

# The Second Of The First

Rolling Blackouts Coastal Fever

Saw the warning sign outside St. Anne  
And the words were falling down  
All the days melt in to oblivion  
In the time fold in between the two years

And the news at ten don't change my head  
And the fam don't make much sense  
Then you walked in from the bewilderment  
With a look right through my windowpane

And I feel outside it  
Lost on descent  
Like two transplanted palms  
You look like me

Swimming in my head  
Ringing in my heart

Nothing is the same, the street hasn't changed  
There's a light feeling in the back of my head  
And my mind is somersaulting  
I've gone out of myself, as if I'm lying in a cloud  
And way down there below me is the body I used to have

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You draw a straight line to the branches  
You feel the gold light coming through