

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 into 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!
There are a thousand sanities worth leaving to take
your madness home,
You dance inside my chest where no ones 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?
I mean every word I say,
I threw a stone down at the reflection of my image in
the water,
And it altogether disappeared
I burst, it shattered me like a bullet through a bottle,
And I'm expected to believe that any of this is real

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