

An Old Friend

Bison B.C.

This song of saints, swings low
I cannot speak, can't let go
Living through death, life's unknown
My silence grows
My silence is not for you
My broken heart is not for you
Suffer silence, sickness grew
Each time, each fall, each death, chases you
My old friend
This song of saints, swings low
Living through death, life's unknown
My blindness grows
A pregnant sky, birth is still
The city is wild, drink your fill
Wilderness sounds, have you been killed