

Vienna Teng, Drought

Summer move forward and stitch me the fabric of fall
Wrap life in the brilliance of death to humble us all
How sweet is the day
I'm craving a darkness
As I sit tucked away with my back to the wall

And the taste of dried-up hopes in my mouth
And the landscape of merry and desperate drought
How much longer dear angels
Let winterlight come
And spread your white sheets over my empty house

Summer move forward and leave your heat anchored in dust
Forgotten him, cheated him, painted illusions of lust
Now language escape, fugitive of forgiveness
Leaving as trace only circles of rust

And the taste of dried-up hopes in my mouth
And the landscape of merry and desperate drought
How much longer dear angels
Come break me with ice
Let the water of calm trickle over my doubts

Come let me drown
Angels no fire no salt on the plow
Carry me down
Bury me down

And the taste of dried-up hopes in my mouth
And the landscape of merry and desperate drought
Once I knew myself
And with knowing came love
I would know love again if I had faith enough
Too far is next spring and her jubilant shout
So angels, inside
Is the only way out