

Ashes of Us

Brett Anderson

When the sky is clear,
and the clouds are torn,
And the strange ones play,
and the insects swarm.
Falling like feathers,
drifting like petals,
pieces of paper
The ashes of us
Break like bone china,
faces in mirrors,
piece us together
The ashes of us.
And the orchid grows,
in a sunny place,
Where I sip my tea,
with a scarecrows face
Falling like feathers,
drifting like petals,
pieces of paper
The ashes of us
Break like bone china,
faces in mirrors,
piece us together
The ashes of us.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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