

Clangour and Flutes

Sin Fang Bous

Eat the young, taste the blood
They don't know a thing about us
Shake their bones, throw them out
We make something new out of things lost I will be the lumberjack and you will be the tree
If you go chasing rabbits and you know you've gone too far
The lines in your hands are the map to show you where you are I will be the boat and you will be the sea
And if you would find feelings where should be none
Bury them deep before you do something that can't be undone I will be the fire and you will be the home
Any fluke just might damn off the look those eyes will see
A cold wind's blowing, the cold wind that came with me I will be the forest and you will be the dead tree
Eat the young, taste the blood
Stab the night with water knives
Shake their bones let them know that there are rodents in their eyes I will be the lumberjack and you will be the tree

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