

Scratches In The Rind

Sieges Even

I walked the hill touched by wind autumn leaves dancing round my feet
I stroke your hair and blew away the dust your pale and fading stare
where are you now? I don't really care you broke a lover's vow
I found the tree our scratches in the rind
I tried to read mossy names unsigned tiny letters hastily written down finally
blue turns grey - margins fray but memories stay images do remain
sentences stay the same plans get disarranged symbols changed
I hope you've lost all the shots I hope you've torn them apart
I hope you've burned all the words I wrote down - in believe
wish I could wipe out the trace wish I could stop giving chase
guess I could wipe out the trace guess I could stop giving chase
turning around myself for too long I've lost what's going on
banning all what's left in a chamber I feel fine keeping my head above water
I survive still too weak - to take your things, torn them apart
still too proud - to call your things great memories who are you now?
I don't really care where are you now? I don't really care I walked the hill
touched by wind autumn leaves dancing round my feet
guess I could wipe out your trace guess I could stop giving chase
turning around myself for too long I've lost what's going on
still too weak - to take your things, torn them apart
I'm looking forward to that day
still too proud - to call your things great memories
I deny don't want to glorify
kissed your lips - they had the taste of drying wax
badly surprised I turned away shut the door - having just left the rack
seemed I had left the play smelt your scent - it put a needle in my heart
I wasn't ready for the fray