

# Lilies

## Badministrator

Again tonight I sang a song, a prayer if you will  
Fell to the floor on blackened knees, and all the trees fell still  
Press my hands between my thighs, and poured the thistle milk  
Begged the thunder bolts to strike and mark me as alive  
    All the lilies on the hill  
    All the lilies on the hill  
    All the lilies on the hill  
    Scented the light  
And so I finished up my prayer, rose slowly and I stared  
    But I was empty as a grave and ghostless was the air  
Laid back to bed and dulled my eyes and searched those fruitless skies  
Again begged the thunder bolt to strike to mark me or else I will die  
    All the lilies on the hill  
    All the lilies on the hill  
    All the lilies on the hill  
    Scented the night  
And in the second before I sleep  
  
And in the second before I sleep  
    Did I believe what I did see?  
    Did I believe what came to me?  
    Appeared a figure of a man  
        Waving upon the hill  
        To the window I ran  
        And saw what he had sent  
        Children of a private world  
        To be conceived in milk  
        Hundred marching to my door  
        All bringing dreams to drink  
        Thank God I'm alive!  
        Thank God I'm alive!  
    All the lilies on the hill  
    All the lilies on the hill  
    All the lilies on the hill  
    Scented the night