

Hurried Bloom

Powderfinger

She has a hand of reasons to loose him
He liberates her often hidden smile
She buried trust faded away
He swallowed any promises they made

Darkness to weave its silent track
Stars decorate a shroud of black
Night closed the door on a fertile mind
And captured the light that the day worked so hard to provide

Vibrant golden hues
Melt into morning's hurried bloom
Whisper the secrets from night to day
Bird announces the dawning and fills it with praise

And the wound slowly heals

Voices inferior
Voices inferior

And the wound slowly heals

Moon raise your head
From a soft horizon bead
Shine on a thirsty ground
Merciless sun steals the water for the sky to drown