

# 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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