

## **Mist & The Morning Dew "Come To Think Of It"**

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When at a morning my feet touches the cold earth,  
or what mirrored it into our imagination deeper,  
it meant dying  
I'd rather feel the grass under me.

I'd rather have a twig cut a bleeding on a bare foot,  
causing pain,  
than touch of false moss, under me

When I stalk this flat earth  
rather hills would I adore  
when I see false homes  
homes for no wanderer to be.

I'd more love the shelter of an old fir  
by day, under her cooling shadow by night hidden  
from the star's light.

When illumines the strange lights  
competing with life's own.  
Held 'em prison I tell you,  
held 'em in illusions.

I'd rather talk with the sun  
see the young birch brought to life  
and by night, sleep under a free moon.

When the wind turns north  
brings forth the cold  
I see death fleeing to death  
life left alone.

I'd rather smell true death  
wash myself with burning leaves  
and by night, sleep under

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