

Wreckery

"Inflatable Dream"

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In a dark star field skyline
The moon is incredibly bright
A giant dome hovers above celebrating masses

The sounds of rope tight and twisting
The veins of hope tight and twisting me.

Someone shifts their body weight
This is where I lose my aim
Celebrating songs we bring in a lonely light
Confetti cast a million words
Raining on the stills we burn
Parachuting fearsome lads dropping towards the
ground

The sounds of rope tight and twisting
The veins of hope tight and twisting me.

I am in peace knowing that the physical sphere I
embody
Is the same as given to my mentors

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