

Lover

In the Valley Below

Turning the tables
Letting the fabled story unfold
I'm not a fighter
I'm not a man who balances gold
I'm not the lying
I'm not the mining kind
I'm a debaser
I'm gonna melt mistakes together
I've known danger
Played my strengths in the hand of stranger
But I'm not the ridden
I'm not the hidden kind

I won't be the kind of lover
who takes you hand and holds another
No I won't be the kind of lover
who takes your hand and holds you under

Cold is rising
Dancing with the dead and dying
The hunter is near
Pen for a sword and a tongue for a spear
The scent of attrition
The bells of the mission sound

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who takes you hand and holds another
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