Sea Of Teeth

Sparklehorse

Can you feel the wind of Venus on your skin?
Can you taste the crush of a sunset's dying blush?
Stars will always hand in summer's bleeding veilsCan you feel the rings of Saturn on your finger?
Can you taste the ghosts who shed their creaking hosts?
But seas forever boil, trees will turn to soilStars will always hand in summer's bleeding veils
But seas forever boil, trees will turn to soil

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