

The Whole Is Wide

Marissa Nadler

Flowers died a long
time ago my friend
and they're hanging on the wall
with wax and thread

When you were young
did you think it would ever end?
When you were young
did you think it would ever end?

Sylvia was a girl
that I knew best
and she wore the finest
eyelid dress
and she sits in her room
painting golden moons
and she sits in her room
painting golden runes

Oh, what am I to do
without a man to see me through?
Oh, what am I to do
without a man to see me through?
I'm more than blue
I'm violet

Lyla met a man
that she loved best
and he died in a fiery crash.

And the hole is wide
the hole is wide
the hole is wide

And the hole is wide
the hole is wide
the hole is wide

Oh, what am I to do
without a man to see me through?
Oh, what am I to do
without a man to see me through?
I'm more than blue
I'm violet