

# ##Epidemic

Evan P Donohue

I am under a spell of a melody  
It's an epidemic in the key of D  
It's simple, it's sophisticated  
play it for me once I'll have heard it thousands of times  
by the moonlight above me I will seek  
one day I'll even find  
cry's of these, that's all I could want or need It's a musical! It's a philosophy,  
You control it's movements and it controls yours  
Desire, frustration, will it make me smile with another polyphonic line  
Why'd you have to go and be so rude by falling into my audience tonight?  
Cry's of these that's all I could want or need Shake it! Well don't fight it, that's just suicide  
How am I suppose to prosper  
from what can't be bought  
It's a plague! \*cough\* It's a miracle,  
I almost could have told you that holding the tip of my tongue  
Could ever want to flirt with the thought of holding that one more refrain  
Cry's of these, that's all I could want or need First traded dreams with a poet  
Shackled spawns with the language he writes  
me I'll never show it  
I cast my flowers to the winds of beyond  
Could use a little moment to process all of the fame and glory  
Cry's of these  
Cry's of these  
Cry's of these, that's all I could want or need

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