

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