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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