

Cartographer

Purity Ring

As I laughed in the light of the moon
Was so close from the stem of the bloom
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Was so close from the stem of the bloom

Oh, my sweet fairy
The past has stopped, stopped, stopped
Touch not my bosom for I'll not get far
Color your cartography and your dreams of me
Maps will not lie, will not lie, will not lie in me

Grow ancient gardens, the paths that you found in me
Peel off the weight that you've held from the start of me

Oh, my sweet fairy
Our hearts did us wrong
But brothers of bodies don't carry us on, on
And more moons than our eyes can recount and store

Yet they bet that we see the same things
Sweet, they bet that we swim in the sea

Well then, the amber woods are pouting
Lie down to keep our heads from falling
Give in to these seeds beneath me
Measure that they do in time harvest