

Caroline Lavelle, The Great Escape

You talk to me
With the language of the sea
Of sand hot in the sun
With the cries of night creatures
I dimly understand...
In your great escape
In your great escape
It's your chance to take
Make your great escape
Your binary words
Glow in my darkness
Your 'darling', it hangs in the air
You make chemicals run
in my blood just by looking
and take my free will and throw it away
And I feel your warmth
As the sparks fly upwards
From the burning of all of your bridges
In your great escape
In your great escape
It's your chance to take
Make your great escape