

When Darkness bleeds ~~ch~~ silhouettes
 With just the mix of light ^(voc)
 When Mornings land ^(us) ~~us~~ ^{B9} ~~hope~~ from ~~eye~~
 To help us get outside ^{G9/B}
 AM, + ~~F#m~~
 Oh these promised days we make ^{Em7} ^{A9}
 Such magic in our hearts ^{F#m7} ^{F#m7} ^{B9} ^{Dm7}
 Maybe we shall rise and sing ^{G9/A}
 And yet it seems we're tampering ^{Dm7}
 With the gift we've got ^{A9} ^{G9} ^{A9}

When Movement traces throughout thought ^{A9}
 and Word in gentle loops ^{Em7}
 Movements once benign, get caught ^{B9}
 Then they the flowered troops ^{Abm7} ^{G9/B}
 Saddened by this ~~world~~ ^{Em7} ^{A9}
 The worn then fear their spot ^{B9} ^{Dm7}
 Well intended aid to bring ^{G9/A}

Leaving often fertilizes ^{A9} ^{B9}
 Trusting them to grow ^{Em7}
 Walking off with presence ^{B9} ^{Abm7} ^{G9/B}
 Oh the lovely ~~days~~ ^{Em7} ^{A9}
 We find so broke and short ^{Dm7}
 May our ~~beings~~ ^{beings} + queens ^{RND}