

It Doesn't Change

The Church

Sinking silk, and burning gold
Touch you as the air is turning cold
Another place I look for you
The heights above an almost perfect view

Seeing things just rest a while
As the tide sweeps out another mile
Inside the man, the pleasure dome
This is the world that I once called home

Strangers in their naked skin
Waiting for their sweet oblivion
Close to you, hear all you say
Even though you're continents away

The perfumed air, the taste of fear
Shrug your shoulders and they disappear
Take this gift and let it grow
Let it be all the hope you know
It doesn't change