

Squashed Blossoms

Cinema Strange

Deep down in my cellar hole I craft bulbs that grow,
grow, GROW!

No one sees and no one knows. In this I act alone!

Wilting down those wooden stairs I poke and prod at
botany!

Exhalations in the yellow light, my fingers creak and I
sing out!

Deep down in my cellar hole I go...

No one sees a thing so no one knows...