

# Powderfinger, Hurried Bloom

She has a hand of reasons to loose him  
He liberates her often hidden smile  
She buried trust faded away  
He swallowed any promises they made

Darkness to weave its silent track  
Stars decorate a shroud of black  
Night closed the door on a fertile mind  
And captured the light that the day worked so hard to provide

Vibrant golden hues  
Melt into morning's hurried bloom  
Whisper the secrets from night to day  
Bird announces the dawning and fills it with praise

And the wound slowly heals

Voices inferior  
Voices inferior

And the wound slowly heals

Moon raise your head  
From a soft horizon bead  
Shine on a thirsty ground  
Merciless sun steals the water for the sky to drown