

# 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...