

## Plans

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Who holds the dice in their tight little hands?  
I'm not a liar a maker of plans  
Who will be lost when the boat hits the land?  
I will hold out my hand

There's still rain on the floor  
From the first day of the storm  
The moment I step out  
Of the forest's gaping mouth  
The eve of the sun  
For a day that never comes  
The pains and the aches  
Of a wave that never breaks  
A wave that never breaks

Who holds the dice in their tight little hands?  
I'm not a liar a maker of plans  
Who will be lost when the boat hits the land?  
I will hold out my hand

The final goodbye  
Of an everlasting sigh  
The exhale of your heart  
When your ribcage tears apart  
The block of your tears  
From a fog that never clears  
A ripple on the lake  
From a shake that shakes the shakes  
A shake that shakes the shakes