

Rockettothesky, An Army Of Flying Dutchmen

Bye-bye-bye: say my name with flapping arms;
ship to-o the sky ad the clouds to land on;

I-ii-i-ii-i- I realise I'm watching your nape;
& would it stretch if I'd take you in my mou-ouououth hey!

Have you seen them? An army of flying dutchmen;
ro-o-lling eyes & synchronised exhales heavy breathing that skins the kuckles of the earth

& do you know I was made of bone? I hold memories of everything;
each touch is a rib & my ribcage your hands hey!