

Noe Venable, Garden

I lay my head upon your chest
Bones of iron bones of lead
And death is rattling the cage
Like a bird that would escape
But there's no room for thoughts like these
In the garden where we sleep

And I am on a burning ship
Clothes all flying in the wind
But I am beautiful like this
When you hold me in your hands
But there's no room for thoughts like these
In the garden where we sleep

Always searching for those breasts
Pumping morphine
Always searching for--
Don't you fly to them
Don't you fly to them
You can fly to me

I'll take the moment in my hands
Pull it open til it sings
Before the motion of this place
Where nothing stops to have a name
Will leave us hanging like a tear