

Sparklehorse, See The Light

Away with golden crows
I know their souls are old
The waves and the thunder's prose
Within her belly glows

Where the sleeping old bears breathe
I can't see the light for the trees

I stayed in a lake of fire
My bed was an ancient pyre
The stars a fell into the sea
I can't see the light for the trees
For the trees
For the trees
For the trees
For the trees