

A Month Of Mornings

Cherry Ghost

Oh, rolling river
Go greet the seas across the ink black night
Oh, rolling river
This day the skyline been my guiding light

Oh, rolling river
I haul this hunted brow across the tides
The prayers that delivering
I'll cut my teeth upon the Dresden ice

Where blue skies climb
And grabbing hands don't reach for mine
Where the living heart
I have found no favor with the stars

Oh, rolling river
I landed blows that have nearly taken life
The fake in gods sliver
The word dried up but then I learned my mind

And as a child
I watched the noble hearts turn wild
Where the living heart
I have found no favor with the stars

Beneath the burning shoreline
A month of mornings rain
Oh, rolling river keep rolling
On and and we remain

Oh, rolling river
Go greet the seas across the ink black night
Oh, rolling river
Go greet the seas across the ink black night
Oh, rolling river