Monsoon

Caroline's Spine

We're caught inside I feel around you.
There's no more light to pelt and melt the window
and I'll never drop the anchor if you'll never stop the rain.
She descends her soldiers to try and win me over
I feel the sin of feet washing frosted wind
and we'll never have to feel anything else again.
For once in the scene can dream all the flowers in bloom.
This garden will stay here and hold me for sister moon.
Higher we fly to her worship the crying monsoon
don't let it end my sin is just the beginning.
I need you here to help me
...and we'll never have to feel anyone else again.

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