Boom!

boom

Little Wings

my voice says make room may the hand combat the gloom when the ant comes creeping up i spread my arms so i'd assume my vest starts to bloom with the breath that I consume and I grow like grass on the hillside its the way i leave my tomb was it dark in there at all? it was dark i must admit was it you that i heard call? it was me from yonder pit was it what you thought was you? it was me and someone else i was crying out for you in high and girly swell is the gleam you thought was gone beginning to return? when you lay down on the lawn can't you feel its fiery burn see the rooftops in the sun see the fading afternoon feel the tangle come undone hear the doobydoo boom my voice says make room may the hand combat the gloom when the dark slips in

I spread my arms so why did I consume the depth of its doom with the brightness I resume and I grow green leaves on my branches its the way my blossoms bloom wasn't I the wind that blew? here is that what you allowed to come wildly rushing through you became a gambit howl was it finally coming true it had never ceased to be wasn't i the light that grew wasn't that light born in me here is that what you have touched when you werent trying to it was how you made so much by forgetting what was you see the rooftops in the sun see the fading afternoon feel the tangle come undone hear the doobydoo and like a mountain peak so high and stout i blew my little bloomy guts about i was told i've always been with flashing flood and whipping wind i live with everything that i can't do without