

Pianos Become The Teeth

"Filial"

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Too seldom sanguine,
Always crying over closed doors
You should feel like you should,
You should feel like you should adapt well with a wistful
heart
I could never take it, but I'll give you your breath back
Infants and whales still have the holes there, never
proving to be born on time
You keep your eyes to the light between finger and
thumb
And the sky just laughs as I stare at the grass,
The sun, the green, I want the snow years ago
I'll say it about routine
I can't wait, I can't wait
I want the genes
I want the era before me
I want ideas as imprints
I want the future, I want the future
I want your mistakes, what we were,
What I was, what I'll be, what we'll see
Hunters only stop to see the scenery when they've
caught up,
Watching what we have in common that makes us the
men some love
I'm not telling you who the rhythm is from,
Something to look forward to "while I'm young"
One day at a time, I'll never say anything when no one
is looking
I'll be so old, finally seeing
Picking right days as they come
Learning days said like this
As purses and sheaths

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