

## **Mewithoutyou "Seven Sisters"**

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He made the world a grassy road before our bare,  
wandering feet,  
And crushed the stones into the softest sand between  
our toes,  
But we're wondering where to sleep,  
Clever words on pages turn to fragments, circles,  
points and lines,  
And cover them like carpets, with graceful,  
Meaningless ornamental designs  
Come quick, you light that knows no evening  
Come, alone to the alone!  
I have a thousand half-loves well worth leaving for to  
take your madness home,  
And you dance inside my chest where no one sees you,  
But sometimes I see you  
Rejoice, the cleansing of my lips  
Rejoice, salvation of my soul!  
But I still have a thousand half-loves  
(Oh my God! I want to shoot myself just thinking about  
it)  
And you think I don't mean what I say?  
Well I mean every word I say.  
I threw a small stone down at the reflection of my  
image in the water,  
And it altogether disappeared.  
I burst, as it shattered through me like a bullet through  
a bottle,  
And I'm expected to believe that any of this is real.

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