

How delicate the tracery of her fine lines
Like the moonlight lacetops of the evening pines
Like a song half heard through a closed door
Like an old book when you cannot read the writing anymore

How innocent her visage as my child lover lies
Pressed against the rainswept windy windows of my eyes
Like an antique etching glass design
That somehow turned out wrong
I keep looking through old varnish
At my late lover's body
Caught on ancient canvas
And decaying...disappearing
Even as I sing this song

How secretly and silently my sorrow disappears
You can't see it with your eyes or hear it with your ears
It's like a Watermark that's never there and never really gone
I keep looking through old varnish
At my late lover's body
Caught on ancient canvas
And decaying...disappearing
Even as I sing this song
Even as I sing this song