

The Bears, When She moves

strike me down i'm worshipping an image
take my eyes they'll never see no better
still frames can't justify
the shiver and the sigh
when she moves when she moves
davinci threw his brushes down in anger
picasso threw his hands up in defeat
a captive bird may sing
but this one's on the wing
when she moves when she moves
here i stand with lead in my heart and hands
i cannot fly with her
and i would speak her name but my tongue is numb
and my brain is frozen
she turns her head, a silver bell is ringing
a gesture and fish leap into the air
she walks, a symphony performing silently
when she moves when she moves