

Hurricane Dean, Appeal

Good combination of frustration and elimination
is growing more and more, hitting me down to the floor.
go further than the spaceships fly
cry more tears than the rainclouds cry.

There is still this appeal, with this fingernails
swiping my heart, swiping my heart.
Still this appeal through all of our fails
torn us apart, torn us apart

a face of joy a little boy with his favourite toy
a little me is what I see, a little me in me
I dreamed a life in love and peace
I smile playing with honeybees

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torn us apart!

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