

The Perishers

"Swarm"

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Here in this storm you are the eye in the calm
And I am the norm and you are the axis upon
Which I stand in a state of alarm

And all these twists and turns they take us to a nice
place
And by any other name you'd still have grace

Here in the swarm we'd stay close and warm
And I am a bore and you are the core of what I am
longing for

And all these twists and turns they take us to a nice
place
And by other name you'd still have grace

And all the twisting lines they blow our minds
And at any other time you might be mine

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