

## The Swarm

Calla

Sylvia's kissing crosses  
Crying for her mother  
Guarded by her father  
Swears that She hears voices

I could think of a way  
If I only stay  
Calm as the day grows dim

Dream another wish to  
Sleep away tomorrow  
Said She's going home now  
Home is what She called it

I could think of a way  
If I only still gone  
As the day grows dim