

Kirsten Supine

Swans

May moonlight fall upon your breast
May god send wind to lick your lips
The river flows beneath your comb
Granite, pines -silver shine, green velvet throne
Folding in, folding in, the water brings the flower string
Folding in, folding in, the water sings the black horse scream
May planets crash, may god rain ash, to sear our skin, to fold
us in
Kneeling close, seeking hands, our blood is warm, but what come
s next!

I will let it go, I will let it go
I can't let it go, I can't let it go
I will let it go, I will let it go
I can't let it go, I can't let it go
I won't let it go, I won't let it go
I will let it go, I will let it go
I can let it go, I won't let it go
I will let it go, I can't let it go
I will let it go, I won't let it go
I will let it go, I can't let it go