

Little Comets

"In Blue Music We Trust"

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You think that you know me
Through awoken lies
Assume that I'm only
A state of mind

My life is like a metaphor
For everything that's gone before
You tell me it's a failing
But I feel fine

So quote to me from books you read
On what to think and how to need
Use the same adjectives for the fortieth time

Whispers in my ears oh
Whispers in my ears oh
Diluting my tears oh
The death of all conversation
Inane but discretely
These words will defeat me
Whispers in my ears oh
The death of all conversation

Floats away
But I'll be brave
Believe in all fortune
Favors the grave

My life's becoming more defined
And at the age of 29
You tell me it's elusive
But I feel loved

I see the kicks beneath her skin
Elucidates my own being
And well worn is the promise that I keep inside

Whispers in my ears oh
Whispers in my ears oh
Diluting my tears oh
The death of all conversation

No words to complete this
No words to compete with this
Whispers in my ears oh
The death of all conversation

And if it's frequent scent
Then it's the way it is
'Cause what I've got at home
Is what I need at home

This is my dilemma
I hope it makes you tremor
'Cause what I've got at home
Is what I need at home

So when it all turns black
From everything you lack
Is what you've got at home
What you got at home

So as I'm moving forward
I only think of these words
Is what I've got at home
What I need at home

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