

Parlour Steps, Bombed Out Marriages

Well, as far as she could see
There is no method to this madness
As patient as she thought herself to be
She's having trouble sleeping in meaning's absence

Like a lover she will never see
There is a memory of a memory
As complicated as she explains her life to be
She feels most warm in simplicity

They are still having bombed out marriages during wars
There's a feeling stronger than redrawn borders

There is more to this day than a swallowing of the night
There is more to this darkness than a swallowing of the light
We are what we understand ourselves to be
Feel most warm in simplicity