

Spires That In The Sunset Rise "Let The Crows Fly"

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Let the crows fly
I have lavender rocks
In my pocket

The seashore sung songs
To my soul

And my mind wore thin at
The tear of it

Now each step reveals
To the end

Let the birds fly
I have lavender rocks
In my
My pocket

I

I have

I come from a midwest place
With lots of corn and space
I become aware of what this air feeds
This is fire

I lay on the rocks
As my own bones

I come from a midwest place
With lots of corn and space
I become aware of what this air feeds
This is fire

I lay on the rocks
As my own bones
I hear the patter of rain on my brain
Let the mind pass it will form
Let the mind pass it will form over there
Over there

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