

## Orange

Big Thief

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

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Flies from her eyes

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