Cobbled from Dust

The Acorn

Here it is against my belly
the sum of all your solid parts
I soak you up and let you fuel my follies
the same events were cuased long ago.I watch you bite my legs off
I humbly dropped my gloves off to fight;
that's sane?
You can't understand the clouds above your head
but they stir your heart.Here again, a simple verse
It echoes love on through the wind and wires
Or the ring of the phone
We're destined to get swallowed whole
So I'd rather not stay home tonight
Cause what we want is here
In the face of the fight
Yeah what we want is here
In the fact of the fight.

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