Amalgamation

State Faults

blue burning orange
vespertine, my eyes drown in the evening glow
swallow shooting stars like a sacrament
and burning leaves just like some ancient prayer
from autumns swollen tapestry
a quilt so faded and torn to threads
i struck a match just to light my way
and burned my fingers insteadnow the forest is gone
the ashes fall like snow
when winter sank in the soil
the garden just wouldn't grow
now the forest is gone
the ashes fall like snow
we tie our tourniquets tight
our bitter blood stops to flow
we built the funeral pyre
the ashes fall like snow
we held a seance inside ourselves
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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