

# 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