

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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