

Orphans, Kingdoms

Brooke Fraser

In me, in you
Orphans, kingdoms
Wide eyes and paper crowns
Time will hold us,
Time eroders
We're wrinkling chilling out

We are wondering where the wild wind blows
We are happy here 'cause the wild wind knows
What we are
Orphans, kingdoms

In me, in you
Things explorers
Named with codes of arms
A world inside us
A feast, a harvest
Each of us slum a star

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Eat and drink, for tomorrow we die
We will look our waker in the eye
Raise a flag and then drink to your health
Who is he that can comfort himself?

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