

Olivia Lufkin, 57sto R M03

Everybody marching
in this fable of love
They're pulling on my pigtail
forgetting the dream
Secretly I was gradually falling into
a deep over sleepy
awkwardly comfortable cradle
And then,
the angel of spring came down and kissed me with
the pink of sunlight
I free the sound
Alive the sound
It cleaves with the wind of the violent storms,
transforming my body
You're compelling that I am wrong
I aim to please your tension
So I keep my feet off the ground
I'm losing my perspective
How pleasing the warmth that lay on my skin,
remembering where beauty exists again
I free the sound
Alive the sound
It grows the sound
Alive the sound
Fake it and I'm dead
It feels so good to be myself again
The storm sees
Transforming my body