

Lynne

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Presented by

My poetic side 

summary

Wasteland

Flowers

Sparrow

Wine

Railroad

Religious Confusion

On Getting Better

Sun

Suicide

Mother

Woman

Gold

Womanhood

I don?t know

Grief

Wasteland

Watch me as the earth unfolds
Crying out for life
In the midst of burning cold
A silence I will find
The birds, they are a-singing
A small harsh requiem
In the dark and fire raining
I'll go looking for you then
The pillars are asunder
Strength no longer mine
In the soft remains of plunder
A silence I will find
It is the truth and nothing less
That I am in it too
A place to stay in nothingness
I'll find for me and you

Flowers

My fingers are like flowers
Tearing through the sky
Around your neck and in your throat
My fingers are like flowers
Can't you let me be alone?
Crawling through the woods
Innocence has no place here
My fingers are like flowers

Sparrow

Can you hear the sparrow calling
Out to you tonight?
He could be my voice in singing
Through the dark of night.
Can you hear it the way I do?
Wrong and harsh, but true?
When will you answer me,
Maybe one day soon?
Your soul, I could see
In words that fill the room.
Can you hear them the way I do?
Crooked, lean, and true?

Wine

I've never met anyone so ruthlessly alive
Your kiss, your touch, is the deepest wine
Sparkling crystal in your hand
I'd play this scene over and over again
Your heart is made of electricity
I wish I could touch it just once, to see
The kaleidoscope that is your mind
The blood of the lamb is your sign
I didn't know until after it was over
That something was deeply wrong, my lover
Even though your glass is the deepest red
I'd play this film over and over again

Railroad

Dream me something to bring me back
Like lavender in the sun
You go to work on the railroad track
Tell me I'm the only one
My cellar of rosemary and our house so small
We want for nary a thing at all
I'll wait for you so faithfully
Desert beneath the blue
The sun beats down so viciously
But I'll bear it all for you

Religious Confusion

Our Father, who art in heaven
Give me peace today
I know you'll stop the bleeding
Why won't you stop the pain?
I'll hang myself on the cross
I'll rip out my beating heart
I'll chain myself to the rock
I'll show you where to start
You will not ever save me
Confession only hurts
But sometimes I think I've been delivered
When I look at her

On Getting Better

Happiness is the knife in my back
It leaves me in the best of times
And comes to me in the worst
It's a fleeting whisper, here and then gone
A spirit I chase down the halls
Of a house so cold and empty
We will never be friends, I don't think
But that is alright with me
A friend is someone you can rely on
Sadness is always there when I'm down

Sun

I came alive in the month of spring
The seashells danced their welcome
I wasn't a sweet flowerling
Formed under a gentle sun
The stars were in Aries
As my Earth cried in pain
The fire forcibly expelled me
From my beloved domain

Since that day I've carried on
The sun stains me with love
Screaming is an eerie song
But she knows what I'm made of

Suicide

Death, why won't you be my lover?
You are as good as ever
My nails are caked with dirt
My neck a ring of rope
I know you want me too
You are with me all through
The cold and sacred night
My homage by lamplight
You leave me hidden presents
I just long for your essence
Every night I pray
That I won't live another day
The doe cries out for help
This is pain that can't be felt
The radiance comes from knowing
That Death will soon be coming

Mother

Honeysuckle in the breeze
Won't you be my mother, please?
Your skin is aged, your eyes are young
In rage, you have the sharpest tongue
Serpent crawling through the dirt
Won't you teach me how to work?
Deception is your prodigy
Memory is your child, not me
Wind traipsing through the sky
Won't you love me when I'm high?
I try my best to be you, but
I don't have my mother's luck

Woman

red rose, red rose
can you house a butterfly
cedar wood, cedar wood
will you hold me when i die
sandcastle, sandcastle
heavy siege by the flood
little dove, little dove
the holiness of womanhood

Gold

It should read like a song
With gold for good fortune
I will pull it along
Lay it in the orchard
It will yell up the tree
To reach the doomed sky
It should try the sea
It's blue for a lie
White to give death
Yellow in the flower
Green for new breath
And a longing for power
Soon it will be gone
A sad, earthly orphan
It should read like a song
With gold for good fortune

Womanhood

Lion stalks her soulful prey
The killing will happen
In the harsh light of day

Clouds will break around
The giving of reciprocity
Mountains will stand down

The choice will soon be near
It will show on her face
Like the crack of a mirror

I don?t know

I can't remember
What I was thinking
Does it make sense?
It's yours for the reaping
It all should be a river
Dirty, clear, and flowing
Am I just dense?
I'm bright when I'm sleeping

Grief

My skin was wet, my eyes were dry
The sky was crying for me
My head is filled with other words
And gifts I have always heard
I can't carry this weight anymore
My shoulders will crack and fall
I don't know how to let it go
It's impossible to throw
Sometimes I really think I've died
Waiting in the cornfields
The highest form of flattery
Is being one's own grief