Papillon

Radar Bros.

Hello weak butterfly in my arms
You traveled so far to die in my arms

School's out today, and the spring air is still
You move like a riverboat through the thick, brushy hills
Timed like a lung
You expand
You deflate

In the hot night
Crows fight beetles in the firelight

Hello weak waterfall in my arms
You traveled so long to die in my arms

You land in the river
But the river is a river
No more like an overturned ferry
You sink to the floor
You're an apple in the weeds
You're a glowing green eye

School's out today, and the fires won't go out
I'd love to come over, but the wind's blowing south
But while we've been sleeping, the bushes are burning

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