

Aloha "Brace Your Face"

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Who lives in a pinecone tangled in steel?
Who talks to a pinecone alone?
Love letters and cell phones
filled up with dead codes to old homes
Connect you to no one
A message for no one
Scroll through the old ones
colleagues and cousins
obsessions and lovers who write
Scroll through the future
Will you find another?
Will you find another?
Will you find a lawyer?
A teacher? A brother?
A healer? Or what?

I've got a message for you
from the monopines
Shell trunk and poor disguise
I've got a message to no one
from the monopines
Steel trunk shoots for the sky

Don't wait to hear from me
Brace your face for the fist of spring
I got a feeling that can never be
I got a feeling it can never be
Well that's my tendency

Who lives on the nightstand
where you close your eyes
after a soft goodbye
There's no dial tone to linger on
no mystery to unwind

The way you thought it would be
Thought it would be

The words rumble under the thunder of the year's first
storm
The words rumble under the thunder
The words rumble under the thunder of the year's first

storm
The words rumble under the thunder

Don't wait to hear from me
Brace your face for the fist of spring
Every blade of grass is a knife
breaking through earth on its way to the sky

In the atmosphere, words that missed their target ear
are colliding into flames
And past the timberline, some urgent words of mine
are being mangled by their monopine
Way past the highest cloud
words are slipping in and out of a trick dimension
Me and a box of wine
we're running out of time
to capture your attention
I want to hear you breathe
to know just what you need
Come and connect me to you
I want to hear you breathe
Come and connect me to you
Come and connect me to you

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