

Veda Hille, Strange, Sad

He looks out the window and he is amazed
The road stretches farther than it did before
She makes her bed, she makes delay
Herself, her down, her clothes, the door
He stumbles barrel-chested forward, blind
The small animal knows only 'Go'
She wants so much to lose her mind
But that chance passed her long ago
And fall is not death
Absence is sweet
Your heart wants a face
Like the leaves want your feet
Fall is not death
A brick wall is love
Lie on top of each other
But it's not enough
Behind her, they are kissing, loud and young
She struggles not to turn to look
To increase herself from only one
One standing at one bus stop
And sure, it is a strange, sad place
You see it as you ride the bus
Her eyes are painted on her face
To look to him
To look to us
And fall is not death
To live is impure
Things are more beautiful
When they're obscure
To fall is not death
To know is not me
Things are more beautiful
When they're hard to see
(Hard to see, hard to see, hard to see)
And the stars are more stars than they usually are
Hey, there's a fire in that well-lit tree
He can look forward to driving for hours
They're asleep in the back seat
And the head-on disaster they passed on the road
What once were trains, now metal, now death
The cars move slow, slow like blood
And the beauty has her hold her breath
And fall is not death
Absence is sweet
Your heart wants a face
Like the leaves want your feet
Fall is not death
A brick wall is love
Lie on top of each other
But it's not enough
Oh, to fall is not death
To live is impure
Things are more beautiful
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