

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