

James, Bubbles

Take an axe to your past
To your family tree
Carve a face from the wood
An effigy

Make wings from the leaves
Hide from the bark
Kindling
for the hair
Rose for his heart

Someone to draw you right
Someone to catch the light

Draw the blue from the skies
into his eyes
Carve the lines on his face
A map of the race

Juice from the root of a beet for his skin
Set the tides
of the blood
with the pulse of the drum

Someone to draw you right
Someone to catch the light
Im alive
Im alive

Wash the boy in the stream
So tenderly
Press his lips to your lips
Give him your breath
He awakes with the weight
of the vision he holds
Sees the rent in time
through which he must fold

Someone to draw you right
Someone to catch the light
Im alive
Im alive

Stir the heart with a drum
Kiss smoke in his mouth
Show him signs of a life
Thats a whole lot better

And he calls down the rain
Tornadoes & hurricanes
Theres a world in his veins
Thats a whole lot better
Im alive
Im alive

Fingers raised to the sky
A snake for a spine
Hes drunk on a life
Thats a whole lot better

Teach him songs of the bees
Double helix and honey comb
Play him wind through the leaves
Thats a whole lot better

Alive, Im alive.