

Charlotte Martin, Stromata

Stromata

The clues to you and I are sprawling out like roads
And if we find a place for them they won't lead home
I only meant to say it once but it's too late
I'm into you and out again

The rotted love manipulates me
The rotted love that twists the fates seem
A bit confused by my reflection
'Cause if we die there's still direction and

I I you we're not thinking my stromata
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If I can think on purpose then you'll be right here
A paranoia got the best of what I hold dear
The cold linoleum is talking up my shoes
Deciphering the truth of us

And now I know what I'm about to lose
Now I know what I'm about to choose
Now we go for some reaction
A little game of who's distracted more and

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And see the disappointments walking in their line
But every step they take is perfectly in time
I'm singing you in every breath I'm left to heave
I feel your arms surrounding me

And when I'm in a dirty river
And my receiver meets her giver
I set a trap to come and catch you
Oh someone stop me now I can't do this

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