Moda

Jordan Rakei

So come and sit with me
How does this taste?
Not like you had hoped

Now that you taste the leaves
There's history in bitterness, you know

Sit down, and look around
The bamboo at our feet from years ago

Tied down beneath the sea
The package drifts away
For all we know, know

Warmth inside an ancient frame
Tell me does it feel the same?
Ooh, the belly of the storm became
Enriched but it served you more

Lie here to taste the morning
Flowers in this place
Tell me how do you feel, feel

Your breath escapes the cup
But scales down to the lake
Now we're falling asleep, sleep

Warmth inside an ancient frame
Tell me does it feel the same?
Ooh, the belly of the storm became
Enriched but it served you more

Am I fit for consumption
Have we forfeit the need of pleasure
It surrounds me by the edges
You understand?

Am I fit for consumption
Have we forfeit the need of pleasure
It surrounds me by the edges

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