

Red Thread

Rufus Wainwright

This new castle gets me down, never was a true believer
Blueprints of a garden's plan turn to green, cannot explain
Explain this longing so far reaching from the ground
And if I don't mind myself, marble stairs
You will lead me from my cares and explain it step by step

Quietly among the pines, I remember I was walking
Behind walls and window panes, [?] by the other courtesan
Madly weaving with most delicate remorse
And watching my idle hands, making signs
Upon my womb, a loom of kinds
And explaining glorious paths

Oh, let it be for us, behind us and below us
We'll reign just like the rain above

But there came the fires all across the nation
And I could not explain this pound
How this turned upside-down, covered in red thread
Houses turned upside-down, covered in red thread