

Your Nature

Hothouse Flowers

You sang so softly
I closed my eyes
Like snowfall on the water
I, the only child

You had been walking
And your skin was cold
You took the night with you

And I was enthralled
By the power of the light
And the sound of the changing tide of your nature

And it was evening, I saw my breath
I was needing to hear your tenderness
I was blinded by the sight
The power of the changing tide of your nature

Stay singing softly
You take me home
Like a slow boat on the water
Like an old stone

I was blinded by the sight
And the power of the changing tide
Blinded by the night
The sweet sound of the changing tide of your nature