

Wine Red

The Hush Sound

Who shot that arrow in your throat?
Who missed the crimson apple?
It hung heavy on the tree above your head

This chaos, this calamity, this garden once was perfect
Give your immortality to me; I'll set you up against the stars

Gloria,
We lied, we can't go on
This is the time and this is the place to be alive

Who shot that arrow in your throat?
Who missed the crimson apple?
And there is discord in the garden tonight

The sea is wine red
This is the death of beauty
The doves have died
The lovers have lied

I cut the arrow from your neck
Stretched you beneath the tree
Among the roots and baby's breath
I covered us with silver leaves

Gloria,
We lied, we can't go on
This is the time and this is the place to be alive

The sea is wine red
This is the death of beauty
The doves have died
The lovers have lied

The sea is wine red
This is the death of beauty
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The sea is wine red (Gloria, we lied)

This is the death of beauty (this is the time and place)

The doves have died (Gloria, we lied)

The lovers have lied (this is the time and place)

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