

Longpigs, Sweetness

Sweetness
i want you near this
sweetness
with all that healing
you take these spiders lifely
your short stem to happy families

one of us should tear it up
and one of use should cut the cord
bouldered in this fat collapsed
and rushed upon the street is way out

sweetness your hair is silver
the best place ive ever been in
take these as long as a sentence
with you these picions whispers
one of us is good enough to
bowl and fin and cut the cord
spit it out that shiny mouth
and rush upon the street
is a way out

used to last for a thousand years
flushed with tears, millionaires
shouldve been seen as a monument
but it was not meant
was hell bent

sweetness
was i too local
you and your care for travel,
i leave, the disco's slow now
sudden with teardrops shining

one of us should tear it up
one of use should cut the cord
bouldered in this fat collapsed
and rushed upon the street is a way out

used to last for a thousand years
like these tears, millionaires
shouldve been seen as a monument
but it was not meant
was hell bent