

Mystery Of The Brain

A Great Big Pile Of Leaves

snap out of it,
make a dash for it,
it's all in your head.
it's all in your head.

tip-toe up close enough to taste the weather...
we meant to get our feet wet,
but instead in we dove in our clothes and soaked from head to toe.

a blueish green,
silver glistening,
paint splattered past where the shadows casted...
we're drifting.
we're drifting.