

JJ72, Wounded

the rain impinges upon the earth again blissfully
the trees sigh in the wind and sway with distilled purity
stench of relevance permeates the talk of love
cloudless skies of blue, anaemic now, think of you

curve of your neck is beautiful
shape of your face is elegant
gaze but poignant still
but memories stings
second stain of consequence

fruit is rotting and then
the crowd turns around to go back home
views so empty
but sane proceeds on its way to the grave

curve of your neck is beautiful
shape of your face is elegant
gaze but poignant still
but memories stings a
second stain of consequence
oh consequence
this is consequence
this is consequence

ooh ooh ooh ooh, ooh ooh ooh ooh