

# Flatlands

Chelsea Wolfe

I want flatlands  
I never cared about money and all its friends  
I want flatlands  
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I don't want precious stones  
I never cared about anything you've ever owned  
I want flatlands  
I want simplicity  
I need your arms wrapped hard around me  
I want open plains and scattered trees  
I want flower fields  
I want salty seas  
I want flatlands soft and steady breeze  
bringing scents of lined-up orchard trees  
dripping heavy with pears and dancing leaves  
I want flatlands  
will you go there with me  
when it's said in the dark and you know it's always there  
when it's dead in our heart but your mind is unafraid  
when it's said in the dark and you know it's never coming back  
when it's there in your heart in your mind you set it free