

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