The Fire (Remastered)

Television

Storms all that summer we lived in the wind, out in some room in the wind
Your hands they were folded you knew no demands
My tongue, it clattered like tin, my eyes repeat they take my seat
Your eyes they say you resigned from the heat
We leaned in the cold, holding our breath, watching the corners turn corners
Coins on the table, the cards in the air, the face at the window kept smiling
Storms all that winter we stayed locked awayWaiting, watching falling
End of the street, horizon retreats
You ran with it I wish I could
Sleep is not sleep my eyes repeat
You take the voltage that watches you weep
You caught the voice I listen close
All I heard was the echoes
Praise emptiness
Her rose-colored dress
Her circling motions
Praise emptiness
Everything scattered, nothing was missed
We took our house in the fire

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