

Woven Hand

"Dying Is Strange And Hard"

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I have my pictures of you, you don't look back at me
A smile I'd almost forgotten, bruises I don't see
Never forgive you for a sky turned from gray to black
Come out and kiss me, darling
I promise I'll kiss you back.

A new head on my shoulder,
A needle in my ear
Every kind word brings new pain
Instead of my eyes,
Her reflection in the mirror.

I have a sickness, but I'm not the only one
Even in health ...
In eachother's arms, they're wasting away
Sickened just as I am and crippled with disease
A song comes from above
I look up -- there's a tree and a small brown bird
Even the sparrows have built a nest
But we, poor fools, have built nothing
What a shame not to know that you're dying
Tell us we're dying, tell us again.

I have a sickness
The sparrows built a nest
My crippled, twisted body is swallowed by the earth
As my broken head finds rest.

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