

Dream

These New Puritans

These are all words lost in dreams
Travelling the speed that blood pumps
I feel your breath which carries my hope
In the way ships pass at night
Making the ends of world map
Every word announces storms
It's like stepping from the door
There is no prayer and no war
In the way ships pass at night
Endless looping chains of wombs
Go forever, hurry you're...
Moving streetlights spill out white
I don't want to say goodbye
But as I wake it begins to loosen

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

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