

Sol Seppy

"Farewell Your Heart"

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Come here, spare the air,
don't wanna talk in metaphors.
Your new hole is my head.
I'm you holding me like you want a home.
I'm really careful that I hurt no one
who really matters.

So farewell your heart,
and this is all.
I've found no one,
it matters not.

Small man ornament
fuck me up before you fly,
and no more little gray sky.
I'm you holding me like you want a home.
I'm really careful that I hurt no one
who really matters.

So farewell your heart,
and this is all.
I've found no one,
it matters not.

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