Ashes Of Us

Brett Anderson

When the sky is clear, and the clouds are torn,
And the strange ones play, and the insects swarm

Falling like feathers, drifting like petals, pieces of paper
The ashes of us
Break like bone china, faces in mirrors, piece us together
The ashes of us

And the orchid grows, in a sunny place,
Where I sip my tea, with a scarecrows face

Falling like feathers, drifting like petals, pieces of paper
The ashes of us
Break like bone china, faces in mirrors, piece us together
The ashes of us

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