

# Noise Ratchet, Desired

A summerset to my eyes, with memories of a child  
I had no responsibilities,  
to help or to have more than I could hold onto  
It's a slow song to me, desired  
I run through the tree, my desire  
As I wonder now all's grown cold,  
but in remembrance there's a story told  
Of a softer song for a softer soul,  
and the innocent heart to hold