

Got sold steam it's landed right right
Right rose stop comes up to choke us
Knee jerk to the real jerk
Shades in shadows of a too great land
It's here

In the chaos of some billionaires
Some stink among the weeds
It's good to slather on the mantis
It's good to rest upon the clean
With a timber built from ages
Something stirs within the leaves and it can rest upon the paper
Not to keep the seat the same so get up in

Lost love cools
In fact it's only chance
Pray that it's gradually used to win
Lighten my love
Heat-up anger softens too
A whimper just gives in

Is this impulse grown from feelings
Or a cord within the spine?
A finger pauses on the fader
When it's clear the mix is fine
Upshot pot is good for steaming
Not for airing out the gear
A shielded garden gets no liquid
Just a window to the light so let it in