

Pinesong

A Fine Frenzy

The time has come for giving up
I have lost
I wanted once to become what
I cannot

Why come to me so full of dreams?
Well, go on
With feathered keys
You're mocking me
I am locked
It's easier to pine
To pine

But
I can feel it
Through the fields of graves
A beating heart
While
Rolling hills are
Roaming through my veins
And open arms
And all is full of smoke

Ah, pining
Ah, pining
Ah, pining, ah

The words you speak
Stir things in me that I thought
Were gone
Their faint white heat
Melts centuries
Deep in
Frost

I can feel it
Through the fields of graves
A beating heart
While
Rolling hills are

Roaming through my veins
And open arms
And all is full of
Hope

(Ah, pining...)
Ah

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