

Longpigs, Sweetness

Sweetness

i want you near this

sweetness

with all that healing

you take these spiders lively

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