

## Clouds

### The Long Winters

Tower likes to fall and cream likes to spoil  
Everything living tries to get back to the soil  
And what seems right and what's made for you  
False prophecy doesn't mean prophecies are true

The ground is so proud just to hold us up  
We're a kiss away from being dangerous  
Kiss me and show me that it's true  
You're depressed about a thing you don't really want to do

Don't try to write your name in the clouds from the ground  
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Final cloud architects with GPS  
Staple-gun carpenters building a 3D mess  
We protest, but it doesn't work again  
You're magic beans mean at least you'll have one giant friend

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