

The Hush Sound "Wine Red"

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Who shot that arrow in your throat
Who missed the crimson apple
Well it hung heavy on the tree above your head
This chaos, this calamity, this garden once was perfect
Give your immortality to me; I'll set you up against the
stars

Gloria,
We lied, we can't go on
This is the time and this is the place to be, alive

Who shot that arrow in your throat
Who missed the crimson apple
And there is discord in the garden tonight

The sea is wine red
This is the death of beauty
The doves have died
The lovers have lied

I cut the arrow from your neck
Stretched you beneath the tree
Among the roots and baby's breath
I covered us with silver leaves

Gloria,
We lied, we can't go on
This is the time and this is the place to be, alive

The sea is wine red
This is the death of beauty
The doves have died
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Is that cool.

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