

The May Song

The Gathering

I'm waiting for your hands
to fold around my wrist
I'm mellowng in warm grass
and the scent of you I've missed

And blue is representing
the draft in my heart
I'm wondering through thin skies
and the transparent air I've missed

Pale is my face
you might want to colour
while I breathe

I'm following large drops of rain
with my eyes on the sight of you I've missed

Pale is my face
you might want o colour
while I breathe.