

## Bound

Madison Cunningham

The truth of love has found me out  
Is holding sway like waves of doubt  
Will raise the tide and find my bed-  
A tipping boat beneath my head

The turn of time, a mirror ball  
And it floods a weather in through this hall  
Like voices climbing from the street  
Of lovers just beneath my feet

Oh, find your way, however found  
But maybe we're better bound

Into you, my spirit goes  
I hand it over like a rose  
Fading, breaking at its side  
Dying as it opens wide

Oh, find your way, however found  
But maybe we're better bound

The thread of this long afternoon  
It finds the eye of this dark room  
To stitch both time and love somehow  
To you, beneath my head just now

But maybe we're better bound