

# Bend the Trees

## Holy Monitor

She was back in the morning  
I heard the sound of the trees  
    Her long cold fingers  
    Her feet on the leaves  
        Bend the trees

We were married on white sands  
    In a full moon breeze  
    She was holding a poniard  
        I had the ring  
        Bend the trees

Lyrics Submitted by watergunskill

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