

The Verve Pipe, She Has Faces

she has faces
up in her bedroom and they gaze down on her
guarding her slumber

a black bead rosary
under her pillow and when it thunders
she clutches it tightly

and she hears
silence is white,
sound is black,
the world is wrapped in a paper sack

and when i leave i close the door
to this galaxy of yours

dropping by
i open a window
as the breeze blows in the curtains are butterflies

and we hear the church bells ring
out on a hill
and all of their echoes
left us singing

silence is black,
the room is bright,
our world is basking in tv light

and we are laid out on the floor
of this galaxy of yours

with all of your heroes waiting
in paper piles laid on the floor

i push my paintbrush lightly
and fill in any empty nail holes

a dresser top,
a jewelry box,
colored tassels tied in knots

and a porcelain girl danced a music box ballet for us

and your nightlight is a star,
or a firefly

that leads my gaze up to the ceiling
wondering if you think that it's the sky

with all of your heroes waiting....

open the window slightly, pick up paper off the floor
i hold my paintbrush tightly, and fill in any empty nail holes

open the window slightly,
open the window slightly...