

# Silver

Josh Pyke

Oh no, what have I done,  
All of these stitches have split one by one  
Oh now I see the design,  
The intricate framework to which I align

All my anguish and my happiness,  
But I got not time for this mess

Come down, come down with me,  
To check on the ashes of my history  
I can't leave them alone,  
But sometimes I wish they would rot down below  
But on the contrary,  
These fires flourish in me.  
Oh no

And I lay just 'fore I wake  
And you catch the sun and throw it down on my face  
I know you're plotting my course,  
Still influencing my dreams silver seahorse  
I feel the mixture in me,  
Fire and water musical ubiquity

And I know you're never quite there,  
Satisfaction eluding you like clean air  
One day I'll float on the tide,  
Silver seahorse on a string mirrors the sky  
I'll be alone on the sea,  
Waiting for the sky to engulf me.

But out here alone on the night,  
My silver seahorse reflecting the light  
I flash the ray 'cross the sea,  
Hoping this beam still connects you to me  
I know the tides changing my course,  
But I'm still the one who believes in my silver seahorse

But on the whole,  
Or on the contrary,  
It's not alright, alright.  
And falling through defects  
And consequential loss,  
It's not alright, alright.

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