

And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead, How

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Miscellaneous
How Near How Far

Looking back in time
Through verses set in nursery rhyme
At oil painted eyes
Of muses left behind
I swear I know not why
Those eyes have always left me dry
She stands with arms stretched out
Towards the mountains & the clouds
Oil painted eyes
Blind yet hypnotized
I swear I know not why
Those eyes have always left me dry
(How near, how far, how lost they are)
I've rendered every line
Every contour of a muse's eye
Painted in my eyes mind
On canvases of time
I swear I know not why
Those eyes have always left me dry