

Louisiana

Underworld

I feel asleep last night
On a roundaboutA cloud of wings
From the glass around you
Light reflects
The sun on your skinWhen you touch me
Bullets in conversation
On a crowded train
Quietly violentWhen you touch me
Planets in sweet collision
Quietly violentI fell asleep last night
On the undergroundThe air there breaks
With the light around you
The darkness breaks
Whenever you walk inWhen you touch me
Planets in sweet collision
When you touch me
Bullets in conversation
Quietly violent
Quietly violent

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