

## **Hush Sound, The**

### **"Wine Red"**

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Who shot that arrow in your throat?  
Who missed the crimson apple?  
It hung heavy on the tree above your head  
This chaos, this calamity, this garden once was perfect  
Give your immortality to me, I'll set you up against the stars

Gloria, we lied, we can't go on  
This is the time and this is the place to be, alive

Who shot that arrow in your throat?  
Who missed the crimson apple?  
and there is discord in the garden tonight

The sea is wine red  
This is the death of beauty  
The doves have died  
The lovers have lied

I cut the arrow from your neck  
Stretched you beneath the tree  
Among the roots and baby's breath  
I covered us with silver leaves

Gloria, we lied, we can't go on  
This is the time and this is the place to be, alive

The sea is wine red  
This is the death of beauty  
The doves have died  
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