

Veils, The

"The Leavers Dance"

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Berenice my hands and feet are worn
As much as yours are
And though my head, my hands, my heart are forming
They still feel worlds apart

Berenice beneath it all you're golden
And that's all I'm feeding on
And though my head, my hands are growing colder
We move in circles now

Berenice there's no release at all
That's not worth dying for

Berenice my hands and feet are worn
As much as yours are

Berenice there's no release at all
That's not worth dying for
And it's not for our desires but our design
That we all fall apart

Berenice there's no release at all
That's worth all this crying for
(And I'm on my knees and down my knees and down?)
'Cause we all fall down

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