

# Bedtime Stories

## The Both

Bedtime stories just got the hook  
Allegories that stay in the book  
So much was simply over  
In the little bit of time it took  
So come on and trace me that arc  
So we won't have to wait in the dark  
So we won't have to wait in the  
place you lay waste to your spark  
All those secrets buried alive  
Just a prefix, bees in a hive  
And the one thought that you're leaving  
Is baby, only walls survive  
So come on and trace me that arc  
So we won't have to wait in the dark  
So we won't have to wait in the  
place you lay waste to your spark  
And now we know when someone owes,  
someone pays  
For lessons frozen in your gaze  
Impressing only that no one ever stays  
And now there's poetry and  
prose in your name  
It overflows the frame  
Trying to impose a theory on the game  
So come on and trace me that arc  
So we won't have to wait in the dark  
So we won't have to wait for the song  
or the revenant lark  
And now we know when someone owes,  
someone pays  
For lessons frozen in your gaze  
Impressing only that no one ever stays  
And now there's poetry and  
prose in your name  
It overflows the frame  
Trying to impose a theory on the game  
Bedtime stories, before the end  
Tiresome worries, time's not your friend  
And no thought is recovered  
From a novel little writer's crook  
So come on and trace me that arc  
So we won't have to wait in the dark  
So we won't have to wait in the dark

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