

## The Pretty Things

### "Private Sorrow"

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Heaven's rain falls upon  
Faces of the children who look skyward.  
Twisting metal through the air,  
Scars and screams  
So you might know his fury.

See shells whistle,  
Let your mind drift away.  
See shells whistle,  
Let yourself hide away.

Men walking tall  
Looking so small.  
Green trees of life disappearing.  
Mouthing the sounds.  
Face clowning the frowns  
Black the lips of command.  
Torn in the heart.  
You're playing the part  
Courage it is so demanding  
Loud brass in bands.  
Marching through lands.  
Life snatching hand is near.

Heaven's army falls upon.  
The skirts of mother earth and then flies skywards.  
Twisting wings through the air  
Lift the souls,  
So you might know his fury.

See shells whistle,  
Let your mind drift away.  
See shells whistle,  
Let yourself hide away.

Dressed in white silk of rain  
You marry the pain.  
As you kneel in a church of bright steel  
A new morning arrives.  
You share the same skies.  
Umbrella-ring a land full of peace

As the memory fades  
On the edge of a blade.  
You'll return you 're sure that you will.  
From the frame in your hand  
A smile expands.  
Hangs from a thread of glass tears.

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