

Mountains

Radical Face

I was just a boy
My father seemed a mountain then
With a voice that could shake the seas
My mother's ghost hung across his shoulders
And he said she was still watching over me

My brother was home
Just returned on army leave
Told his stories with a distant stare
And as it snowed
The wind was howling through the trees
And I spent my night just listening by the fire

My hands move the creases from my brow
Soft as a breath
It's like a feather
I dreamed of a lonely voice that night
Quiet as death
Outside my window
It sang a sad and lovely tune
Clear as a bell
Soft as a shiver
It said, I want you all the time
It said, I want you all the time

Goodbye bad thoughts
I'm safe under covers
So goodbye bad thoughts
'Cause I'm safe under covers
Now I can see you again