

Cool Intentions

Islands

I cannot finish the painting
The landscape's amazing
But it feels like it's made with an IED
A fantasy of all the wicked things I'd like to see, ooh
Now that the stillness, too, has faded from view

If I could be more like the sea
I'd wave you in till you were swa-swa-swallowed by me
Climb in me as carelessly
And you'll feel the bow give underneath suddenly

But I'm just a series of breaths
Not a tree, not yet
I will still take your breath away

All people are evil
I have lied to you
Tried to do good, but I am too