

Races

"The Knife"

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Before there was you
I was made from the mud
I would dream of the seed of a flower
In the threads of my blood

From deep in my veins
Gardens would bloom
But each time the flower would grow
I would tear out the roots

I was blinded by your grace
It's then that I was afraid
It seemed in that strange light
That it's you who holds the knife

When you stood on the stage
Wearing that little white dress
A thousand silver horses raced through my chest

We woke in your room
To the bedspread and the dawn
It seemed as if I was dreaming of you all along

Blinded by your grace
And it's then I was afraid
I knew in that strange light
That it's me who holds the knife

One day without fear
A hesitation's curse
We both would open the curtain
And rise from the earth

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