Tides Of The Moon

Mercury Rev

The threads that run through your live
Hang from your sleeve
Wind through your soul
The kind you can't control
The kind you can't conceive
The kind you can't believe
But wish you could break
Wish you could weave
I wish you could see
It ties you to meAnd you fly in the face of the sun
And you float in the tides of the moonThe paths that run from your dark
Climb through the trees
Wind like a snake
The kind you can't escape
The kind you can't conceive
The kind you can't believe
With prickly little thorns
Sharp tiny teeth
They are hungry for the threads
Hanging from your sleeve
Waiting on a path
The kind you can't conceive
But wish you could take
Wish you could leave
I wish you could see
It leads you to me

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