Monsters (Mandarin Oranges)

Futurist

Hold on tight.
It doesn't stop even though we tried our best to make it right.
I used to think I'd find a loophole and disengage,
but an echo down my spine said to partake
and I tried to ignore it,
but formed to a twisted posture.
I looked like a straw house
bowing in a storm.

and I'd think,
'there's too much at stake.'

I hold my breath respectfully and your eyes talk back
I look again.
I used to think I'd grab a fistful and claim it mine,
but a whisper through my hair said give it back.
And with fingers relaxed I saw a structure, spinning
lips dripping nonsense,
like monsters in a music box.

and I'd think,
'what is there to name?'

I found myself
I found myself lost
and I found myself lost in the desert.

The thought alone could extinguish a hellfire
I needed to find something familiar
I turned around and touched your face and I was shy.
You gave me mandarin oranges from a can and I felt safe.
and I FELT!

Lyrics submitted by Sigmund Birch.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/