

Culpepers Orchard, Mountain Music - Part One

To be forgotten, To live in Dust
To float in a stream and fly in the air
What more could we wish, To always be spread on earth
Plucked as a flower to die with love, And fly to greet the sun
Flowers in the forest freed, Deadlocked in your arms I bleed
Knowing not the rhymes I need, To take me from my madness
Wrap my mind in cellophane, Ignore the pleas to stop the rain
From falling on your windowpane, When your asleep at midnight
The iron mountains metal rings, Beside the bedrooms light in spring
And hums the words 'cause they can't sing, The words they haven't learnt yet
All is free while bodies moan, So shut the door but hear them groan
While petals fall from what is known, Of love and what goes with it