Orpheus melted the heart of Persephone, but I never had yours I followed you back to the end of the path, but I never found the door

And you can work to save your love You can bear it from the earth below You can work, but you can't let go Oh, oh, but you have to know

Don't look back

All you'll ever get is the dust from the steps before I don't have to see you every day, but I just want to know you're there

Quietly took to the dark of the day and the heat of the summer  $\ensuremath{\mathsf{night}}$ 

The heat of the breeze was a cell block wall, and when I looked , you were out of sight

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