Lilies

Emy Reynolds

Again tonight I sang a song, a prayer if you will
Fell to the floor on blackened knees, and all the trees fell still
Press my hands between my thighs, and poured the thistle milk
Begged the thunder bolts to strike and mark me as alive
All the lilies on the hill
All the lilies on the hill
All the lilies on the hill
Scented the light
And so I finished up my prayer, rose slowly and I stared
But I was empty as a grave and ghostless was the air
Laid back to bed and dulled my eyes and searched those fruitless skies
Again begged the thunder bolt to strike to mark me or else I will die
All the lilies on the hill
All the lilies on the hill
All the lilies on the hill
Scented the night
And in the second before I sleep

And in the second before I sleep
Did I believe what I did see?
Did I believe what came to me?
Appeared a figure of a man
Waving upon the hill
To the window I ran
And saw what he had sent
Children of a private world
To be conceived in milk
Hundred marching to my door
All bringing dreams to drink
Thank God I'm alive!
Thank God I'm alive!
All the lilies on the hill
All the lilies on the hill
All the lilies on the hill
Scented the night

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