

I can remember a time and a place,  
A different name, a different face.  
Bound by the shackles and kept out of sight,  
The fire crackles at the dawn, of first light  
The charred remains, of love shattered about.  
They fit like a glove, this, there is no doubt.  
Left for the wanderer who must have a key,  
Not wanting to squander what the hurt, see.  
You found the key from he who lost his soul,  
More life to live, after love, takes its toll  
Now you're beginning a new day and life,  
It's the end of your misery, and strife.  
The fire still crackles and burns out of sight  
You're free from your shackles day turns, to night.