

Mates of State, For The Actor

Oh, you and me on a fantasy.
This is what it's like on a fantasy.
No, I wouldn't challenge your home.
In the basement of words we knew, there were more of us.
Don't want to make you grow numb.
If it's not what you thought it was, legs are for discovering.
Relieved and now we see the road.
This is what's like on a fantasy.
Little codes bring the balance to none.
And the shapes of your hands do tell of such a rare variety.
You put your life on hold as we interest one another.
Two steps closer to the level I imagined.
I remember when it poured and you sang to me in summer.
It's a fantasy.