

Hypergiant

Miya Folick

I can barely believe
Some of the things that you've seen
You must always be crying
Somewhere deep inside
But it's just as clear
The glow of your spirit
Is a hypergiant
And it smiles with defiant happiness

Wake me up with your lips, birds outside
It's springtime, listen, don't get out of bed
Wake me up with your lips, birds outside
It's springtime, listen, don't get out of bed
Listen, there's a rhythm interplaying
With the different pulses in our chests
Listen, there's a rhythm interplaying
With the different pulses in our chests

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