Language of Flowers

Pale Saints

See me a snapshot
Narrating my previous life
And a mountain of other lies
Numbers and letters and letters
Surfacing from a sea of
Treacle blackened stone(?)
And carrying me back home
I hear the language of flowers
And now I don't hear anything elseVoices from nowhere seducing me
To all the lyrics(?) of the world
The balance has been disturbed
Time stumbles drunkenly
Wild lives are frozen(?)
Until they're born again
Ripening in the sun
I hear the language of flowers
And now I don't hear anything elseI wasn't cut out for this
But my heart was(?)
I wasn't cut out for this

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