Clouds

Elliott Smith

Molecules disipate, disperse and recoagulate
Breath in and out, there is nothing more

I am mist, you are steam, we are clouds
We are drifting away, drifting away
To one of many heavens where blue light prevails
We dream perfect music, we hang from our tails
To one of many hells and sharpen up our horns
Plotting our revenge by waiting to be born

Particles of light, particles of matter
Come together for an instant

Then scatter.

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