

## 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 see

She lay under the midnight moon  
Her restless body stirring  
Until the magic morning hour  
Like poison it succumbs her

Her baby skin, her old black dress  
Her hair it twists 'round her necklace  
Constricts and chokes like ruthless vines  
'Til sleep, she overtakes her

Her 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 them

A 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 die

Cradle 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 one

Don'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