Kites

Geographer

my wings are like this
all my words on his lipsand my brain is on edge
i'm next to the bed
where i saw youmy weight is like his
we both lost what we kissedand my hate burns like this
in my hands in his fistand my love is so quick
like the legs of my kidsall the worlds i could lift
only fit

where i saw youpile lover upon lover
'til we're covered with skinthere's nothing to discover
from the thunder and lightningthere's no way to recover
this is love not lovingbut now we are all eachother
i was a brother when i saw you

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