

Heron Blue

Sun Kil Moon

Don't cry, my love, don't cry no more
A crashing sky, a roaring screen
A city drowning, God's black tears
I cannot bear to seeShe lay under the midnight moon
Her restless body stirring
Until the magic morning hour
Like poison it succumbs herHer baby skin, her old black dress
Her hair it twists 'round her necklace
Constricts and chokes like ruthless vines
'Til sleep, she overtakes herHer room is painted heron blue
Lit by candlelight and chandelier
And from her headboard, perched so high
A million dreams have passed her
Don't cry, my love, don't cry no more
It overwhelms my breaking heart
A minor swell of violins
I cannot bear to hear themA mother shepherds her young birds
She fills their mouths and warms their souls
'Til they are strong and good to fly
Away from her, alone she'll dieCradle on quiet old oak limbs
As heaven blue her light fails
A breath of soot into her lungs
A life, a journey's end in oneDon't sing that old sad hymn no more
It resonates inside my soul
It haunts me in my waking dream
I cannot bear to hear it
Don't play those violins no more
Their melancholic overtones
They echo off the floor and walls
I cannot bear to hear them
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>