

Garden of Eden

Brian Gore

Here I am, a black-eyed bird, remaining silent.
I simply watch, your little life from high above.

Wanting to call you, wanting to sing,
Inside your ears and lips and eyes and soul,
I dig my grave, behind the gates of Babylon.

There's a Garden of Eden

In your distant heart,

Garden of Eden

In your earthly arms.

Here I stand, a serpent queen of the garden.

I'm beckoning, but you ignore my siren song.

Oh I long, to touch you, to step inside your sacred gate.

I'll dig my grave in the middle of golden bible snake.

There's a Garden of Eden

In your distant heart,

Garden of Eden

In your earthly arms.

The black-eyed bird is dying,

The queen is dead,

She'll never step foot in Eden.

There's a Garden of Eden

In your distant heart,

Garden of Eden

In your earthly arms.

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