

# Pinesong

## A Fine Frenzy

The time has come for giving up  
I have lost  
I wanted once to become what  
I cannot

Why come to me so full of dreams?  
Well, go on  
With feathered keys  
You're mocking me  
I am locked

It's easier to pine  
To pine  
But  
I can feel it  
Through the fields of graves  
A beating heart  
While  
Rolling hills are  
Roaming through my veins  
And open arms  
And all is full of smoke

Ah pining

The words you speak  
Stir things in me that I thought  
Were gone  
Their faint white heat  
Melts centuries  
Deep in  
Frost

I can feel it  
Through the fields of graves  
A beating heart  
While  
Rolling hills are  
Roaming through my veins  
And open arms

And all is full of  
Hope

Ah pining

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