

Eyes rolled back, we lash the runner
You called out to the summer soil
And it's not that, we're barely oiled
You crawled back to whip the silence
I climbed up two dozen roses
Each one caught like a Sunday soldier
Hair tied back, I've a tendency to lose it
Round the act, you lost your colour

I fired up, was the forceful endue me
Each one like caught the first one soothing
Lies a like I can rock a story
Children's eyes takes another toll on me
It falls back in the sun's contusion
I call out, I cannot be foolish
God was right in the first of the cooling
Side wind up, where's the rest of the loose change?

Well I thought I found God, for the rest of the cool age
Peaceful now but to colour the tulip
Sides rise up for the ones who choose them
Each one bad like the revolution knew this

And I liberate these things is all it is
Yes, I liberate these things that I say