

# Chrysalides

## The Ghost of Paul Revere

Chrysalides

Ghost of Paul Revere (Album Monarch)

The leaves that fell flooded my home town  
The plows set out to push the fallen further down  
We stood waist deep in the leavers crying  
Watching eye water moths lift off  
A place for flowers, a place of pattern. The chrysalides  
But I heard somebody call out family from the back of the room

Thereâ€™s no way of knowing, no way of knowing now  
Just how loud a thousand wings would ever sound  
As it fell upon your grandfatherâ€™s ear  
As he walked home through the feather fields  
A place for flowers, a place of pattern. The chrysalides.  
But I heard somebody call out family from the back of the room

Written by Max Davis

Lyrics Submitted by SÃ¸ren Birkedal

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>