

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.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>