

Black Holes In the Sand

Gravenhurst

In the small hours I realize what I have done
In the small hours I realize what I have done
I held the hand that threw the stone that killed the bird that woke the city
I held the hand that threw the stone that killed the bird that woke the city and
I could not feel the flower in my hand
I could not feel the cracks beneath my feet and black holes in the sand

Songwriters
TALBOT, NICHOLAS JOHN
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