

Phoebe Jean & The Air Force

"In The Russet Gold Of This Vain Hour"

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Here in the night
Is the union blessed
Tears and sunlight
Burn to bruise your fair skin

Bitter the bride
Through her breaking lips
Cast to the fire
That illumes the cherished

Blood
True love
Dolls' dead breathing
Come to us
Come to us

Fears and their lyres
Brood o'er our moonlit bed
Smoke hair and vials of incense
The silk stained red

Blood
True love
Dolls' baited breath
Come to us
Come to us

Touched her head
And...

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