

## Fleetfoot Ghost

Mirah

You are the season I will not find again  
Your weather is the reason I am wandering  
And I'm just a feeling in the air you onced loved  
Daughter of a mother nature's son  
And you won't find me in the rains that come  
That soaked the roots of where I sat from  
Thinking back  
Blossoms on my fine plum tree  
Always seem to flower too early

And it wasn't just the words but the ways our bodies spoke  
And the way you held my hands, the way you tied me up in ropes  
And you said you'd never leave it you needed me the most  
And it all disappeared with such a fleetfoot ghost  
And we ate until we were empty  
Not fattened by our century  
And when I noticed we were still hungry  
We were consumed by our tragedy

Now I feel the winds blowing colder  
But I am ready to get older  
And I don't expect to see you anytime soon  
But if you hear this know that I've been thinking of you  
And if you find yourself again in a true love's nest  
And you feel that same sweet holiness  
You care for her and you care for yourself  
Learn to grow it in the light and in the darkness