

The Swarm

Calla

Sylvia's kissing crosses
Crying for her mother
Guarded by her father
Swears that She hears voices

I could think of a way
If I only stay
Calm as the day grows dim

Dream another wish to
Sleep away tomorrow
Said She's going home now
Home is what She called it

I could think of a way
If I only still gone
As the day grows dim