Curtains Closed

Tenement

Paper snow, flakes of fire
Seven deaths in a row.
They burn up together
A brd upon the wind
Travelling all alone
That lost all its feathers
Do you believe me?
Do you Believe me?
I put up with all of the sticks and stones
To know that you mean me
Is it just a way to be in me?
or is it the real thing?
I don't need these aching bones
If you don't need me
Such as the wall up in the moon
With all of your curtains closed
When it's all you know
Those that burn that you sdljfklsdjfkl
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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