

Bruise

Falling Up

I use to see a million colors
And now the only one I see is used
And I would sing in rising chambers
But then I followed jealous words from you

So now,
Shivered nights wake sleeping heartaches
There will be a bruised love
Little lives need greater mercies
Let there be a bruise

Here comes the storming
And there goes all
But little fires burn beneath the sea

When I woke up
A bird in morning
I flew above my bed then drowned

Oh God,
Who am I
But a lily in a field
Across the night
Stars sing of you