

Caprice

Tristania

Branch in the breeze
waving slowly back and forth as if asleep
break piece by piece
or just by sheer caprice decide to let go
How will you spin this one
you'd never stand your stains
now as the island sinks
and you'll still praise the rain
and then you'll cry at dusk when the day is done
you'll exit or expire in the evening sun
Army of lies
now denial of denial's your disguise
cope, grasp your hope
as the rope around your neck pulls tighter