

Ode to My Thalamus

Asaf Avidan

The clouds are gathering in the sky above
I know this one's gonna hurt my love
Birds are shouting through the Mangrove trees
They know the difference between a storm and breeze
I too have felt this once before
I hear that pounding and it's at my door Outside it's boiling, but the water is cold
All signs point to that I'm getting old
The waves are rising and I take that dive
To hold a breath is not to be alive
I felt it then, I feel it now
I know its coming but I don't know how
It's taking us apart
this Helicase of love
We're nothing but post-modern art
what were we thinking of
This is how it has to be
This is how it has to be
This is how it has to be
I'm constructing but I shouldn't be My blood is boiling and the callus is hot
My veins are twisting in a sailor's knot
My Thalamus is growing down into my tongue
And all I taste is pain in every kiss and song
I know this story, and I know it well
The cracks are showing in my pearly shell
Outside I'm shaking and I feel them chills
There go both of my Achilles Heels
I fall down naked waiting for the storm
My arms are open, waiting to transform
The birds go flying, I hear them cry
I know it's coming but I don't know why It's taking us apart, this
Helicase of love
We're nothing but post-modern art
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