

I whisper the tongue like an old friend  
I cherish my time here alone  
I wait in the eyes of the passing nights,  
To help me laugh brushfires again  
By the swallows sleeve, I'm a new hand  
Cutting out the shapes that burn me  
I can touch the mouths of these child gods  
And these true minds that hurt man

And the will will go up  
To the crashing sails  
And the crushing wails  
Of my old pan  
This wind screams while I'm asleep  
And dreams that these white eyes  
Will smile again

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I take to the road like an old man  
I cherish my time here alone  
I process the lines of the passing lights  
Losing myself, I change my plans

By the western walls, I'm a cursed hand  
By the eastern seas, I'm hardly wrong  
I can swing myself down from these trees  
When I crave a glimpse of weary sands

I whisper the tongue like an old friend  
I cherish my time here alone  
I swing myself down from these trees  
To help me laugh brushfires again