

## Inside Madeline

Swans

The engine divine is inside Madeline  
The stardust is yellow and red  
And its mapping out of time inside of her head

Now there's always Madeline  
Rising up from where our limbs intertwined  
Now walking a random invisible line  
Clutching like snow to the side of the vine

You are free, free to do nothing  
You are free to drift across the sky  
You are free to be a shape just becoming  
Now you're free, inside Madeline

Dropping a tear in the palm of my hand  
Making her mark in desolate land  
Bring light to Madeline  
Bring new life to Madeline