

Rare Form

Saintseneca

Shout at the succulent clouds
who in reply wring themselves out on the house
Doubt that your lungs carry cries
sufficient to pry weeping eyes out of these skies

I remember why
Waiting around day in day out
Swallow the keys
When we're released
Waiting around
which wasted hours are our ire?
God is where you let it be
So tell me if there are such things,
Are they things such as these?
Ah so rile up the holes in your head
let each little abyss have it sips
on the infinite tongue kisses
When we sit still
will we distill
Spirits you might swill?
Waiting around day in day out
Swallow the keys
When we're released
Waiting around
which wasted hours are our ire?
Let me be the one rare form

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
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