

//SPREAD MY THOUGHTS
OUT OVER A BLUSTERY
NIGHT I SHOULD STAND
UP TO A WANED MOON
AS PAIN DRIFTS OFF TO
THE DUSK SING CUTTING
IN MY SWEET
DAYDREAMING AN
OVERT WILL BEFORE
CLOSED EYES TRIES TO
GET AROUND SOME
DIRTY SHEETS//

*Let the sky descend
and recline at your feet
the seas retreat
and disclose the charm
of saline grains.*

*With a move of hand
defy your promise
believes built on solid land.*

*A blow to my pride
a craving for pleasure
justness is mislaid
and can't be found
yet I lay down my will:
your decree and I'll appear.*

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cravune.com

C R A V U N E

FREE PRODUCT
FOR
VOICI LA BOMBE

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PAGE MY ABSENCE
PENSIVE GRACE
INCOMPREHENSIBLE EGOTISM
GLAZED EYES

THERE IS NO ABSENCE
THERE IS NO PAIN