Spitting Image (2)

Freelance Whales

I watched you flare up from the ink
Nocturnal glances were surroundingOur legs got sucked in and
Our bodies keep on lifting off the sheets
Our hands get tied to our minds and
We keep on talking in our sleepCaspian power moves within me
My circulation thermohalineOur fingers swell up and
Our bodies keep on lifting off the sheets
Our eyelids collapse and
Our limbs and hinges rust into the seaWe all seem to have big plans
We all seem to haveOur legs got sucked in and
Our bodies keep on lifting off the sheets
Our eyelids collapse and
Our limbs and hinges rust into the seaWe all seem to have big plans
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Songwriters
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