

Gold Jacket, Green Jacket

lwrestledabearonce

Weeks are just numbers
And numbers are nothing more then crushing stars
Reveal my disposition as I hit the floor
This distance won't label us
Mask imprints left behind by fortunetellers
Our vital bed lay grounded
You will never label us
Provocateur of turquoise ballets
Pedestal to adulation
Lucent skies from your eyes bleed gorgeousness
Take my hand
We'll always be joined at the skin I give you my word
My love some words of comfort here
I am the one fearing open parachutes
But if you jump I'm coming right after you
Tonight we dine on each other
Tonight we dine on each other's sound
Tonight it will always be in our hands
If life tends to keep us apart, I'll cradle myself into you