

# In Blue Music We Trust

Little Comets

You think that you know me  
Through awaken lies  
Assume that I'm only  
A state of mind

My life is like a metaphor  
For everything that's gone before  
You tell me it's a failing  
But I feel fine

So quote to me from books you read  
On what to think and how to need  
Use the same adjectives for the fortieth time

Whispers in my ears oh  
Whispers in my ears oh  
Diluting my tears oh  
The death of all conversation  
Inane but discretely  
These words will defeat me  
Whispers in my ears oh  
The death of all conversation

Floats away  
But I'll be brave  
Believe in all fortune  
Favors the grave

My life's becoming more defined  
And at the age of 29  
You tell me it's elusive  
But I feel loved

I see the kicks beneath her skin  
Elucidates my own being  
And well worn is the promise that I keep inside

Whispers in my ears oh  
Whispers in my ears oh  
Diluting my tears oh  
The death of all conversation  
No words to complete this  
No words to compete with this  
Whispers in my ears oh  
The death of all conversation

And if it's frequent scent  
Then it's the way it is  
'Cause what I've got at home  
Is what I need at home

This is my dilemma  
I hope it makes you tremor  
'Cause what I've got at home  
Is what I need at home

So when it all turns black

From everything you lack  
Is what you've got at home  
What you got at home

So as I'm moving forward  
I only think of these words  
Is what I've got at home  
What I need at home