

Orange is the color of my love
Fragile orange wind in the garden
Fragile means that I can hear her flesh
Crying little rivers in her forearm
Fragile is that I mourn her death
As our limbs are twisting in her bedroom

Lies lies lies
Lies in her eyes

Lies lies lies
Lies in her eyes

She tells me to close and count to ten
As I wander freely through the forest
Can I close and open once again?
The question that I seek for reassurance

Lies lies lies
Lies in her eyes

Lies lies lies
Lies in her eyes

Hound dogs crowing at the stars above
Pigeons fall like snowflakes at the border
She kneels down and holds the frozen dove
Moon drips like water from her shoulder

Flies flies flies
Flies from her eyes

Flies flies flies
Flies from her eyes

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