

# 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