# Inside Madeline

## Swans

The engine divine/ is inside Madeline
The stardust is yellow and red
And its mapping out of time inside of her head...
Now there's always Madeline
Rising up from where our limbs intertwined
Now walking a random invisible line
Clutching like snow to the side of the vine...
You are free, free to do nothing
You are free to drift across the sky
You are free to be a shape just becoming
Now you're free, inside Madeline...
Dropping a tear in the palm of my hand
Making her mark in desicate land
Bring light to Madeline
Bring new life to Madeline

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