

Night Owl

Tiny Ruins

Home is here
On the hand of an early hour
Fearing none of
The clamouring day, my dear

Night owl
Night owl
Night owl

Laying low, taking note
Of each and every bone
Keeping a small lamp burning
And the sand of my heart turning
The day's bitter blood into a haze
Of forgiveness, thoughtfulness, my dear

Night owl
Night owl
Night owl