

**Arjun Kaul****"E-CÃ'ne"**

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Sometimes, I sit down with  
Two glasses of rum,  
To count money I've earned  
That adds up to a crumb  
And fall out on a field,  
Feel tired and gone,  
Feeling the earth in a storm,  
It still keeps me warm and I -  
Inhale sweet air but won't  
Breathe it at all  
And dead calm, deep water, feels wet,  
And before I -  
Exhale I - feel deeper within,  
Then I fall down  
Staring at the oceans in you  
Deep down, deep down your water  
Sail out, the storm will make me  
Find my way home  
Sometimes, I come down from the  
High in my brain,  
And feel lame, start itching,  
Need to fill up my veins again  
And fall out, lay flat on the ground  
And my eyes,  
They stay closed, for a while,  
But wide open inside, and I,  
Inhale sweet air,  
It tastes salted and raw,  
And dead clam deep water,  
Feels wet and before I -  
Exhale - I feel deeper within,  
Then I fall - down  
Staring at the oceans in you  
Before I sail out  
I found a hole in the sky,  
And I'm watching you from where,  
I love my living  
Deep down, deep down your water  
Sail out, the storm will make me  
Find my way home

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