Briggs

These Arms Are Snakes

In your room.
There he sat.
He hid there
This whole time.
Watching you
And breathing you
While you slept.
He came in
Through your dress.
To where he'd rest.
Wanting you.
To be you.
In vain.
Ohhhh, blue bird
Sing that song for me.
Don't weigh those eyes.
I have your writings.
Your sessions told.
You told him everything.
I want to be you.
Come walk with me.And you go
The way of the wind.
And you go
The way of the night's glow.
And you go
Through static of soil.
I lurch in the bedroom.
I crept in the mirrors.
From the toes of your bare feet.
I caressed your body.
You'd go on.The way of the wind.
And you go
The way of the night's glow.
And you go
Through static of soil.
Through static of soil.
And you go
The way of the wind.
And you go

The way of the night's glow.
And you go.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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