

# 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