

# Glove, This Green City

Someone's evil laugh shoots down my back  
Shapeless and aging we start to run  
Through the tangle of your broken words  
This cheap impulse falls so dry  
In the maze I burn down turn  
You turn my skin around  
Wishing my eyes could look down down on me...

Stairs fall like jewels  
As we near the door  
You fold through my neck  
Arms like crystal  
So black with charm breath  
We turn to face the dying sun...

This green city rains down on me  
This green city rains down