

# Heirloom

## The Black Atlantic

I have a recurrent dream  
Every time I lose my voice  
I swallow little glowing lights

My mother and son baked for meDuring the night  
They do a trapeze walk  
Until they're in the sky  
Right above my bedWhile I'm asleep  
My mother and son pour into me  
Warm glowing oil

Into my wide open throatI have a recurrent dream  
Every time I feel a hoarseness  
I swallow warm glowing lights

My mother and son baked for meThey make me feel so much better  
They make me feel betterWe have a recurrent dream  
Every time we lose our voices  
We dream we swallow little lights

Our mother and sons bake for usDuring the night  
They do a little trapeze walk  
Until they're in the sky  
Right above our heads  
Right above our headsWhile we're asleep  
My mother and son pour into us  
Warm glowing oil

Into our wide open throatsI have a recurrent dream [unverified]They make me feel better  
They make me feel better

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