

Dry The River, Chambers & The Valves

Two young hearts will meet in the middle,
And a light will flicker on, where there once was none.
Where does love come from?
The bodies in the firmament are spinning like a plate;
I was lost in the fission before you came.

If every constellation above us has a counterpart below,
How are we to know, dear? How are we to know?
Fortune hangs around us like a funerary wreath.
I was down in the heart of the ground beneath.

I could write this down, I could turn this car around.
In the land of mistakes I should lay my crosses down.
And I pray for your health, and I tell myself
?It?s the chambers and the valves that pump the sentiment around.?
But I swallow the words and I close my mouth.

Two old hearts will meet in the middle in the autumn of their years.
How did our love grow, dear? How did we get here?
The bodies in the firmament are spinning like a plate;
I was lost in the fission before you came.

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