

Trance To The Sun, Yellow Hair

I heard someone say my veins are coursing in vain
Only your mother is the one to suckle not cows
Their milk has shaken the change out of me
Near to the spot of the unsuckled baby
Windy howl on Christmas morning
For cave babies with tousled yellow hair
It soaks a dry aged hand
Yawning life giving quilted doe
No one's veins course in vain
You love her forever
You always have
You need her
You want her
She's far way
But only today