

# The Red Dove

## The Moon And Her Mother

Last night I dreamt you were someone else  
And tiny figures laid their hands across my mouth  
Every word I spoke was not my fault  
And you knew I wanted out I can still feel your knees digging in my back  
It's funny but it's the only way I can relax  
And serendipitous to what we were trying to do  
It seems impetuous to say that we have no proof Ever since she was a little girl  
She's had a quiet voice  
It's hard to say who you really are  
When sound waves fall apart Now she can see all of her friends  
And their faces smiling back at him  
He will come and rip at the seams  
And pull everyone down to their knees

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