

Moon And Her Mother, The "The Red Dove"

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Last night I dreamt you were someone else
And tiny figures laid their hands across my mouth
Every word I spoke was not my fault
And you knew I wanted out

I can still feel your knees digging in my back
It's funny but it's the only way I can relax
And serendipitous to what we were trying to do
It seems impetuous to say that we have no proof

Ever since she was a little girl
She's had a quiet voice
It's hard to say who you really are
When sound waves fall apart

Now she can see all of her friends
And their faces smiling back at him
He will come and rip at the seams
And pull everyone down to their knees

She says,
I am the red dove that was sent down upon you
I am the dead end, the weekend you spend
Swimming in the water pulling on the covers
Poaching the promise of proof they sent to you

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