

Nymphs

Birds in Row

To you, lover, growing flowers on plexiglas
Your misspelled name in the papers folded a crown for their savior
Burn the king and blaze your heart for us all
There was a crack, there was a hole in the window and all that danced was the dust
The dust and the feeling of abandon
You are the dancers in sunlight, the waltz of one million sparks
You are the sound of the choir Singing the days ahead, rising on peculiar lust
I want to sing by your side, I want to burn this world down
All older romances claimed dibs on the truth
But nothing they say means a thing to you
Like a whole bunch of exes, they chant "you'd better not forget"
You run, you run, you run, you run
No wonder why you feel so fucked up sometimes
You're chasing bright colors over dirty blues, singing praises to everyone but you
There was a crack, there was a hole in the window and all I possessed was the dust
And they put a price on its beauty