

Thickets

Patrick Wolf

Just a little further up the hill, boy
You'll be home, soon enough

All along the river, heading fast as I could
Watch as the wasteland flowers
Old cars and rubbish flourish
The black berries and red berries
Sweet black berries, taste red berries
Berries, berries

Went looking for my tower
Off all the rails and the roads
In need of resurrection
As my desires and power are growing in thickets
Tall all around me, tall and all around me
Tall around me, around, around, around now

Well, have I been traveling so long
That I've forgot how to stop?
Why are my breaks all broken?
Wheels spinning out of control
And then in the mirror, pale and deathly I have become

Well, what have I become? Mother?
What have I become? Become, become, become now
Oh, now

And all my wastelands flower
(And all my wastelands flower)
And all my thickets grow now
(Grow)

And all my wastelands flower
(Why all my wastelands flower?)
And all my thickets grow tall and tall
(Grow)
Tall and tall, tall, tall
(Grow)
Tall all around all around me

Pale and deathly, as all wasteland flowers
And all thickets grow, pale and deathly
As all your wasteland flowers and all your thickets grow
Pale and deathly as all your wasteland flowers
And all your thickets grow
Pale and deathly as all your wasteland flowers
And all your thickets grow

What have I become now?
Pale and deathly I have become
What have I become?
Become, become, become now
Become, become, become now

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