

## Albatross

Thrice

The wayward marks  
The waves of pain and pleasure  
The hallowed dark  
The hollow grin

The fallow fields, the golden grain  
The tower fell, the star remains  
The token scrawled  
Into our skin

They keep on tellin' me our stars are crossed  
But I think that you might be my albatross  
We learned to run before we learned to walk  
There's so much time to steal before the sun goes down

The waiting rooms  
The weight of empty houses  
The harvest moon  
The holy wars

The swirling ash, the swindled years  
The cracks through which the light appears  
We stumble through  
A saffron door

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