

Elysian Magnetic Fields

Dirge

The lighthouse shrinks like lace
Twisting shades in velvet breath
Evening wound, sundown grin
Silken sobs, satin screamsNight embrace
As wax and clay paint your face
I behold starving quicksands
As you slip through my handsMagnetic fields call through
This growing sleep
Where i can't trail you
Where i can't beseechWould i wait until
The bells of morning
Which reveal
The angels of spring
Slumbering birds
Passing over
Cracking domes
And abandoned homes
But do sleepwalkers know
Where they flow
Is there a smile, somehow
But do we know

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

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