

Meadow

Espers

The sun inside your eyes sends me impossibly
Through seasons spilling fluid time like arteries of gold

Beside this tree of oak and moss most innocently

The sedentary song describes our willingness to lie
Between your red and golden skin most innocently
Together like two meadows one, too soon our course is run

In softness as in stone we find regrettably

The solitary song describes our willingness to die

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