Cartographist

Purity Ring, Purity Ring

And I laughed in the light of the moon
Was so close from the stem of the bloom
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Was so close from the stem of the bloom
Oh, my sweet fairy
The past has stopped, stopped, stopped
Touch not my bosom for I'll not get far
Color your cartography and your dreams of me
Maps will not lie, will not lie, will not lie in me
Grow ancient gardens, the paths that you found in me
Peel off the weight that you've held from the start of me
Oh, my sweet fairy
Our hearts did us wrong
But rudders of bodies don't carry us on, on
And more moons than our eyes can recount and store
Yet they bet that we see the same things
Sweet, they bet that we swim in the sea
Well then, the unborn woods are calling
Lie down to keep our heads from falling
Kill them then bury seeds beneath me
Measure thy deeds in due time harvest

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