

# Hallucinate

Yoke Lore

My darling with the diamond hands, I'll never understand  
How you dug up and loved some locked up little part of me  
It was shortly after autumn when death comes up to breathe  
And why can't every death be as pretty as the turning leaves

I think you're in every single car that passes by me on the highway  
I crash and burn when I think I see your face

Why does love make me hallucinate  
Why does love always teach my heart to break

Maybe I'm an asshole or maybe I'm just thick in the head  
But I think that most important things can't really be said  
Like how our hearts move in figure eights  
And how I'll always love those who feed the flames

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