

Guillemots

"Vermillion"

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There's a man with a face like sorrow
Now he's gone for good
How could anyone hold you without feeling good?

There's a shock with the thoughts that I borrow
Swim around my head like snow
How could anyone ignore you?

So play on, play on, play on
The skies are made vermillion
We're singing in a concrete saw
Oh we're all just castles in the cards

There's a hole in my blood when I see you
I hear crashing drums
How could any other language hope to lead me on?

Little sparks in the puddles shoot like darts
at all the things we might be
you and me
and time itself is frozen

So play on, play on, play on
The skies are made vermillion
Killing all the saints tonight

Oh play on, you shadows of the night

So play on, play on, play on
The skies are made vermillion

If all I was was all I felt
Then the sun itself would start to melt
Into waterfalls pouring down icicles
Oh play on

So play on, play on, play on
The skies are made vermillion
Killing all the saints tonight
Oh we're all just dancers in the night

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