Inside Madeline

Swans

The enigne devine/ is inside madeline / The stardust is yellow and red / And its mapping out of time inside of her head...
Now there's always Madeline / Rising up from where our limbs intertwined / Now walking a random invisible line / Clutching like snow to the side of the vine...
You are free, free to do nothing / You are free to drift across the sky / You are free to be a shape just becoming / Now you're free, inside Madeline...
Dropping a tear in the palm of my hand / Making her mark in desicate land / Bring light to Madeline / Bring new life to Madeline

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