

Euphoreador "Dazzle"

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So I'll try to sing a happy song
When my face don't it look so long
In the high another nation in your arms
In things a meaning
Oh, so silent, like your charms

Buoyancy
You see the boy in me
And the things I held into my eyes
Before I die
(I can't tell where I should sing)
Left, right, any morsels that we bring,
Brought, tall, taught
With a child in it's lot

So it is into the realm I go
Looking faster at the glow
In the reigns of that sad
October parade

In the blinds I made
What I held and always bade
Bayonet, surrogate,
Suffragette are you wet

Suffragette are you wet
Well then
Bring me in

So I'll try to sing a happy song
A super simplistic is all they long
Utterly the blinds are in my eyes
Wandering through my questions
Wandering through your thighs
In my clouded
Eyes
In my mindless
Lies
Open echelons
Scarcity and
Non-purveyance
Always

Call-lady
Call me

See how the thoughts obfuscating
Bound elating
I am more than we were gaping

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