

Heather Dale, Hunter

I promise you nothing, I take only that which is free
I'd give you a life full of risk, and the whirlwind of joy that can be
Don't try to bind me, just love me without any greed
And I'll give you the world, and my heart, and the air that I breathe

Slip the jesses my love
This hunter you own from the hood to the glove
When the circling and striking are done, and I land,
Let me come back to your hand, let me come back to your hand.

I have no illusions to think that I know what will come
I laugh at the concept of life as a simple result of the sun
I just want to hold you, and share with you all of this life
With the stars in the darkness, and love in the light, and its dizzying height

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