

The Trap

Tally Hall

Whispered leaves on swaying trees and mysteries define
Summer nights of endless light remind us of the line that's yours & mine

Thoughts of green and breezes mean I'm growing from a stem
Missing dirt on my t-shirt, you'll move a little closer but the moving isn't over if it's

Them & you & me
Stringing electricity
And the rest of it is waiting under
When it overflows
Taking us where no one knows
We remember when we fell into the trap

Midnight air is unprepared for thoughts we would condemn
Silence of the stars above in any other weather we would try to stay together but it's

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Mother & fathers without
Will doubt
Brother to brother another
Hold out
Imagine a world if the numbers would take some time out
Me without you & you without I want to break out of this abstracting pattern of layers but it's on...