The Quiet House

Spock's Beard

Rain a plague of drowning days
Gray and cold
Time in time she went away
Truth untoldDown the road through the gate
Here are flowers moss and stone
Clear the path to the door
The quiet house is now her ownSafe the secrets that she knew
Still we learned
Hope just like a garden grew
She returnedDown the road through the gate
Here are flowers moss and stone
Clear the path to the door
The quiet house is now her ownSomething is ending
Something beginningThere in the dark of the woods
Chasing light through the trees
We ran as fast as we could
Till she stopped suddenlyWarm was her breath on my skin
As she kissed me and cried
Then she disappeared from within
To a place she could hideNow there's a hole in the night
Where her light used to be
So I light a candle and wait
And I pray she is free
Down the road in the quiet house

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