

Bat For Lashes, Lilies

Again tonight I sang a song, a prayer if you will
Fell to the floor on blackened knees, and all the trees fell still
Press my hands between my thighs, and poured the thistle milk
Begged the thunder bolts to strike and mark me as alive

All of the lilies on the hill
All of the lilies on the hill
All of the lilies on the hill
Scented the night

And so I finished up my prayer, rose slowly and I stared
But I was empty as a grave and ghost less was the air
Laid back to bedden my eyes and searched those frivolous skies
Again begged the thunder bolt to strike to mark me or else I will die

All of the lilies on the hill
All of the lilies on the hill
All of the lilies on the hill
Scented the night

Any second before I sleep
Any second before I sleep

Did I believe what I did see?
Did I believe what came to me?

Appeared a figure of a man, waving upon the hill
To the window I ran and saw what he had sent
Children of a private world, to beacons conceived in milk
Hundred marching to my door are bringing dreams to drink

Thank God I'm alive!
Thank God I'm alive!

All of the lilies on the hill
All of the lilies on the hill
All of the lilies on the hill
Scented the night