

The Color Hurricane

"Chemical In Red Lungs"

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The wishing come to well
Buffalo whore love the comes
Roses red lungs like washed tightens
Pianist be brain at the waved
Coat the pale horsed chemicals
Fours black-horses and many moon-wheels
Stormy at your guldens parachutes at your early
Playing leaves-astral dying to play
The spreading knife fur suits
Transition and panorama mounted the keys
Bread crumbed and bread stones
Tiny sounds of vessels by your seventh wooden
There will be considers lost sick sacred
In faith & burn keys the rumor twilight

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