

Call Across Rooms

Grouper

I've a present to give you
When we finally figure it out
Funny that we still haven't figured it out
How we're still turning circles

In the vale that disguises
One flesh from the other
We were but reflections
Of rooms that hold echoes
Across the divide
Of rooms with a ragged interior

We hid under the lavender meadows
And pulled back infinite curtains

But windy as the moon changes
Our love was nothing
God, just to feel you

And maybe we'll figure it out
And then I can give you my letter
Scatter the glass in the hallway
Call across rooms with the echo