

Woods

The Rosebuds

Ceramic lights, is this television, is this first ideas
Laughter hangs from spindled towers, perception makes it real
And blankets devour, autumn stretches, on a hill up high
Say don't you wait for me to give up on my side

Holding the lights, everyone is burning down the pines
There's nowhere to hide, everyone out here is so high
Oh, good god

Insides lit up with constellations, reflect teeming eyes
And all the sounds for newborn ears, fresh, noisy and alive
No don't you wait for me, no don't you wait, no don't you wait
for me
No, you can't burn what is already on fire

Holding the lights, everyone is burning down the pines
There's nowhere to hide, everyone out here is so high
Oh, good god

If there's a softness left then it's down deep
Sleeping in the mines
And to get to it would stir the sticking fits
From where they now reside

The smallness is the comfort between us
But experience makes us mean
And I know I know, I know, I know
This is where the woods will take you

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