

Pretty Things, Grass

As silver tears they weave and lace,
Sad patterns upon her face,
She waits for you.
So low below a laser sun,
Through velvet fields she runs,
Reaching for you.
And so you bleed now,
Your hand holds the knife
That is tearing your life apart.
Why don't you leave now,
The city's too heavy
And your dreams they melt in the sun.
On mellow blue, birds curve and glide.
Through shadows of grief she slides,

She waits for you.
There on a hill before the dawn,
In silence a promise torn,
She turns from you.
And so you bleed now ...
As silver tears, they weave and lace,
She waits for you.
So low below a laser sun,
Reaching for you.
On mellow blue birds curve and glide.
She waits for you.
There on a hill before the dawn,
She turns from you