

# It was love that laid us low

## Dry the River

I dreamt of a Russian doll bride  
Who spawn on the points of the feet like a child  
But I had the terminal pride of an older man  
As it passed over a cross on a post  
But the angle decends in the shape of a crow  
And buries its beak in our unfused bones like its okay  
Like a moth goes sad and soft in the streetlights umbilical glow  
It was love that laid us lowI worked out of town after dark  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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