

Meadow Fiction

Very nice - i just cant say the words that push
against my teeth and plague
but i know and you know because its not
too hard to see the things that make us
wonder if we've ever lived at all, as you
rest your hand on my sleeping head and fall back in song

why let modesty convince you from the truth
under wet wet song - ~~oh you must feel the same~~
~~away~~ now i know that you know because its
not too hard to see the things that make us
wonder who ~~we're~~ ~~living~~ ~~for~~ we live our
short lives for - ~~so~~ so we'll ~~hide~~
silently hide in our mutable heads and our
green imaginations (we'll lie) in the
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