

Beauty Is in Its Embrace

Anatomy Of A Ghost

Inside display of broken wings so smooth porcelain face cracks and flakes away turns pulse flying down
telephone lines to the pictures on your wall burning on contact and the branches were stripped under winters
numb with the breath that was the fire burning through the room and we won't come back under back drop of
mountains above pastels in flames that crawl up time wont
Stop for loss it hits the back seat tearing fabric from the lines till the clouds come to swallow the night leaving
less piled on the floor this one hands you the all we fall

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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