

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.

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