

Edison Glass, You Mean The World To Me

I sit here with your dreams.
They are screaming with
A perpetuate and constant flowing.
Rhyming and flowing.

You mean the world to me.
Are we ok? Maybe we can talk about it.

Do you feel prettier now?
Do you feel?

I can make this last
And I can hold you tightly
When loneliness has never felt so alive.

You look beautiful now.
You look prettier now.

You mean the world to me.
Are you ok? Maybe we can talk about it