

## Stromata

Charlotte Martin

The clues to you and I are sprawling out like roads  
And if we find a place for them they won't lead home  
I only meant to say it once but it's too late  
I'm into you and out again

The rotted love manipulates me  
The rotted love that twists the fates seem  
A bit confused by my reflection  
'Cause if we die there's still direction and

I I you we're not thinking my stromata  
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If I can think on purpose then you'll be right here  
A paranoia got the best of what I hold dear  
The cold linoleum is talking up my shoes  
Deciphering the truth of us

And now I know what I'm about to lose  
Now I know what I'm about to choose  
Now we go for some reaction  
A little game of who's distracted more and

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And see the disappointments walking in their line  
But every step they take is perfectly in time  
I'm singing you in every breath I'm left to heave  
I feel your arms surrounding me

And when I'm in a dirty river  
And my receiver meets her giver  
I set a trap to come and catch you  
Oh someone stop me now I can't do this

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