

The China Knob

Love as subtle as the thread
A butterfly lies sleeping in
Cannot endure the narrow bed
Where fear of morning locks it in.
The words you weave will only rob
The golden cloak that silence wore.
A hand is on the china knob
A hand is on the iron door

Words will rob
What silence wore
The china knob
The iron door

Then turn toward the windowpane,
See the darkness crack like glass
Where morning shatters with a name
The silent hour you cannot pass.
Rising from a winter's web
The golden butterfly will soar.
A hand is on the china knob
A hand is on the iron door

From winter's web
The wings will soar
A china knob
An iron door
From winter's web
The wings will soar
A china knob
An iron door