

Dress me in scarlet
Ribbons and bows so everyone knows
I'm hiding a face
That hasn't the grace to go free.
Dress me in shadows
Sad April skies have opened my eyes
To the lie that I live
And given the river away
I'll change these clothes if I want to, and I do

I think that I've found out
What no-one's about to tell me
I think that I've found out
I don't wear scarlet well.

Waiting before me
Poets and painters may say;
"When will you stumble our way
Kick off your red shoes and fly now"
I'll die for their words if I want to, and I do.

Always before me
Poets and sages may say;
"We've been lamenting your fall
And carving it all into stone here
And skimming them into the river, just for you"

I think that I've found out
What no-one's about to tell me
I think that I've found out
The place where angels fell from
I think that I've found out
I don't wear scarlet well.