

Anima

"Fickle Cycle"

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Tykes who feast but do not pray
Sun dried cheeks and sun dyed grains
Spilled in the house that they leave like geese
Travel in the night like a pearl thief

Believe in ghosts and set them free
Bury your heart, don't shake that sheet
Give your teeth to the crocodile cave
Under my wings and on my head

Twisting heads with the sounds of change
Change so often they'll be dead
Kissing the people that you'll all burn
Trusting your friends without thinking best

Leaving yourself to kill your grief
Rooms can be lonely, but that don't mean
I want a son who can float and fly
I'll take a daughter who laughs and cries

When you are home you can do as you please
Some have homes in falling trees
One day our homes will all fall down

One day your body will be in the ground

When I wonder
I often sit wondering, my brain gets so delirious
When I wonder
When ghosts from other places come and meet me do
I know that they're a
Friend?

When I wonder
I often sit wondering, my brain gets so delirious
When I wonder
When ghosts from other places come and meet me do
I know that they're a
Friend?

Time to feast, don't wait to play

Off in the dust where they feel like kings
Some got hurt and some did sing

I wonder, wonder, wonder, wonder
I wonder, wonder, wonder, wonder
Who will win?

I wonder, wonder, wonder, wonder
Wonder, wonder, wonder, wonder
Who will win?

Bad feelings I know
Good silence means we're home

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