

# Language of Flowers

## Pale Saints

See me a snapshot  
Narrating my previous life  
And a mountain of other lies  
Numbers and letters and letters  
Surfacing from a sea of  
Treacle blackened stone(? )  
And carrying me back home  
I hear the language of flowers  
And now I don't hear anything elseVoices from nowhere seducing me  
To all the lyrics(? ) of the world  
The balance has been disturbed  
Time stumbles drunkenly  
Wild lives are frozen(? )  
Until they're born again  
Ripening in the sun  
I hear the language of flowers  
And now I don't hear anything elseI wasn't cut out for this  
But my heart was(? )  
I wasn't cut out for this

Lyrics provided by

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