

UNTIL DEATH

BESIDE THE LAKE  
WE CAST OUR STONES  
WHERE OUR LOVE STARTED TO PARTAKE  
VOWS WE SAID  
TO LOVE ONE ANOTHER  
UNTIL WE'RE DEAD  
WAS IT COLD THAT NIGHT  
OR WERE WE TIRED FROM THROWING STONES  
I HELD YOU WITH ALL MY MIGHT  
I WAS YOUNG AND STUPID  
BUT WAS IT WRONG TO THINK  
THAT I WAS YOUR CUPID  
PERHAPS WE HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK

-James Collins