

# Your Nature

## Hothouse Flowers

You sang so softly  
I closed my eyes  
Like snowfall on the water  
I, the only childYou had been walking  
And your skin was cold  
You took the night with youAnd I was enthralled  
By the power of the light  
And the sound of the changing tide of your natureAnd it was evening, I saw my breath  
I was needing to hear your tenderness  
I was blinded by the sight  
The power of the changing tide of your natureStay singing softly  
You take me home  
Like a slow boat on the water  
Like an old stoneI was blinded by the sight  
And the power of the changing tide  
Blinded by the night  
The sweet sound of the changing tide of your nature

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