

Grandloves

Purity Ring

MEGAN:

Take all the little things away,
Seek all the dimensions that stray
From my hands dig holes in me with wooden carved
Trowels, hold still in me the hops that left it's guard down

YOUNG MAGIC:
Waking up is easy but you're breaking my whole thesis
I'm gone, feel it but you're flowing with the shaman
and another thing

I'm in love with truth and sick and tired of this youth
And thinking that you're falling but you're stalling when you're holding me

MEGAN:
I'll grow bitters on the borders of your whistling skin
I'll sew pockets of the locks that fall from your bristling chin
Keep all my secrets in the trinkets
Dangling from the walls

Take what you are make it, make it sacramental

YOUNG MAGIC:
I'm in love with truth and sick and tired of this youth
I want it to be easy but I'm queasy at the thought of it
I don't need no proof no lucky charm no wisdom tooth
To know it in the same way of that feeling when you're loving me

MEGAN:
Brew you a warm drink out of
My tattered hulls
Build you thick paper out of
My clumsy skull
Soundly discreet make
Your bouldering shoulders glow
My grand loves

I'll not finish what I done started

BOTH:
YM - I'm sick of this, you sick of that, I'm not as dumb as that
MJ - (My sacred pining whims, my sacred vining whims)

MEGAN:
I'll stake red toothpicks in my dirt filled heart,
Meander this sacred lot of you and every season

YOUNG MAGIC:
See that visual?
You are invincible; you're hold it for your halo song

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

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