

# 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