

Akron/Family, Creatures

In dreams like these become the seeds with which we place the light beneath
the ground has not the breath to seek why now deep creek choose breeze horse fleas
Their arms are mean and jokes discrete could seem of mangos in the trees
high in the air, the blue turns green, season too late, tea and whiskey,
Towards vans that were not ever seen and this I'd have nothing written
the dreams like these that once have been,
they'll never cease to be again,
When we're gone, will you remember me?
will they want to know what we used to see?
can these chains maintain the writing on the wall?
or like me, will these too one day fall?

Or will they crumble to the sea,
while creatures that I've never seen,
come to be how they will be,
exactly how they want to be.
Up and then,
down down down
up and then,
down down down
up and then,
down down down