

As I laughed in the light of the moon  
Was so close from the stem of the bloom  
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Was so close from the stem of the bloom

Oh, my sweet fairy  
The past has stopped, stopped, stopped  
Touch not my bosom for I'll not get far  
Color your cartography and your dreams of me  
Maps will not lie, will not lie, will not lie in me

Grow ancient gardens, the paths that you found in me  
Peel off the weight that you've held from the start of me

Oh, my sweet fairy  
Our hearts did us wrong  
But brothers of bodies don't carry us on, on  
And more moons than our eyes can recount and store

Yet they bet that we see the same things  
Sweet, they bet that we swim in the sea

Well then, the amber woods are pouting  
Lie down to keep our heads from falling  
Give in to these seeds beneath me  
Measure that they do in time harvest