

Farm

"Loosely Of Amoebas"

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Crave...the sound of ocean roaring
The moisture during nighttime warmth

Crave...though rather ill-disposedly
To be the director of your dreamplays
To cause awkward ecstatic awakenings
By his side, under the ghost of me

Into the waves still rising higher
The mermaid home, wish I'd be taken there

Like the amoeba spawns
Filling poor Rockford's cave
My brains swell sorely
When exposed to the vicinity

The consciousness sears me
Through the necessary
Inhaling sin, sketching the moves

Crave...the sound of ocean roaring
It was all tears mixed with sea
I'm purified by crystal showers and now
Salt tastes too mildy on my tongue

Crave...though rather ill-disposedly
To wake the sea-nymph that remains unseen
Causing awkward ecstatic awakenings
By his side, under the ghost of me

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