

# A Violent Yet Flammable World

Au Revoir Simone

Oceans shape the sides  
Touching down in the spaces  
Soaking from a warm goodbye  
An early rise offers kindly

Tonight I sleep to dream  
Of a place that's calling me  
It is always just a dream  
Still I cannot forget what I have seen  
The crowd's hard to believe  
At their faces I'm looking  
But your feet I'm following  
In soft steps on a path the way you lead

I don't want to lose myself  
It's a whisper  
It's a funny thing  
We fold like icicles on paper shelves  
It's a pity to appear this way

You're flying when your foreign eyes  
Trace the heights of the city

Steaming  
With rocks and clouds we breathe  
Violent skies  
A shock to my own body  
Speech is wild  
Alive sacred and sounding  
Wild  
From across and beyond, oh far beyond

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It's a whisper  
It's a funny thing  
We fold like icicles on paper shelves  
It's a pity to appear this way

Hold, hold, hold on  
I swear I saw it somewhere  
Waving, wading, one, two, three, above the wakes that follow  
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I swear I saw it somewhere  
Waving, wading, one, two, three, above the wakes that follow

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It's a whisper  
It is always just a dream  
It's a funny thing  
Still I cannot forget what I have seen  
We fold like icicles on paper shelves  
With rocks and clouds we breathe, a shock to my own body  
It's a pity  
Alive sacred and sounding  
To appear this way  
From across and beyond, oh far beyond