Almanac

The Acorn

There's a season in your eyes
and a fever on your breath
you're anchored to the tide
and the rhythm in your chest
I read the rings and count the city lights
you sing a static sonnet on the dial
you could talk a walk, through the mines
or you could spend all your days
just waiting for the night
the stones that skip, the dust that turns to fire
I see it all reflected in your eyes
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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