

The Axe That Chopped The Cherry Tree "Of White And Blue"

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Lights not hearing simple snowflake singing.
Wake my beauties time for dreaming is done.
In this cold our limbs no longer sing of days the warm
wind took us in so freely.
We were loved.
[I can hear those trees tell stories no one's heard of.
No one hears our struggle, we live secret lives]
[My love we have awakened.
Snow crisp and oh so gray.
Alone now I may tremble.
I need color of day.
We're still sleeping.]
These roots no longer grow,
These limbs no longer breathe
And I cannot stop the snow.
And I cannot stop the snow
And I cannot the sleet
We're still sleeping.
A single sapling torn from the clenches of a safer time.
Slowly, through iced air falls to the deepest blues.
It gazes to the tree tops, it's mother no longer standing
in regal form,
But falling bound to an agreement to drown to the
water and float,
Awake in the frozen night.
His hands are heavy on me.
I fall and float away.
White maiden sleeping dormant.
Still no color of day.
We will let the moon tell stories of your face
Water will flow softly, gently take your place.
And I cannot stop the snow, it makes blankets for the
trees
I cannot stop, we're still sleeping.

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