

me, my gibberish, & the moon

Field Medic

I crouch low and smoke with spiders
To keep raindrops off my head
I'm singing bout your ghost love
In reverie like you were dead

Cause I miss you already
You're the hollow in my bed
I want to be your stallion

No it's not the nightmares
From our armistice in the fall
It's just that I feel your distance
And I love you like no one before

Cause I miss you already
You're the hollow in my bed
I want to be your stallion

I stalk the streets alone now
Just me my gibberish and the moon
For I speak a different language
If I cannot speak with you