

When Cocoons Become Butterflies

Trevor Hall

Too bad that love is blind
Because it took out both my knees
Now all my restless nights are as bright as movie screens
I spilt milk on all your dresses
Now they're covered with stains
I now hide under the covers and take a different name

He is in the face of all forgivers
Dust on the window sill and I shiver
It's either hide or seek you see there is nothing in between
I guess it's best that we both bleed

Pick me up and throw me down
I'll fall without a blink
Burn my clothes and wash me gently
Like a baby in a sink
Well they captured all of my family
And they took them down town
But we saved our pictures of mother mary
We hide them six feet in the ground

Stars fall in pastures on sundays and after
I kissed her the moon fell
The children said that secrets tell about
Angels with white eyes and the places where god hides
I'll see you in the next life
Where cocoons become butterflies