

The Tea Party, Correspondences

hope springs to life
charmed by approaching listlessness
hands reaching out
to grasp the open emptiness

leading me down...

and this goodbye
faced with hope and countenance
souls slip away
to bask in glowing radiance

leading me down...

as we run from the sun
and we harbour the lies
and we leave things undone
as we cover our eyes

does it tear you apart my love
does it tear you apart my love
it tears me apart

charmed by this light
this sombre guidance in her eyes
rage would entice
and final moments would arise

leading me down...

does it tear you apart my love
does it tear you apart my love
it tears me apart