

Need

Geographer

i was born
a dark morning
with iron in my teeth
and a map of this country
tattooed across my shoulders
the shadows wait for me i need your love
i need your love my words are few
friends even fewer
i drift in the sea
i have circled the earth
in search of a master
more worthy than the breeze i need your love
i need your love
we are vagrants
in invisible buildings
violent children
we live cause we're living

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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