

The Price Of Spring

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close up the door of abandoned self-control
it's like a show where the maps will all unfold
don't tell me why there is a price of spring
uncover other things
the leaves to lie

marked by new growth making circles with a pen
of all unknowns can we wait until the end
don't tell me why there is a price of spring
uncover other things
the leaves to lie

i'll admit to half that should make your map
these words hang frozen and swollen and still
right here i open and close up my will
so there's not one thing
til there's not one thing