

# Your Nature

## Hothouse Flowers

You sang so softly  
I closed my eyes  
Like snowfall on the water  
I, the only child You had been walking  
And your skin was cold  
You took the night with you And I was enthralled  
By the power of the light  
And the sound of the changing tide of your nature And 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 nature Stay singing softly  
You take me home  
Like a slow boat on the water  
Like an old stone I 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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