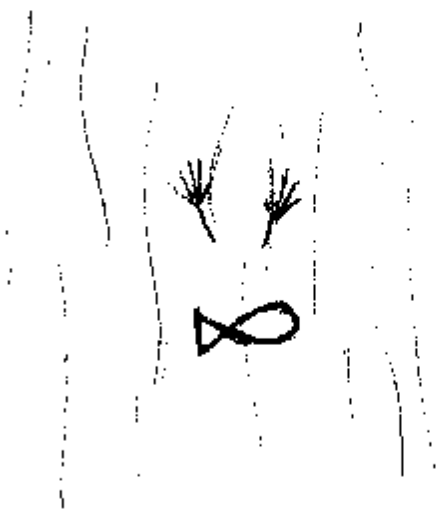


Pruny hands felt health,
 And now I've got the river
 All over myself.



I wish we'd just lay
 Out our insides as we meet...
 Honesty is God.



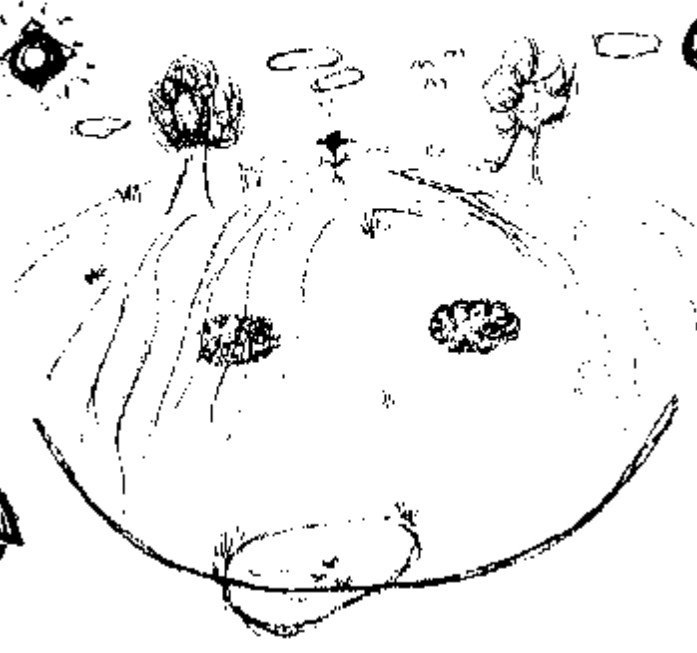
Your eyes are like wells
 Swaying my hanging torso
 As they shrink and swell.



100% [?]?



It's not I miss you...
 It's scared love that you're still here.
 You are in the grass.



Sleeping's just like lust
 When you forget touch and just
 Keep thinking enough.



I'm so impatient...
 Your hearts like a labyrinth
 I can't understand.

