

Heron Blue

Sun Kil Moon

Don't cry, my love, don't cry no more
A crashing sky, a roaring screen
A city drowning, God's black tears
I cannot bear to see

She lay under the midnight moon
Her restless body stirring
Until the magic morning hour
Like poison it succumbs her

Her baby skin, her old black dress
Her hair it twists 'round her necklace
Constricts and chokes like ruthless vines
'Til sleep, she overtakes her

Her room is painted heron blue
Lit by candlelight and chandelier
And from her headboard, perched so high
A million dreams have passed her

Don't cry, my love, don't cry no more
It overwhelms my breaking heart
A minor swell of violins
I cannot bear to hear them

A mother shepherds her young birds
She fills their mouths and warms their souls
'Til they are strong and good to fly
Away from her, alone she'll die

Cradle on quiet old oak limbs
As heaven blue her light fails
A breath of soot into her lungs
A life, a journey's end in one

Don't sing that old sad hymn no more
It resonates inside my soul
It haunts me in my waking dream
I cannot bear to hear it

Don't play those violins no more
Their melancholic overtones
They echo off the floor and walls
I cannot bear to hear them