

Niagara

Ohbijou

You collapsed into iron arms.
A bridge, a crossing into desperate parts.
We filled this quiet, this poison cup.
The scar on your hollow drum read, give me some.
Give me some.
Give me some.
Give me some.

We'll turn this sound into words.
A knotted flame conducts the course.
Hold on this light, we'll synthesize;
this circuitry we'll memorize, memorize.
On my mind, you are, on my mind.

I'll follow you down.
I dreamt this love, a memory still returning.

We packed our bags for Niagara Falls,
to feel the water rushing.

Give me some.