

Lilies

Bat for Lashes

Again tonight I sang a song, a prayer if you will
Fell to the floor on blackened knees, and all the trees fell still

Press my hands between my thighs, and poured the thistle milk
Begged the thunder bolts to strike and mark me as alive

All the lilies on the hill
All the lilies on the hill
All the lilies on the hill
Scented the light

And so I finished up my prayer, rose slowly and I stared
But I was empty as a grave and ghostless was the air
Laid back to bed and dulled my eyes and searched those fruitless skies
Again begged the thunder bolt to strike to mark me or else I will die

All the lilies on the hill
All the lilies on the hill
All the lilies on the hill
Scented the night

And in the second before I sleep
And in the second before I sleep

Did I believe what I did see?
Did I believe what came to me?

Appeared a figure of a man
Waving upon the hill
To the window I ran
And saw what he had sent
Children of a private world
To be conceived in milk
Hundred marching to my door
All bringing dreams to drink

Thank God I'm alive!
Thank God I'm alive!

All the lilies on the hill
All the lilies on the hill
All the lilies on the hill
Scented the night