Florence

Adam Barnes

We're buried beneath with mountains to climb
We're drowning away with water and wine
Were you watching the wolves, our very first kiss
Wipe the tears from your face, the taste from your lipsWe'll sit in communion, our hands in our laps
Writing prayers for a God who will never pray back
We won't last for forever, make best with your time
We're the last of our fathers, the first of our kindSo no one believes me, it wasn't so easy to say
I offered the world to a heartbroken girl
and she left me and stole it away
This may sound ruthless, so honest and useless
but no one believes what I say
Oh I'll follow the birds,
'cause they're always there to chaseI'll sit here remembering what I have got left
The scars; the words that escape from my chest
Let the birds fly for winter to the heat of the south
I will die by the summer, I will die by myselfIn the freshest of airs, the calmest of storms
With the blue lights approaching I'll lay in your arms
I will die like religion, I'm weak with my facts
But the people will wait, oh the birds will come backSo Father believe me, it wasn't so easy to say
I offered the world to a heartbroken girl
and she left me and stole it away
This may sound ruthless, so honest and useless
but no one believes what I say
Oh I'll follow the birds,
'cause they're always there to chase

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