

Locust, Folie

Something that you said is living in my head
Grows nightly inside me
And though my dream exists, memory persists
To fight me, despite me
Silver words you spoke, under your breath
Making whirlwinds in my head

"there is a light shining for you", he said,
"that doesn't shine here for me too", he said

So passion echoes doubtfully
And falls against the walls of my dream
Through open pores, tiny trickles to the sea

The story as is read is hanging by a thread
Tread lightly, slightly, so lightly
And, leaving me exposed, the folie I proposed
Has fooled me, ruled me, ridiculed me
Silver words ' spoke, under my breath
Making whirlwinds in my head

"do they really deserve you? ", he said
"have my words really fooled you? ", he said

And passion echoes doubtfully
And falls against the walls of my dream