

Such Things

Saintseneca

I defy the stars above to bash our milky heads in
Throw themselves against the wind
then pick apart the heavens
When I awoke
I was in forever
When wind felled the oak
The saws all failed to sever
Is my I am myopia?
Now I feel the same
This belly aches with vacancy
And aren't we one among the wave?
His undulating tragedy
I mean maybe I could turn you on
By design you are the fire chewing through the lumber
Never would the wood be good
enough to sate your hunger
Now I sleep adrift this shiftless vessel
I'll never keep the ghost inside the gristle
Is my I am myopia?
Now I feel the same
This belly aches with vacancy
And aren't we one among the wave?
His undulating tragedy
I mean maybe I could turn you on
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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