

Horophones

The Love Language

If anyone is listening then listen to these horophones
They'll save you with another kiss or kill you with another blow

Chase me down the mountaintop, drown me in the tide
If all good children go to heaven, then all good children die

We've settled in unsettling rooms that we've been sold
Settling for nothing less than all the landlord's gold
We throw it down the wishing well, along with ours desires
If all bad children go to hell, it's because they want the fire