

All

Henry Green

Moving at pace with my vision unclear
Losing the days to the lines that appear
I'm hearing faint diphthongs but I cannot find true form
Half light, half light

Call all the words out of me
Call all the words out of me

I'm in the water wading, clothed in open sea
Pulling the waves to my body too willingly
I'm in the mind it's moving fast with no release
Talking myself in to the corners I can't leave

Call the words from me
Pull the words from me
All the words from me