

Attack In Black, Years (By One Thousand Fingertips)

If you hated music
Would you be a mother with a family?
If your songs weren't written
Would I still get shivers from your silence
Until tears are welled up in my eyelids?
If your duty wasn't earthly
Would you understand its beauty?
Please do these things for me.
Please know that you have held one thousand years (by one thousand fingertips).
If your words weren't charming
Would they still sit on fences in my eardrums?
If your voice was harmful
Would it be a storm cloud
ON the golden bay of summer's starting?
If I didn't know you
I would not be nearly as inspired.
Please do these things for me.
Please know that you have held one thousand years (by one thousand fingertips).