



Leaves and Mourning Dew

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Chaos rages
Bottled swirling flecks of moonlight
Mourning dew

Dissipation of the hive at the emerald core

Rain on the mountain
Almost landing

Crash open from the trees

Awaken

The harmonic clock

Spiral

And instant

you created others
who would meet you
and be shocked to find
that they weren't the only ones who did the same,
and they may even seem to hate you for it.
but this can also change
and in no time

Station

When you hear the distant spirits start to swarm
And sing along on a rising wave of resonance
You know you're writing the only song

In a life
Some people asked to speak
Into their eyes
And so it began

Life has the only way
To see you home

Beyond the temples of the storm
A shipwreck made itself a brilliant sculpture
Of a cove of vanilla sands
Watching foliage, bird calls
Curls sublime music
Drawn to the sky, an aviary
One tattered flag remained
That was a map back to the sender

We fold together like the warmth of a distant sun
Hold me upon the crooked boards
Soft the beautiful ship-wrecked on vanilla light
Suspend me forever amongst the tension of two lovers
To not overwhelm with pouring of the pure intense
The devastating screaming warmth of the searing serene
A landscape and an atmosphere that becomes you
Upon the cliffs, a shaman beams down
His own face full of crags and landscapes
A wooden staff of hanging bones and shells
Jangles at his rhythm
Resonates delicacies
And these inspire in always more
Than his stumbling magic

Sound into hatches out to soul again
If he shakes you in two
Ripples
Or creates a third embrace
Our seed that plants itself
And resonates

Washed up on the shore
Bottled swirling flecks of moonlight
Leaves and mourning dew

There's nothing to do
And we're being it