Deciphering Dreams

Amanda Shires

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Last night, I was standing with you in a purple falling fog
You opened your mouth
Tried to speak
But your voice was just a flutter of moths
Deciphering dreams
I think you're making 'em mean
What you need 'em to mean

Maybe you were sending a message
Keep your faith, fall into flame
Could be you're resting easy
Probably a combination of all of these things
And deciphering dreams
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