

The Chambers & The Valves

Dry the River

Two young hearts will meet in the middle,
And a light will flicker on, where there once was none.
Where does love come from?
The bodies in the firmament are spinning like a plate;
I was lost in the fission before you came.

I could write this down, I could turn this car around.
In the land of mistakes I should lay my crosses down.
And I pray for your health, and I tell myself
"It's the chambers and the valves that pump the sentiment around."
But I swallow the words and I close my mouth.

If every constellation above us has a counterpart below,
How are we to know, dear? How are we to know?
Fortune hangs around us like a funerary wreath.
I was down in the heart of the ground beneath.

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