

September

Dead Meadow

I'll be the mirror you're looking through
Polished clear tempered true
All the things I set out to do
They all turn to dust when I turn to you

September

Nothing is better, nothing is right
The changing weather comes on tonight
All will look none will see

There's nowhere I care, where I want to be
September

I know the sun must set
Night must come
The fire's been lit by the last summer sun
All will look none will see
There's thoughts in my head not put there by me