

# Blood Ruby, The Night Tide

She makes her home,  
She lives alone  
By the seaside.  
Her fingers comb;  
She folds the foam  
By the seaside.  
She sits and sways;  
She makes her way  
To your insides.

What losses her choices.  
The years pass;  
Her longing ebbs and flows.  
Her whole life a slow slide  
Caught in the undertow  
Of the night tide.

Her ear's soft cone,  
Rosettes of folds  
Like a seashell.  
Her timid hands  
Smooth out the sand  
Where the sea swells.  
Her tiny sighs  
Cut through the night  
Like a buoy bell.

What losses her choices.  
The years pass;  
Her longing ebbs and flows.  
Her whole life a slow slide  
Caught in the undertow  
Of the night tide.

Lyrics 2001 Cynthia Conrad