

Still

Wide-eyed little boy were you hiding?
Afraid to come out of the dark?
With no one to turn to when tears were begging,
And no one to take care of that tender heart?

Then sweet Kristin Marie came like an angel,
A kind moon pulling gently on the tide
With the smooth ease of an ebb and flow that healed the heart,
And opened up a rusty window deep inside.

Shivering stone cold and barbed-wire lonesome,
Believing that love was no more than a dream.
Then you touched the silent seed sleeping inside.
Now, love will survive, and deep as the sky,
It's opening... Still.

Now, all of the heartache has been explained,
And dreams so long imprisoned, set free,
And everything that was broken has been made whole,
And never, ever again will you have to be

Shivering stone cold and barbed-wire lonesome,
Believing that love is no more than a dream,
For you've touched the silent seed sleeping inside,
Now, love has survived, and deep as the sky,
It's opening... Still.