

Thorns

The Cold Stares

I heard a whisper on a rainy day
Come child and hear what I have to say
I am the cause, I am the autumn moon
I bring the change that hangs around till June

Don't follow me, on my way down
Old winding roads, full of thorns on the ground
Listen to the song that the spring piper plays
Just around the bend we will find the way

Mockingbird high in a willow tree
Black dog standing right next to me
Summer breeze sings out and calls my name
But It's too early for the season's change

Don't follow me, on my way down
Old winding roads, full of thorns on the ground
Listen to the song that the spring piper plays
Just around the bend we will find the way

My brother lays in an open grave
Just past the brook on an winter's day
Look at the trees how they bend and sway
Right past the moon is the light of day

Don't follow me, on my way down
Old winding roads, full of thorns on the ground
Listen to the song that the sweet piper plays
Just around the bend we will find the way