

## On Growing Things

Falling Up

None, none will find us  
Cause they aren't looking  
For things much smaller  
For things that grow

Slow woven sleepers  
We're made of secrets  
We're made of stardust  
We're made to glow

Like a light that they've cast far away  
We will use what they have thrown  
Then they'll finally see  
And fall to their knees  
We were born to always grow

Look through the window  
Watch then spinning  
Pills that keep us  
Far from home

But waves start with ripples  
Then build forever  
Then drown the world  
But we will float