

The Bled, Spitshine Sonata

I lost my voice in the fire. I burned my eyes staring at your eclipse. I was just a child. My father's favorite. Such delicate arms keep reaching toward the horizon. As we keep starving for this beauty we are sick with distance. Starving for this beauty. We are sick with distance. Grieving for his failure. You keep me on my knees mummified in your arms. This is the last chance that you will get to breathe my name into his chest. Only the deaf find peace. Only the blind won't reach.