Destitute

A sequence of events has lead to this confusion
The walls are closing in and I'm no good without you.
Lost in wonderland I came to this conclusion
To find the one inside and make my own decision.

My skin is crawling and my air is getting thin,
suffocated by the way I'm living
It aches to think and now I'm destitute for dreaming.

She didn't suffer enough,
I died a thousand deaths the day I let you claim me.
And Oh how beautified my lonely days look to be from the outside
my thoughts are bleeding out for you.

My skin is crawling and my air is getting thin,
suffocated by the way I'm living
It aches to think and now I'm destitute for dreaming.

I came to this conclusion
To find the one inside and make my own decision.

Lost in wonderland I came to this conclusion
To find the one inside and make my own decision.

She learned no lessons in love,
didn't get the chance to spread before being labelled fallen.
Pull, Pull me down to my knees,
so I can taste the fear you spread with such ease.
My skin is crawling and my air is getting thin,
suffocated by the way I'm living
It aches to think and now I'm destitute for dreaming.

I came to this conclusion
To find the one inside and make my own decision.

Coils of Blue

Beauty pierces right on through
and when the daylight fades, I know it's you
that I'll be needing
sorrow ebbs from every vain
and you're the only one who shares my pain
thank you for breathing, thank you for breathing.

Coils of blue don't always seem this true
and if I can't leave now I'll just breathe with you and go on believing
that no one's deceiving, no one's deceiving.

The words haven't fallen on deaf ears
but I haven't felt this strange in years,
new to receiving, new to receiving
thank you for breathing.

-And coils of blue don't always seem this true
and if I can't leave now I'll just breathe with you and go on believing
that no one's deceiving, no one's deceiving.

Invisible ribbons pull me to you
somewhere along the path I left a clue
don't you go leaving, don't you go leaving.

-And coils of blue don't always seem this true
and if I can't leave now I'll just breathe with you and go on believing
that no one's deceiving, no one's deceiving.

Don't you go leaving, Don't you go leaving
'cause I'm on the ceiling.

Gartan Mother’s Lullaby (Irish traditional)

Sleep, O babe, for the red bee hums the silent twilight's fall
Eeval from the grey rock comes to wrap the world in thrall

A lyan van o, my child, my joy, my love and heart's desire
The crickets sing you lullaby beside the dying fire
Dusk is drawn and the Green Man's thorn is wreathed in rings of fog
Sheevra sails his boat 'til morn upon the starry bog
A lyan van o, the paly moon hath brimm'd her cusp in dew
And weeps to hear the sad, sleep tune I sing, o’ love, to you

Sleep, O babe, for the red bee hums the silent twilight's fall

Run and Jump

Blind faith has left me in the dark,
and I'd give anything to know where to start
take what's left of a shattered heart
before I lose it all…

Should've let you swim, Should've let you swim, Should've let you swim,
Should've left you to drown, should've taken your crown when I had the chance

Take a run and then a jump
I can't stand to feel this lump in my throat
Take a run and then a jump
take all that you want and spear my side

and who the fuck do you think you are?
trying to steal what's mine
and I tried so hard just to satisfy, is it worth another try?

Should've let you swim, Should've let you swim, Should've let you swim

take what's left of a shattered heart

What sort of name is that, anyway?

This Kind of Sin

She is dry and unforgiving, she doesn't want to let you in
It doesn't matter what I say to you, you could never learn this kind of sin

Opportunists don't waste time, why should I let you waste mine?
Another chance, another line

She is smooth and covered
-in lace, she wears a mask to hide her face.
It doesn't matter what you win, you'll never get beneath her skin.

Another chance, another line
Opportunists don't waste time, why should I let you waste mine?

She is dry and unforgiving,
She is smooth and covered
She is dry and unforgiving,
She is smooth and covered

Another chance, another line

The Balancing Act

If I had a little secret just for me,
I'd keep it and feed it sunflower seeds.
And if you heard a gunshot, would you feel free?
Sometimes the seeds, they take root and grow on me.

You give and you take away

Could you be a prisoner or a hunter?
Collector or love-giver?

You give and you take away

The Sooner You Know

It was the dead of night,
and I knew it wasn't over yet.
I was so confused by the light, and the life around me
and I risked it all

It's always ten steps forward, and a hundred back
and the sooner you know, then the less you lack,
and if you stand to threaten, it will attack
so the sooner you know, then the less you lack

Too many summers have passed us by,
we'll never be, though we both know why.
Still, I know what I'll always be in your eye
and that should be good enough,
that should be good enough.

It's always ten steps forward, ten steps forward.

ten steps forward, and a hundred back
and the sooner you know, then the less you lack,
and if you stand to threaten, it will attack
so the sooner you know, then the less you lack

Madame's Secret Pain

see the petals dancing in the air
and tread just on the water's surface there
somehow sitting here lets me forget
my fear of what's on the other side.

I can't erase what has been done,
but I can learn now, not just run.

I've let more tears escape than I care to admit
and in most places I don't seem to fit
the people's eyes are so dimly lit
and I don't envy them one bit.

I can't erase what has been done,
but I can learn now, not just run.
I can't erase what has been done,
but I can learn now, not just run.

not just run…
Just run!

I've let more tears escape than I care to admit
and in most places I don't seem to fit
I can't erase what has been done,
but I can learn now, not just run.
(the people's eyes are so dimly lit)

Party's Over

Where are you now?
So far from the track that you don't know,
and the old mask hangs labelled on my wall
a souvenir from another time
and I still find that clouded mind of yours confusing.

When the shadow passes on,
and your self comes shining through,
when you've nothing else to do, you'll remember me.
You'll remember me.

You're selfish with your visions
and it's difficult not to listen.
You claim to know where all of us go and where we've come from
and you say you see the vile temptress in me, you've no idea.
You've no idea

and your self comes shining through.
when you've nothing else to do, you'll remember me.
You'll remember me.

When the party's over,
and cold daylight comes firing though,
and when you've nothing else to do, you'll remember me.

You'll remember me
When cold daylight comes firing through.

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