

# Calmly

## Jon Balke Batagraf

Here you come to calmly  
Kill the drum behind my eyes  
When water turns to solid  
Call out to passersby  
When bullets turn to splinters  
You are something  
Have something  
Have nothing  
Want something  
Want  
Have my heart  
Are my mind  
Something  
I am a thing  
My heart

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