

Bonnie Prince Billy

"There will be Spring"

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There will be spring to the very end,
I'll sleep to the sound of burning winter.
Place for me built, and for my friends.
by which will pass each on his venture.
My father's house is gone
and all the houses in his town have crumbled.
I am a child, ten inches tall.
and I have grown while they have stumbled.
And what will be ours to do today.
is to name everything we see
after what we are and who came before.
and the things that run in fear from you and me.

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