

Holding the Void

Joseph Arthur

She lives in a world of her own making
She floats like she will soon be hung
She takes the wind from his creation
And forgets the way that peace will come
She blames the world for all her problems
She forgets herself in everyone
She sees the dark side of their nature
And wants the darkness to destroy the sun

She whispers symbols and hieroglyphics
She stands beneath the moon and sea
She says she kills the one who loves her
And then she points her gun at me
I gave her vision in all her bullets
I gave her words which calmed despair
I gave her love against her shoulder
I buried diamonds in her hair

I said I love you to her shadow
Even as her figure walked
I blamed my sadness on her words
Remembering the way she talked
The shape of masters long forgotten
She formed without the need to say
So I knew, and then in silence
Understood that I would pay

Her fragile grace inside deep yearning
Her eloquence with what she wore
The way she woke up like a virgin
The way she lay down like a whore
Battle scars and sweet oblivion
She whispered all these things to me
And when she left me in the shadows
I could no more seem to see

In the darkness
I destroy her
In the darkness
I'm destroyed
Without a season
Or a lover
I slip myself
Into the void

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In the darkness
I destroy her
In the darkness

I'm destroyed
Without a mission
Or a cover
I attempt
To hold the void
Without a season
Or a lover
I slip myself
Into the void
Without a mission
Or a cover
I attempt
To hold the void