

Black Forest

Lisa Gerrard

Why realise the life of the hidden
Within disguise they choose what they're given.
Come what may - they hear you say,
You don't love me!

Here in the breeze, I embrace you in vision.
So full of grace, you renounce indecision.
All of me I would give to thee,
But you don't love me.

Black forest, silver tree,
There you smile, and deliver with ease
The words that break me down so low.
I'm waiting there, I watch you go.

Illumination - I fail to see
Imagination - your love for me.
Come, chase relief from eternal grief.
So you see it comes as no surprise to me
That you don't love, you don't love me.
You don't love, you don't love me.