

Maria Taylor, Song Beneath The Song

Cryptic words meander
Now there is a song beneath the song
One day you'll learn
You'll soon discern its true meaning
An interesting detachment
A listless poem of love sincere
Desire, despair
Overlapping melodies

And it's not a love, it's not a love
It's not a love, it's not a love song
It's not a love, it's not a love, it's not a love song
It's not a love, it's not a love, it's not a love song

And now the loops are reminiscing
Recurring dreams of minor chords
Metered time
Muted chimes find the beat

And in the pulse there lies conviction
A steady push and pull routine
Till cymbals swelled
High notes fell into reach

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