

Silver Shore's Lake

Pure Bathing Culture

Capricorn, here we stand at silver shore's lake
It's shining black and gold
With some stones in our hands and our feet in the sand
Forever growing old
And our reflection looks strange looking back to us
Our eyes, they open wide
And we can see the tides so we say goodbye
And watch the waters rise
I wish my heart was deep enough
So deep that I could keep you, love
So deep that I could keep it off
I wish my heart...
Silent path, silent lake; we see every wave
Our eyes are black and gold
We push our palms to the stars, everyone is ours

We do not fear the cold
And our reflection looks strange looking back to us
Our arms, they open wide
We drop our hands to our sides as the waters rise
And take us from inside
I wish my heart was deep enough
So deep that I could keep you, love
So deep that I could keep it off
I wish my heart...
Be careful cousin, be careful blood
If the cold doesn't get you then the other thing does
Be careful brother, be careful love
Be careful father, be careful son
Or you'll never find another one
Be careful father, be careful son