

# Women, Group Transport Hall

grey balloons  
set towards the sun  
fighting words  
underneath your tongue  
soon we will be laughing  
out there on the landing  
now its too bright  
dancing through the ash  
you made other plans

suicide  
to pick up on the few  
in the dark theres a narrow ??  
soon we will be laughing  
out there on the landing  
now its too bright  
dancing through the ash  
you made other plans