

Symphony

Telekinesis

As I awoke in my heart it did choke
on a scene that was set in our bed.
Was it a dream or are you just a scheme?
I don't care, I'm alive and I'm well.

You are my love and you are above
any women that I've ever met.
I do believe that we are machines
and we search 'til our parts intersect

Now I know that there's so much more
that I didn't get to say.
All my life for once I was right
and I'll make it all better again.
But now I rest.

Now I can hear what was once loud and clear
, is a symphony heard overhead.
And you are the notes coming out of my throat,
like I'm reading the book that you read.

All the bells and orchestra
swells are filling the holes in our heads.
Big kettle drums and violin strums
play like a sort of a hymn.
When we are wed.