

What Cannot Be Found (Part 1)

Copeland

Though every eye is wide, there's still not one to find it.
It vanishes like wine with nothing left behind it.
I found your life in grey and white and never thought I'd color
it.
And love put up an awful fight.
You never made your peace with it.

So stay where you are. And hold what you love.
And feel what you want. And know all the while.
Don't hurt 'til it's done.