

Laura Veirs, Nightingale

Nightingale sing
Though it's blacker than the bog
Nightingale sing to me
I need to hear your song
Nightingale come
And perch upon my tree
A terrifying light's
Been flashing over me

I would not bear to rest
I could not dare to dream
Til the nightingale came
And sang a song for me

She'll sing above the blasts
And the clothing singed by fire
She'll sing above the black smoke
Rising from the funeral pyre
Her heart a field in bloom
Her heart a sacred snow
Her heart a mirror blinding
All the greedy as they go

I would not bear to rest
I could not dare to dream
Til the nightingale came
And sang a song for me

I cannot help but want
To solder all the parts
Solder back together
All the shattered hearts
Nightingale come
And perch upon my tree
The terrifying night's
Been crashing over me

I would not bear to rest
I could not dare to dream
Til the nightingale came
And sang a song for me