

Imprint (French Ballade)

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You say you've waited all your life for me,
I take you somewhere you have longed to go,
A place you dreamed of as a child, set free,
Warm as the safety only youth can know.
I feel your emotions rising as they show,
Like looking in an angel's eyes made whole,
You speak your truth across the vast unknown—
I am losing control.

What can I do to make your spirit smile,
Or help your days feel steady, full, complete?
What proves my love is something real, worthwhile,
When love itself refuses to be concrete?
Our bond is rare, the way our pulses meet,
A friendship born the moment you said "hello,"
A rhythm growing with each heartbeat—
I am losing control.

My eyes were opened when they met with yours,
A rush of butterflies I can't contain,
These emotions rising fast, I want them more,
Your sparkling blue eyes pull me in again.
They shake my ground and everything I know,
We never thought love's river still could flow,
Yet here it is, mending the breaks we've known—
I am losing control.

I feel your heartbeat echoing with mine,
You make me whole in ways I can't control,
I've waited for a love like yours through time—
I am losing control.