

# Dream

## These New Puritans

These are all words lost in dreams  
Travelling the speed that blood pumps  
I feel your breath which carries my hopeIn the way ships pass at night  
Making the ends of world map  
Every word announces stormsIt's like stepping from the door  
There is no prayer and no warIn 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.

Lyrics provided by

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