

Pale September

[Fiona Apple](#)

Pale September, I wore the time like a dress that year
The autumn days swung soft around me, like cotton on my skin
But as the embers of the summer lost their breath and disappeared
My heart went cold and only hollow rhythms resounded from within

But then he rose, brilliant as the moon in full
And sank in the burrows of my keep And all my armour falling down, in a pile at my feet
And my winter giving way to warm, as I'm singing him to sleep He goes along just as a water lily
Gentle on the surface of his thoughts his body floats

Unweighted down by passion or intensity
Yet unaware of the depth upon which he coasts
And he finds a home in me

For what misfortune sows, he knows my touch will reap And all my armour failing down, in a pile at my feet
And my winter giving way to warm, as I'm singing him to sleep
All my armour falling down, in a pile at my feet
And my winter giving way to warm, as I'm singing him to sleep

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