

A Fine Frenzy "Pinesong"

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The time has come for giving up
I have lost
I wanted once to become what
I cannot

Why come to me so full of dreams?
Well, go on
With feathered keys
You're mocking me
I am locked

It's easier to pine
To pine

But
I can feel it
Through the fields of graves
A beating heart
While
Rolling hills are
Roaming through my veins
And open arms
And all is full of smoke

Ah piningÂ...

The words you speak
Stir things in me that I thought
Were gone
Their faint white heat
Melts centuries
Deep in
Frost

I can feel it
Through the fields of graves
A beating heart
While
Rolling hills are
Roaming through my veins
And open arms
And all is full of

Hope

Ah piningÂ...

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