

# Language Of Flowers

Pale Saints

See me a snapshot  
Narrating my previous life  
And a mountain of other lies  
Numbers and letters and letters  
Surfacing from a sea of  
Treacle blackened stone  
And carrying me back home  
I hear the language of flowers  
And now I don't hear anything else

Voices from nowhere seducing me  
To all the lyrics of the world  
The balance has been disturbed  
Time stumbles drunkenly  
Wild lives are frozen  
Until they're born again  
Ripening in the sun  
I hear the language of flowers  
And now I don't hear anything else

I wasn't cut out for this  
But my heart was  
I wasn't cut out for this