

## Original Sin

Geographer

I waiting for the night to crawl  
into your heart  
A party in a warehouse loft to  
keep you calm  
But this is not the way it always  
used to seem  
And this isn't original for you  
and me

This is an original sin

Lying in our beds at night we  
start to dream  
Eyes moving like flashlights  
under sheets  
Up until the morning hours we  
are set free  
There's nothing across from us  
but what we see

This is an original sin