

Spring Awakening, Whispering

Whispering

Hear the ghosts in the moonlight.
Sorrow doing a new dance
Through their bones, through their skin.

Listening

To the souls in the fools night
Fumbling mutely with their rude hands
And there's heartache without end
See the father bent in grief
The mother dressed in mourning
Sister crumples
And the neighbors grumble
The Preacher issues warnings

History

Little Miss, didn't do right
Went and ruined all the true plans
Such a shame

Such a sin

Mystery

Home alone on a school night
Harvest moon over the blue land
Summer longing on the wind

Had a sweetheart on his knees
So faithful and adoring
And he touched me
And I let him love me
So let that be my story

Listening

For the hope, for the new life
Something beautiful, a new chance
Hear it's whispering
There again