

Owls

VOLA

She pays attention to the word
And the tiny sound she heard
Amusing the tigers in line
He's drawing flowers in her face
And a mask to fill their place
And soon they will pour the silent wine

She tries to pull the curtain down
Stabilise her moving crown
Hoping his hands will follow
He will speak but never tell
About the hole beneath his shell
And soon they will pour the silent wine

And the owls flew out of
All the doors he'd locked up
To the deer she's walking down
She is still dreaming
She is still dreaming

Every night is lingering from talk so slow
Tomorrow we'll be different she's been told

And the owls flew out of
All the doors he'd locked up
To the deer she's walking down
She is still dreaming
They are soon leaving