

# Seven Mary Three, Honey

Had a dream.  
And you were my dream.  
Saw your face.  
Real in a dream.  
Sugar mouth.  
Stings like a bee.  
Dreams with me at night.  
Come around.  
An image of you.  
And I want.  
The most I can get.  
Come around.  
And I'll bet the rent.  
You're angel walking street.  
Knowing each little mystery in me.  
Ok, well nobody knows my truest name.  
Bet you yours is the same.  
You make me feel good.  
Can't get you off the tip of my tongue.  
You're Honey.  
In my mouth.  
Your satisfaction is the drug that I'm on.  
When my condition is dragging me down.  
You drown the ugliness out.  
Ok.  
In a word.  
You sold me a gift.  
And the word.  
No longer could fit.  
What you mean.  
And that word is: free.  
Free to change and move.  
And we climb.  
The ladder to heaven.  
In my dream, we're climbing to heaven.  
A sublime satisfaction is waiting.  
Waiting to be consumed.  
As soon as you make a move.  
Ok, nobody knows my truest name.  
Bet you yours is the same.  
You make me feel good.  
I know you have a plan to break away.  
Yes, I overheard.  
Yes, I heard what you said.  
Yes, I heard what you said.  
Ok.  
Pack your bags and slip out.