

Seahaven

"Birds"

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You'll be the smoke in my mouth, I'll suck you in, I'll
push you out,
And then you'll disappear and turn into something else.
You're just a little moth drawn to my organ burning hot,
Get too close, your little body is going to multiply.

You were the flood that hit this city, and you carried me
away.
You gave me a constant within your flow before you
dried up and left me empty.
You are camouflage, but you can't hide much.
Is this a wolf or is this my fingernails changing shape?

They're here then gone like birds while I'm stuck on the
ground.
I'm sitting lonesome on a beach watching love fly
south.
It's a book that I've read over and over again,
Temperature drop in the back builds the bitter end.

We fell from the sky, we came through the clouds. We
hit the the ground.
This is the product of the cycles that compose my life.

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