

Ryan Malcolm

"Pleasurefields"

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Quiet, auburn, oaken chest
Cherry tobaccan and nightworn--
The leaves are at their ripest.
Wool-knit and fire-warmed
Brisk is somewhere near.
But for now, just a hazy, ever-burning maze of red ash
will flush us clear.
In it.
Within it.
Waves pass through, but understanding that you're
there.
And in a rush of airiness,
Lightly hammered into shape,
Frozen amber thawed and stewed in crusted
September bake,
And comes the sunshine
Honey haze
Maze of Eon in a day of days
A comfort in each air
Nothing rotten, not yet bare.
In it.
Within it.
Waves pass through, but understanding that you're
there.
There in that honeysuckle glow,
You'd swear you saw it,
You'd swear you'd known,
Whether yellow-feathered cottontail,
Or bluebird singing sigh,
You'd touched the air with tongue,
Taste of sun,
Touch of sky.

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