

"In the dresser he kept all the letters
All the prizes of love gone wrong
As the rain spat down, the new love he found
Lay sleeping as he wrote this song
And the blue candle burned in the small room
As he stared at the form in his bed
Like a flower bloom, she lit up the room
And his life had begun again
Time is not such a boundary
Not a river that cannot be crossed
And her advent into his small kingdom has cancelled the loss
Mutual accolades and freedom
What great love can grow from respect
His hands on her sides, ethereal rides
It was like they had never met
In a small museum in a small town
He found the jewels he would use for her crown
The blond king and queen, she would wear his ring
And he would sing her songs
Time is not such a boundary
Not a river that cannot be crossed
And her advent into his small kingdom has cancelled the loss
But her beauty is more than her long hair
Or her face or her lips or her skin
The royal gatekeeper to her kingdom has let him in"