

I could look in your face
For a thousand years
It's like a civil war
Of pain and of cheer
But if you was a horse
I could help you with your chains
I could ride you through the fields
By your fiery mane
May your shade be sweet
And float upon the lakes
Where the sun will be
Made of honey
I'll cry gardens while you burn
'Cause no one here can save you
She's returning to the Earth
But one day she'll be silver
The stars are dying in my chest
Till I see you again
She was born with the wings of a hawk
Where she combs her hair with blood
May your shade be sweet
And float upon the lakes
Where the sun will be
Made of honey
May your shade be sweet
And float upon the lakes
Where the sun will be
Made of honey
May your shade be sweet
May your shade be sweet
And float upon the lakes...
May your shade be sweet