

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