

As I ponder the color of your blood
The dripping takes a tone much like your voice.
Something hits me HARD like the knife
I'm gonna bring you back cos' it's my choice.
Image of God, His voice, I will intone.

A little paler, a little loose at ends.
That's OK babe, my stitch is what you'll get.
I kind of like this silence between us.
You're voice is sweeter in my head.
Your words are slow.
They're clear like songs of old

UNEARTHED - we we watch the moon cycle the sky.
UNEARTHED - we ponder the fire's on high.
UNEARTHED - I named that star there after you.
UNEARTHED - cos' it shines so bright and never moves.

[Solo]

UNEARTHED - we watch the moon cycle the sky.
UNEARTHED - we ponder the fires on high.
UNEARTHED - you're cold and I'm warm, should I care?
UNEARTHED - for love that is worse for the wear.