

Nightingale

Laura Veirs

Nightingale sing though it's blacker than the bog
Nightingale sing to me, I need to hear your song
Nightingale come and perch upon my tree
A terrifying light's been flashing over me

I would not bear to rest
I would not dare to dream
Till the Nightingale came
And sang a song for me

She'll sing above the blasts and the clothing singed by fire
She'll sing above the black smoke rising from the funeral pyre
Her heart a field in bloom, her heart a sacred snow
Her heart a mirror blinding all the greedy as they go

I would not bear to rest
I would not dare to dream
Till the Nightingale came
And sang a song for me

I cannot help but want to solder all the parts
Solder back together all the shattered hearts
Nightingale come and perch upon my tree
The terrifying night's been crashing over me

I would not bear to rest
I would not dare to dream
Till the Nightingale came
And sang a song for me

I would not bear to rest
I would not dare to dream
Till the Nightingale came
And sang a song for me