

The Rumour Said Fire

"Comfort To The Dalai Lama"

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These visions assemble and tell my crooked heart
With your lips on my upper arm
Those weak days of waiting
Our summers all in shards
Like a bloodline runs through it all
And all of our skin is covered with the ashes from a
capitol din
All of the engines fall into pieces
You see there's a temple for every broken heart
And a leader to assume your faults
You're pulling me closer to feel our bodies' spin
With our bloodlines and everything
And the bridges near Kota fell with the substance of
brick into the river of Chambal
All the workers died
They felt it all
Everyone listens now and then, my friend
To the sound of everything
But the visions assemble and summon up the parts
And the world skips like a pounding heart
The comfort of summer, love, is leading ahead all of
your dues

And the making of the forbidden words would tear us
apart
The comfort of summer, love, is leading ahead all of
your dues
Desolation by your common TV
And the Lama takes you to the real beyond here
Revolution is a broken language
And the Lama takes you to the real beyond here

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