

I Love Every Waving Thing

Ataraxia

I spent the flight of my days
Spying the sea
I love every waving thing
When I smiled my teeth were mysterious
There are waves in my soul
The edge of my clothes was salty and fresh
I love every waving thing
I love every waving thing

Speak to me of my death
So that I feel a reason to remember
I love every waving thing
Today I'm afraid of having been
I love every waving thing
I'm afraid of having been
Spying the sea
Spying the sea