

# Louisiana

## Underworld

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

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