

Violet
It bleeds purple behind lucid eyes
Negatives flash reverse of real life
Promises made with India ink
Bit your lip there's a flush in your cheeks
Hold it
Mercury pir of travellers and thieves
Grant us speed, wisdom, and winged feet
Flying through the night
Thunderbolt blinding temporary
Born of foam, we ride through moon coloured streets
There's lightening in our hair
Wildcat
Turn the volume turn the tone
Wildcat
I'm in stereo
Pull me close; tell it will always feel so right
In the cold chill of a crisp October night
Can you take a moment turn it infinite?
Tell me
Love is eternal