

Annaline

Swans

Right here and right now
The first night of our life
I'm somewhere in you
And I'll never get out
It's sucking us in
My impossible friend
How is it true
That we even exist?

I'll follow you down
With our limbs interlocked
[?] Buddha [?] right
And St John of the cross
A word is a thought
And a thought is a box

Let's burn in a fire
Oh let's clean what is true
Let me sink in your bed
Folded in you

Pulling us down
With hands made of light
Pushing us through
A window in time
Slipping into
A spiralling line
Undoing the knot
Releasing the vines
Annaline
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