

Spirit Of The West, Bare Branches

You could see her then, will you see her again?
She leaves a trail but fades from view
She needs us all to see right through her
You could reach her then, will you reach her again?
She's falling and it's hard to grasp
Before and after photographs, and in her

Bare branches, she withers without cover
Her winter disposition brings on the Angel Mother

Here's a worthless girl, so she feels in her world
Smothered under everything
She needs an angel with an empty wing to...

...Lift her 'till the cold has left her bones, then hold
her up so she can feel the sun
Cast a shadow that she will not run from

In her bare branches, she withers without cover
Her winter disposition brings on the Angel Mother
Her bare branches, she withers without cover
Her winter disposition brings on the Angel Mother