Clouds

The Long Winters

Tower likes to fall and cream likes to spoil
Everything living tries to get back to the soil
And what seems right and what's made for you
False prophecy doesn't mean prophecies are true

The ground is so proud just to hold us up
We're a kiss away from being dangerous
Kiss me and show me that it's true
You're depressed about a thing you don't really want to do

Don't try to write your name in the clouds from the ground
Don't try to write your name in the clouds from the ground

Final cloud architects with GPS
Staple-gun carpenters building a 3D mess
We protest, but it doesn't work again
You're magic beans mean at least you'll have one giant friend

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