

Sea of Treachery

"The Violet Hour"

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Your lips are nettles
Your tongue is wine
You're laughter's liquid
But your body's pine

You love all sailors
But hate the beach
You say "Come touch me"
But you're always out of reach

In the dark you tell me of a flower
That only blooms in the violet hour

Your arms are lovely
Yellow and rose
Your back's a meadow
Covered in snow

Your eyes are thistles
And have half grapes
You breathe your sweet breath
And have me wait

In the dark you tell me of a flower
That only blooms in the violet hour

I turn the lights out
I clean the sheets
You change the station
Turn up the heat

And now you're sitting
Upon your chair
You've got me tangled up
Inside your beautiful black hair

In the dark you tell me of a flower
That only blooms in the violet hour

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