Tale from Black

Tunng

She washes all the young blood from her hands in the sink
And she knows that the lights will be there for her
Breaks down the bodies to dark subtle ink
And she scrawls on the parchments that hang in the air

She rides a horse over stones in the night
And she closes her eyes and lets go of the reigns
She knows the radios run through the night
And she knows that the lights leave the prettiest stains

She builds a shrine and a typing machine
And she curls up to write down her tales from the black
Prays for a soft breeze and cool gentle rain
And she prays for the bodies that rise slowly back

She knows the dunes where the steel cities grow
And she knows when they jail her they'll grind down the key
She knows the lights lay the heaviest blows
And she knows that the sand must submit to the sea

She builds a bird out of plywood and gold
For to carry the old souls on up to the sun
Turns on the TV and sits in the cold
And she dreams that sometimes she's the prettiest one

She knows the thrill of the chase in her veins
And she knows that the sinking's a trick of the light
Prays for the silence and cool gentle rain
And she prays that the radios run through the night

Lyrics submitted by Eryn.

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