

Bloem De Ligny, Zink

Under pale sween rivers under extracts of blue
Voluntrocities I wonder and I ask myself could this
Be it? and the gloomy 'swounds' of sudden eruptions
With viny acclimation stops it slides
Me back and tells me it's alright

Seashell eyes
Moony gloom
I like your hair
Velocity
Mellow stuff in my belly and
Where do I go with my weary head
My weary head

A retreat to a place called Zink my nostrils
Shake as I smell the ink and I love it it is
Dark but still delicious I like the smell
I shake and curl and wrinkle and wrinkle and stop
Thinking and wrinkle and wrinkle and wrinkle and wrinkle

Seashell eyes
Moony gloom
I like your hair
Velocity
Mellow stuff in my belly and
Where do I go with my weary head
My weary head...

Does it go in between? where do I stand
In colluminity? or, for this it is capturing
And flintely good to have your face in my head.

Seashell eyes
Moony gloom
I like your hair
Velocity
Mellow stuff in my belly and
Where do I go with my weary head
Seashell eyes
Moony gloom
My weary head...
I like your hair
Velocity
Mellow stuff in my belly and
Where do I go with my weary head
My weary head, my weary head...