphanous as air -
less, even, than the tears salt poison pooled upon the
withered ground.

I want a measure of quietude, a certain silence, the
echo of alone which heals me of dreaming, the nothing
that stills the wanting, the numb, the cold that laughs at
pain.

I am a woman, hidden. I pretend that I can live forever,
that time has no puissant but that which I afford Him.
And so, I can wait, I can be happy tomorrow. Sleep is
for the dead; but it's ghosts haunt my waking.

I feel too much - too deeply to be directionless, too real
for imagining. And yet the familiar eyes hold nothing of
recognition only my reflection; a meeting of shadows
in sunlit glass.

I touch the downy wings of hope, in wonder, in
reverence, in need, in hunger. Alas, it burns my fingers
as a flame, a sacrilege, self-defined.

I worry that I am alone; that in my longing I have
forsaken all. But oh, what reward, what smile divine
should light the path to freedom. And how can I, but
heed the siren's call?

I cry for having too much, for fear of bursting. And
then, when by the pouring of my soul; I lie, a vessel
emptied. I cry again for what was had, and lost;

I am a woman, empty.

I understand that life is what you make it. That
sometimes the coat of many colors that marks your
triumphs, brightly blends only to loneliest of grey.

I say that we are made by life, shaped, broken,
perhaps unmade and voided. But always the core of us
remains, waiting with only faith, with trust - to be
reborn.

I dream of bluest waters, reaching with unnatural
hands toward the faded sky, of dolphins that wander in
seas without limits, carrying me water-breathing past
corals and clouds.

I try to lead by example; knowing that merely the telling
holds no power. A gift of giving is merely a day, while a
gift of knowing spans forever.

I hope that my darkness holds you gently - that pain is
halved by sharing, that feeling wields nothing past the
words it summons. Except that it touch you with only
healing.

I am a woman, only.

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