

Covette

"Sad To See The Season Go"

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(Michael Timmins)

[First released on the "30-Hour Famine" benefit album]

Transcribed by Jason

Go Hollow boned and feathered she fell to him,
Wriggling perdition she plucked
From deep within
Feasted high on flowering branches
The fruit of his heart
He gave willingly for her song
From fresh wounds were gathered
Thick sheaves of love
He lay open palmed to her world:
She stretched in arched abeyance,
Holding thunderclap and starlight in one mind

Sad to see the season go
I'll miss the crackling of the air,
The loss of all I know
Sad to see the season go

Indian corn and the bitter taste of envy in the air
Mired now in cyclic decay. The nag of conquest
Skeletal arms embrace a withering world

Sad to see the season go
I'll miss the crackling of the air,
The loss of all I know
Sad to see the season go

Locked here these dreams of you,
Imperfect dormant seeds
There is a dignity to this solitude,
A sparkling ambiguity
Both liquid and solid at one time

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