

New Model Army, Southwest

If I could save you, I surely would;
I'd take the world with you, the way we should.
I'd drown your violence in a sea of blood;
I'd drown the pain for you in the breaking waves,
I'd crown your innocence with the golden sun,
I'd drown your violence in a sea of blood . . .

South-west bound on the winding A-roads - days of scorched brown rolling hills
and ripened fields, down to where the sun glistens on the sea beneath Pentire.
Diamond light, evenings becoming cool and fresh as the seasons change. I can't
wait to see you again - feels like something good is going to happen, as if reborn
in the last days of summer, burned to the core and then somehow, made young
once more - as if you were going to be the one crowned Harvest Queen.

All the black will fade away in glory days, and Indian summer;
you and I, sun and moon, different paths, always together;
all the black will fade away in the sharpened days that will soon be coming.

All love and change is one, all love and change forever...

And I can feel it falling away,
and I can feel it falling away from you...