Faded Flowers

Shriekback

This is the sound of poisons
The sickness no one knows
No one is crying for us this time
Our shapes are blurring
Under miracles of snow
Weave a circle 'round him three times
You have to plan your moves at these times
Our hearts are breaking
One more song to goThese eyes are blind
This is a pure thing
These hands I kiss
Tragic as anything
These eyes are blind
This is a pure thing
All splash and hiss
Beyond my measuringOnly the anacrucis
The main event remains
Shameful and naked, out there
In the great cold outdoors
We have to learn these things again
Bathe in this incandescent glow
The leap to something I don't know
There is no doubt upon us when
The greasy men come back againThese eyes are blind
This is a pure thing
These hands I kiss
Tragic as anything
These eyes are blind
This is a pure thing
All splash and hiss
Beyond my measuringThese faded flowers
Precious as memory
A veil of cloud
Correct as energy
We had some good machines
But they don't work no more
I loved you once
Don't love you anymoreThese eyes are blind
This is a pure thing

These hands I kiss
Tragic as anything
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