

# Anathallo, Mardi Gras

the things you laughed about.  
the things that made me sad.  
the times when you were serious.  
the things that made me cry.  
why these things were most summed up by  
another's unrelated thoughts makes me think how unrelatable i can be.  
and it's funny how,  
there's so many crying out.  
but you and i are the only two i see.  
and i'd pray for you if i knew how.  
for that cause then maybe two should become one.

i saw myself in your eyes.  
something then made me realize.  
i cry for you, be who you may.

and it's funny how,  
there's so many crying out.  
but you and i are the only two i see.  
you know that i'd pray for you if i knew how.  
for that cause then maybe two should become one.

talk of one obvious answer,  
that you and i have been denying,  
tends to frustrate me.  
'cause in all honesty,  
i can't tell you you'll find more than conversation.  
i can tell you you'll find more than beads.

from people who would love to see more of you.  
what they want to see,  
however, you might be more hesitant to show.