

Ghost Life

Bowerbirds

At the margins of the land i get to know your skin
Where the sand dunes slope into a wild ocean
Where the great plain heaps into a jagged mountain
Oh I feel your heart swell with the ghost life here
So magnificent

And yet some days we are stones cold and stuck
Whether in time or place or head or heart
But dear we'll never feel the years with the wind at
our backs
And we can live our days in a ghost life here
So magnificent

Oh blood
Ocean blood
Salty blood
Flows like torrents through our hearts
And knows just what it wants

Love
Shapeless love
Wild, tireless love
Fast in the free ether
Ghostly white
And seething hot

Sky
Ocean sigh
Dark mirror shine
Swift to the backs of our eyes
Deep wanting eyes