

Gold

James Vincent McMorrow

How was the cold
Along the path I determined to hold
Although it coiled round a perilous wing
Blinded with hot gas and carving off steam
There was still smoke

Burnt in the grass
Reclaim a portion of desolate south
Add in the stirrings and long lost fatigue
Barrels that hide us in hair fallen heed
Then became sound

And I wasn't afforded a love
Covered up in hard earned clay
I wasn't accorded a stop
Always in it so much more
I wasn't afforded a love
Covered up in hard earned clay
And time wasn't the only cavernous

I hope my contour charts show up via river
Out to the only ocean
There's something peaceful that goes out via river
Out to the ocean
I was peaceful standing, I was open

And I wasn't afforded a love
Covered up in hard earned clay
I wasn't accorded a stop
Always in it so much more
I wasn't afforded a love
Covered up in hard earned clay

Time wasn't the only cavernous
Time wasn't the only cavernous
Time wasn't the only cavernous
Time wasn't the only coward