Sparrow

Windhand

I love a man, whose love is violence;
Who always comes, who goes away.
Who never brings me any flowers
To blossom in my blazing shade.And all of his weak-heart love is lonely; our love is running out of breath.
When I wake, you cannot know me;
When I sleep, I dream of death.Wire, Cradle, Cross and Arrow;
Mother's milk or Crone's Rage.
Mouths like Wolves, we dine like Sparrows;
There is grace in great restraint.
And all of his weak-heart love is lonely; our love is running out of breath
When I wake, you cannot know me;
When I sleep, I dream of death.
And I could not help but leave and wonder,
What spirit steals your awful head.
and I am grateful for your candor;
I could not love a better man.'Cause all of his weak-heart love is lonely; our love is running out of breath
When I wake, you cannot know me;
When I sleep, I dream of death."
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/