

If I could save you, I surely would;  
I'd take the world with you, the way we should.  
I'd drown your violence in a sea of blood;  
I'd drown the pain for you in the breaking waves,  
I'd crown your innocence with the golden sun,  
I'd drown your violence in a sea of blood . . .  
South-west bound on the winding A-  
roads - days of scorched brown rolling hills  
and ripened fields, down to where the sun glistens on the sea b  
eneath Pentire.  
Diamond light, evenings becoming cool and fresh as the seasons  
change. I can't  
wait to see you again - feels like something good is going to h  
appen, as if reborn  
in the last days of summer, burned to the core and then somehow  
, made young  
once more - as if you were going to be the one crowned Harvest  
Queen.  
All the black will fade away in glory days, and Indian summer;  
you and I, sun and moon, different paths, always together;  
all the black will fade away in the sharpened days that will so  
on be coming.  
All love and change is one, all love and change forever...  
And I can feel it falling away,  
and I can feel it falling away from you...