

## Her Fall from Grace

Sólstafir

West coast kid, born in '85  
Played with crabs and bones  
Horses and elves in stones  
Walked through fields of snow  
Hill after hill to home  
Only sound is the raven  
Guides here until the sun goes down

She drags her feet across the water  
Said "I'm doing fine"  
Lights a candle for the journey  
Might be the last goodbye

She wanted to go

Little west coast kid, born in '85  
Played with crabs and bones  
Horses and elves in stones

She wanted to go