

Form

Arca

I closed you out in the cloud
You let me rest away here healthy
In your arms, your strong arms
If you lay with me
Find you awake tonight
Most faithful tilt to command
And I may doubt
But I hope in time again we'll learn to trust
In your eyes
You will find you resting and weaknesses
Need to lose, need to lose
And with love for the same
You'll see, you'll see