

## Patrick Wolf

### "Time Of Year"

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Tremors of dark heart  
Departs as you come near  
Underneath the orchard branches bare  
Better the bitter cold for into your hand to fold  
Semaphore your sorrow I'll decipher code

We drum for the winter sun  
Dream to bury the gun  
Wait for providence to come  
Send our love to those we wish here  
At this time of year

What frankincense or myrrh do they seek  
To send our soldiers to those burning sands?  
How many crosses more must we stigmata our soil with  
Until we reveal the blood on our hands?

We drum for the winter sun  
Dream to bury the gun  
Wait for providence to come  
Send our love to those we wish here  
At this time of year

[Drumming for the winter sun]

I've been so worried about our future  
Staring at the failures of my past  
I've got to really pull myself back together  
For to wake that winter sun at last

We drum for the winter sun  
Send our love  
Wish you were here  
At this time of year

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