

Time of Year

Patrick Wolf

Tremors of dark heart
Departs as you come near
Underneath the orchard branches bare
Better the bitter cold for into your hand to fold
Semaphore your sorrow I'll decipher code

We drum for the winter sun
Dream to bury the gun
Wait for providence to come
Send our love to those we wish here
At this time of year

What frankincense or myrrh do they seek
To send our soldiers to those burning sands?
How many crosses more must we stigmata our soil with
Until we reveal the blood on our hands?

We drum for the winter sun
Dream to bury the gun
Wait for providence to come
Send our love to those we wish here
At this time of year

I've been so worried about our future
Staring at the failures of my past
I've got to really pull myself back together
For to wake that winter sun at last

We drum for the winter sun
Send our love
Wish you were here
At this time of year