

# Bright Calm Blue, A Tongue To Taste

We speak in tongues to taste something,  
like a new way to feel again.  
My mouth, lips locked in motion, as they riot and spill.  
In language we retreat straight back, like lies through history.  
Pronounced our past of self defeat,  
so clearly.  
So leave it on, one light to see.  
One flicker, a whispering.  
What are we really saying when we speak so easily?  
What are we really saying when we speak so secretly?  
A dialogue, just a dialogue of nothing.  
Of nothing.  
We speak in code like a new disease,  
this new vaccine sent through me,  
and all these new words they injected building, vocabulary.  
Through all this focus of haze that I am seeing.  
It's just your aperture dialed down to me.  
For all this focus and haze that I'm receiving.  
It's just your aperturer dialed down for me.  
All this focus and haze, and I'm dilating.  
With your aperture dialed down to me.