

Stemage "Luna"

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Fortified in essential heart.
One stare will tear mine apart.
It's not the kind of feeling when you're all numb from
this.
I can't feel the pen, but I don't need the pen.

Refined but not, and even more.

Luna can't compare to my own piece of moon.
Luna ain't got s**t on my personal piece of porcelain
from the sand.

She glows more than I can handle for a manboy who's
trying to sleep.
She'll meditate with children.
She will rummage through the air and find words to
compare,
And she might land on a noun.
There is no Brummel and Brown that tastes as good as
the way you are.

"Head-in-belly"? Not today.
My stomach's ruptured anyway.
It's not the kind of feeling when you're all worked up.
I've never felt so dumb. It's abdominalesium.

Tear me in two with your wit.
So I can show my friends the brain I'm with.

There is nothing to say.
There is nothing more to say.

She will rummage through the air and find words to
compare.
She'll meditate with children.
She might as well be a child when...
I love my little child when, she meditates with them.

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