

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