

Young Bird

River Whyless

Young on a moon breeze and it's calling
Mother of night
Pale is her body from the child in her skin
Once we were just one
Now with new lungs, we are two

Pass whom you love most
And you sow now with a kiss
Rich like the soil
Like the vinegar on her lips
Once we were just one
Now with new lungs, we are two
Now we are two