

Hurried Bloom

Powderfinger

She has a hand of reasons to lose him
He liberates her often hidden smile
She buried trust faded away
He swallowed any promises they made Darkness to weave its silent track
Stars decorate a shroud of black
Night closed the door on a fertile mind
And captured the light that the day worked so hard to provide Vibrant golden hues
Melt into morning's hurried bloom
Whisper the secrets from night to day
Bird announces the dawning and fills it with praise And the wound slowly heals
Voices inferior
Voices inferior
And the wound slowly heals

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