Fleetfoot Ghost

Mirah

You are the season I will not find again
Your weather is the reason I am wandering
And I'm just a feeling in the air you onced loved
Daughter of a mother nature's son
And you won't find me in the rains that come
That soaked the roots of where I sat from
Thinking back
Blossoms on my fine plum tree
Always seem to flower too earlyAnd it wasn't just the words but the ways our bodies spoke
And the way you held my hands, the way you tied me up in ropes
And you said you'd never leave it you needed me the most
And it all disappeared with such a fleetfoot ghost
And we ate until we were empty
Not fattened by our century
And when I noticed we were still hungry
We were consumed by our tragedyNow I feel the winds blowing colder
But I am ready to get older
And I don't expect to see you anytime soon
But if you hear this know that I've been thinking of you
And if you find yourself again in a true love's nest
And you feel that same sweet holiness
You care for her and you care for yourself
Learn to grow it in the light and in the darkness

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