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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Oh. to fall is not death

To know is not me

Things are more beautiful

When they're hard to see