

# Holy Mother, Prince Of The Garden

Golden tiles and golden lines  
Reflections blinding me  
I see your eyes like mirror blinds  
The only thing I see

Hands across a cotton tie  
The hands that once were free  
Alone you sleep in space tonight  
Far away from me

You're the prince of the garden  
Tie your hair back in a bow  
Time to tell someone you love them  
The wind is growing cold

Leave the world  
That you created  
You've got flowers  
In your hair  
All the ashtrays full  
Of blue tears  
They're the ones  
Who really care

I'm alive

You've got seven counts  
Against you  
You've got cuffs  
Of serrated steel  
All the charges  
Brought against you  
Can't believe  
That this is real

And the only  
Thing that matters  
If by chance  
That you really care  
To be in the arms  
Of the one you love  
With flowers in your hair

I'm alive  
I'm alive  
I'm alive

Holding times  
And holding rhymes  
Holding life today  
In silent strokes  
The river flows like water  
Through my veins

A tunnel with a golden light  
Is something in your way

I'm alive  
I'm alive

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Tie your hair back in a bow  
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That you created  
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All the ashtrays full  
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They're the ones  
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