

Church, The "Florian Trout"

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Florian trout was a distant boy, he lived in a very
strange town
Where was he, you may well ask, when the widow's
house burned down
I've seen his face in windows, his voice upon the wind
I felt his hand upon my shoulder
I felt like i had sinned

Take your time, make your way
Watch your step, watch your step

Searched for him in nightmares
I've been led through the dark
Postcards from a paradise with shadows and with
sharks
In the furtive gestures, in the lighting's flash
Over static airways, detour round the crash

Take your time...

How deep is the deepest ocean
How high is the sky
You have love and sweet devotion
I wonder why can't i

Florian trout was a brilliant mind gruesome in precision
Analytic like a knife, sharp like an incision
Blue and purple in the night he goes about his business
Seldom even looking out into the silver distance

Take your time...

Florian trout was a distant boy, he lived in a very
strange town
Where was he, you may well ask, when the widow's
house burned down
I wonder how he feels right now when evening shades
are falling
Lonely in his capsule with all of heaven calling

How deep is

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