In the Devils Camp

Anna Aaron

Its a story that dances like a happy girl
in the blood of my family
and he was sad because he saw a perfect thing
and his soul wasnt old enough so he lost it
Like footprints in the shifting sand
our days are scattered and brought back
love always gives you a funny hand
when you wake up in the devils camp
With a forest of arms gathered into one
they pulled me out of the water
from the long embrace of the crystal sea
and we ran till the evening
Like footprints in the shifting sand
our days are scattered and brought back
love always gives you a funny hand
when you wake up in the devils camp
We are your longest love
it floats on a silver string from A to B
when you found out how pretty we think you are
something burst like a star inside your heart

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