

Bliss

Kate Miller-Heidke

Sometimes things are closed
Like windows on an empty street
Not this time though
First drink, the glow, the heat

A piece of morning sun
Swallowed with a grin
Shooting sparks within
Shower everyone

Bliss

Up to the skylight
These walls are warm again
Out of my right mind
This feeling
Old absent friend

A piece of morning sun
Swallowed with a grin
Shooting sparks within
Shower everyone

Bliss

My violet sea receding like an empty threat
Could it be I'm free? I've paid the debt?

Bliss