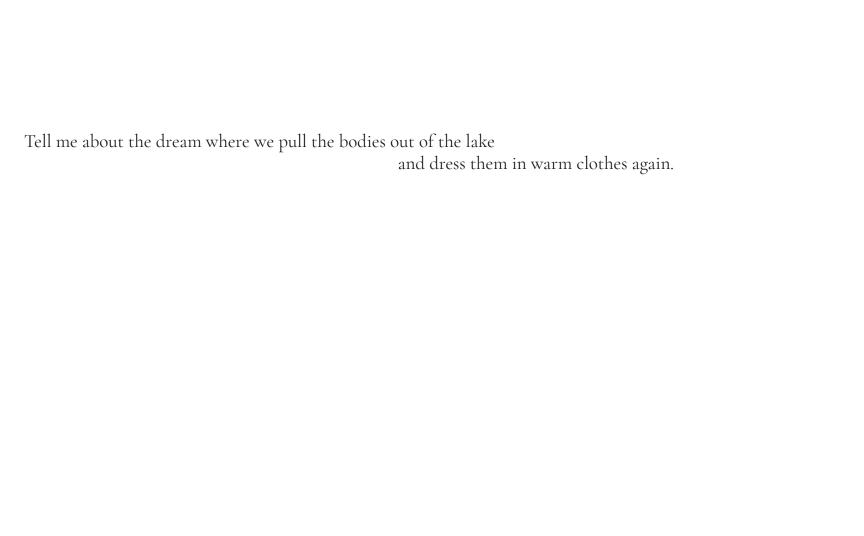
## Scheherazade

Tell me about the dream

Tell me we'll never get used to it.



How it was late, and no one could sleep,

the horses running

the horses running

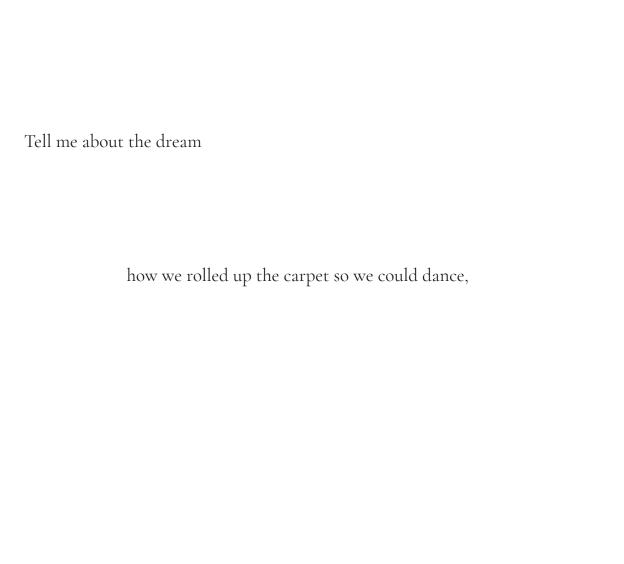
until they forget that they are horses.

It's not like a tree

It's not like a tree where the roots have to end somewhere, it's more like a song

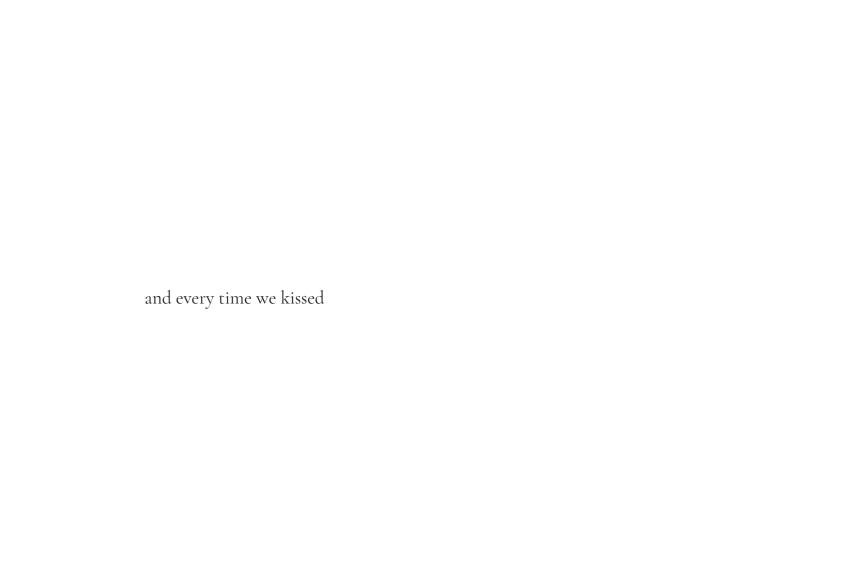
on a policeman's radio,

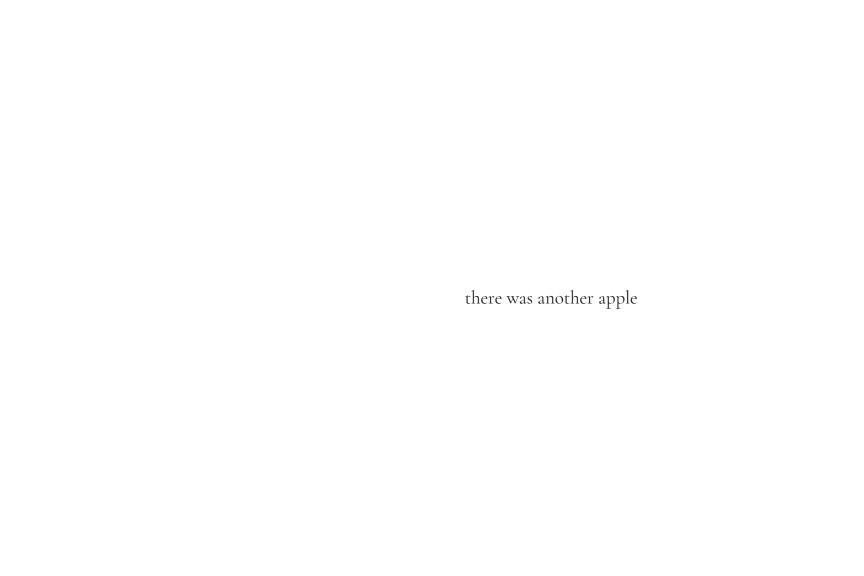
how we rolled up the carpet



were bright red,

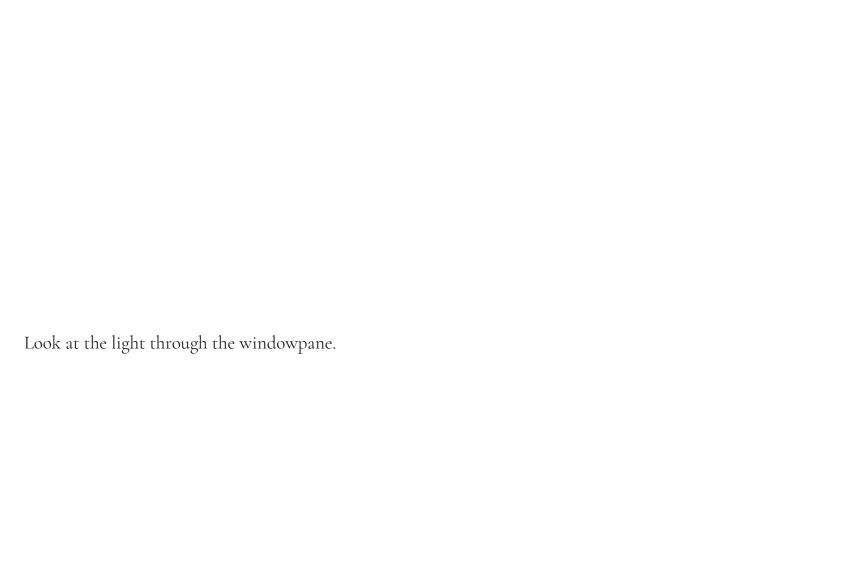
and the days

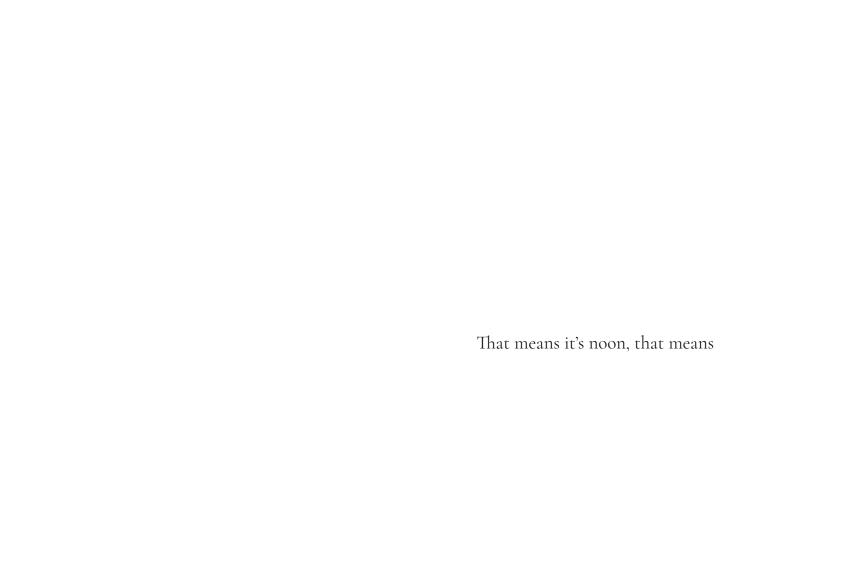


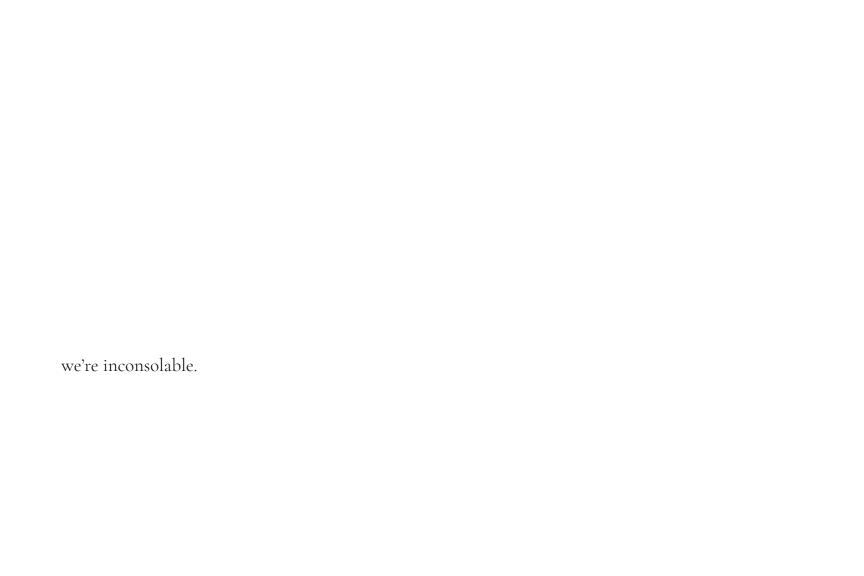


to slice



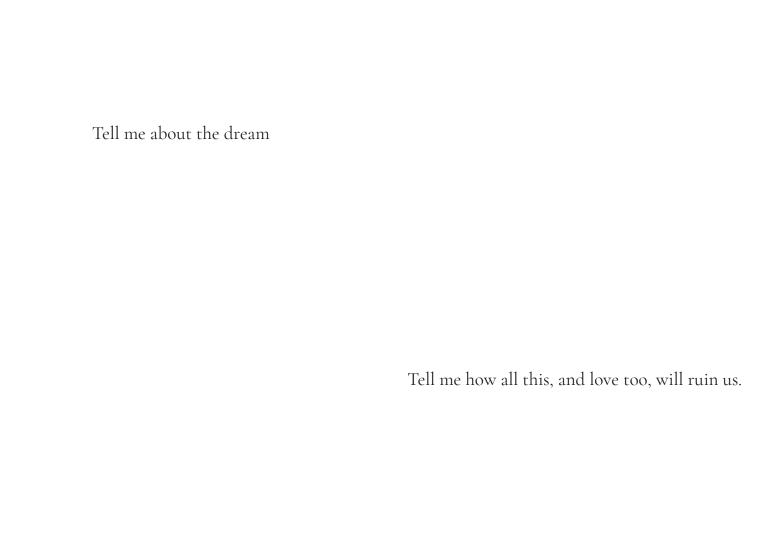






Tell me how all this,

Tell me how all this, and love too,



Tell me how all this, and love too, will ruin us.

Tell me we'll never get used to it.

Tell me how all this, and love too, will ruin us.

These, our bodies, possessed by light.

