

If I could save you, I surely would;
I'd take the world with you, the way we should.
I'd drown your violence in a sea of blood;
I'd drown the pain for you in the breaking waves,
I'd crown your innocence with the golden sun,
I'd drown your violence in a sea of blood . . .
South-west bound on the winding A-
roads - days of scorched brown rolling hills
and ripened fields, down to where the sun glistens on the sea b
eneath Pentire.
Diamond light, evenings becoming cool and fresh as the seasons
change. I can't
wait to see you again - feels like something good is going to h
appen, as if reborn
in the last days of summer, burned to the core and then somehow
, made young
once more - as if you were going to be the one crowned Harvest
Queen.
All the black will fade away in glory days, and Indian summer;
you and I, sun and moon, different paths, always together;
all the black will fade away in the sharpened days that will so
on be coming.
All love and change is one, all love and change forever...
And I can feel it falling away,
and I can feel it falling away from you...