

Marty Willson-Piper "Winter Splinter Bay"

Visit "[Winter Splinter Bay](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Golden inch a pinch of dust
The desert sinks like deserts must
A shelf of moon a bag of skies
In serpent dips the seconds fly
Peril holds your upset day
And paints the darkness back to grey
Dip my fingers in the stars
Princes greet the Eastern Shahs
Belts that hold a windy past
Your hips regret the tour can't last
Palace gardens melt to milk
And servants swim in seas of silk
Help is jewels on ivory staffs
And watch them roll down secret paths
Lace can talk in worlds like this
Windows think that branches kiss
Sorrows grow if sails are low
But gusts of wind make sorrow go
Leaning towers cup their sway
Fall to foundations locked away
I'll fall asleep inside her hair
Organ grinders pause to live
Piano notes exist to give
Black and orange fruits begin
A race they all intend to win
The bottom rung is still the top
The ladder though is just a prop
Pour me sea into my hand
The salt will stay and there's the land
Paper filled by swirling thoughts
Where ships are sleeping in Porridge Ports
Be here turn your mouth to me
Let me sing 'til I agree
A pond reflects, a knight denies
A shudder in the earth replies
A costly stare results in blood
Your fragile gun swims in the mud
A coat of silver draped in dreams
A million maps run through the seams
Taste is blue when light is bad
But silently you're not that bad
I'll fall asleep inside her hair

Curtains drawn on real views
The mountain sits and valleys lose
Underneath a bankrupt stone
A yellow lizard remembers home
On this shrill and gristle day
The button holes closed up and fray
The hope is glowing on a stick
But who believes the snow is thick
Only those who push their way
From here to Winter Splinter Bay
I'll fall asleep inside her hair

Visit [Marty Willson-Piper](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.