

Dylan Ware, The Palace

I climbed through a hole to a palace of towering stone
That she built inside the moonlight and she lived there alone
The air was a tear in her eye
I wandered cold, colourless ruins by and by

In dust scattered hallways lay mummified bodies of men
Motionless relics of grief and the gloom gate open
And I felt so dry I could have drowned
I threw a handful of rice and I slowly followed her down

This fortress is a tomb, said I love you but she turned to dive
She fell to her bed and dreamed there of being alive