TEXT

Here at the last,
My love.
Soon to that vast
Unknown.
So close to the summit
But slowing.
Whispers urge your going.

Give up the fight,
My love.
The night can be friend
Not foe.
Some battles are won by leaving
Or letting go.

Roots will come greet us, Weaving a blanket Midst rock and loam. And forests will feed us, Serving a banquet Of seed and cone.

Never alone.

And when it's my last
My love
I will hold fast
To love
And dreams of embrace,
A gathering place

Where roots will come greet us, Weaving a blanket Midst rock and loam. And forests will feed us, Serving a banquet Of seed and cone.

Never alone, never. Never, never, alone. After the last, My love.

After the Last







