

The Veils

"WILD SON"

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Your knives are sharp
When you put them in my heart
Though the truth, you'd say,
Is I like them there that way

From this hoodlum skin
I can always run to him
Undeserved, capsized
In the gutters of his eyes

Darling I need you far more than I say
None of my fears are as dear to me

And a great light dims
Every day I'm torn from him
And our stars align
In Elysian Fields at night
And the wheels, they turn
And the fallen heather burns
At a loss and scared
In exile and unprepared

Darling I need you far more than I say
None of my fears are as dear to me

Darling I need you far more than I say
None of my fears are as dear to me

Blessed's the night
Blessed's the night
Blesses's the night
When none of my fears are as dear to me

Blessed's the night
Blessed's the night
Blesses's the night
When none of my fears are as dear to me

None of my fears are as dear to me
None of my fears are as dear to me
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