

## Swallow The Sun "Ghost Of Laura Palmer"

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The fountain runs quiet  
Through the emerald steps and lavender air  
The statues praise the beauty of hers  
Flowers bloom around her marble breasts

Silver drops of the open night sky  
Light this ruined garden  
The vines hanging on pillars and walls  
Gather the light over the water

Cold serenity lies within these secret halls  
Embracing me in her essence

The air so calm and still, and her voice  
Leading me deeper, deeper inside

Through the water and floating leaves  
I'm following her soft call  
Into the throne of her fertile loins

In the flame she was moving slow  
Whispering passionate words  
As she breathed frost  
Out of her warm, wet mouth  
She felt like the ghost of Laura Palmer

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