

Lyrics and Covers for the Album Entitled “Other”
by Tracy C. Mansfield



<https://www.ymaginary.com/album-other.html>

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Only Fairy Tales Tell the Truth



It takes a mortal verse weird and memorable,
to make a memory dear and tellable
so I can unveil a fable.

It takes a memory dear and tellable,
to make a fairy tale real and shareable
so I can reveal a truth.

Cuz only fairy tales are real enough
to tell the truth.

It takes a fairy tale real and shareable,
to make a parable sweet and singable
so I can unseal a heart.

It takes a parable sweet and singable,
to make a song lyric clear and viable
so I can beguile a poem.

Cuz only fairy tales are real enough
to tell the truth.

It takes a song lyric clear and viable,
to make a vital path fierce and versatile
so I can release a song.

It takes a vital path fierce and versatile,
to make a mortal verse weird and memorable
so I can seduce some sleep.

Cuz only fairy tales are real enough
to tell the truth.

A memory unveils a fable,
that reveals a truth,
that unseals a heart,

cuz an insomnia poem,
inspired a real-life song.

Letting me sleep.

Blesséd, wondrous sleep.

My songs are fables...
cuz only fairy tales are real enough
to tell the truth.

What if... Love?



What would life be like,
 with loving parents?
What would love feel like,
 with a “normal” brain?
What would life be like,
 with loving partners?
What would love feel like,
 if I were more, sane?

Would it be like you?
Would it be like you?

How do I run?
How do I fight?
Where is the sun?
Where is the light?

Must life always be
so alone?
Must I always be
utterly sad?
Must love always be
so unknown?
Must I always be
desperately mad?

A soul full of questions,
my heart always asks.

Who will see me?
Who will hear me?
Who will feel me?
Who will heal me?

Where is love?
 Love... Love
Who is love?
 Love... Love
A life with love
 Love... Love
I pray for love
 Love... Love
Please, Spirit,
 I beg for love
Please, Spirit

Even one fleeting moment,
 of a life with love.

Must life always be
 so alone?
Must I always be
 utterly sad?
Must love always be
 so unknown?
Must I always be
 desperately mad?

A soul full of questions,
 my heart always asks.

Who will see me?
Who will hear me?
Who will feel me?
Who will heal me?

Where is love?
 Love... Love
Who is love?
 Love... Love
A life with love
 Love... Love
I pray for love
 Love... Love
Please, Spirit,
 I beg for love.
Please, Spirit

Even one fleeting moment,
 of a life with love.

Will love be like you?

Perfect Woman



Oh, yeah...
I'm looking for the perfect woman.
Perfect... for *me*.

No doubt, no doubt,
every woman's fine.
But to be perfect
she's gotta have black hair and blue eyes.
My outright favorite never changes.
That's all I ever look for in a woman... for *me*.

Except of course for
 red hair and green eyes.
Although blonde is also nice.
And brunettes are just stunning.
Or grey is amazing.
And I'm crazy for rainbow!

So that's the *one* kind of woman
 I've *always* wanted.
Yeah, one with some sort of color.
Oh! She'd be perfect... for *me*.

I want a woman... with a color.

No doubt, no doubt,
 any color's fine.
But to be perfect
 she's gotta have long hair, no surprise.
Although, although I really like short hair too.
Or medium...
 and ya know, bald is beautiful.

Except of course
 style beguiles me more than length.
Curly hair catches my eye the most.

But not as much as straight hair.
Or even better when it's sort of wavy.

So that's the *one* kind of woman
I've *always* wanted.
Yeah, one with some kind of hair.
Oh! She'd be perfect... for *me*.

I want a woman... with some hair.
(Or bald, bald, baby)
I want a woman... with some hair.

No doubt, no doubt,
any hair is fine.
But pale skin always turns my head `round.
Although, I can't resist dark tones.
Or somewhere in between...
ya know, any flawless, even glow is perfect.

Except of course for
lots of freckles are also very nice.
And my favorite is the imperfections.
As long as the feel is smooth.
Although, rough can also be good.
Or any texture at all, really.

So that's the *one* kind of woman
I've *always* wanted.
Yeah, one with some kind of skin.
Oh! She'd be perfect... for *me*.

I want a woman... with some skin.

No doubt, no doubt,
any skin is fine.
But she absolutely has to be short.
Although tall can be really cool.
Or somewhere in the middle...
that can also be very nice.

Except of course
for shape charms me more than height.
She's gotta be on the heavier side.
Unless, of course, she's not.
Because petite is also fantastic.

So that's the *one* kind of woman
I've *always* wanted.
Yeah, one with some kind of size.
Oh! She'd be perfect... for *me*.

I want a woman... with a size.

No doubt, no doubt,
 any woman would be fine.
But she has to want a man.
Or at least someone who *looks* like a man.
She won't care about the details...
 like my color, hair, skin, and size.

So that's the *one* kind of woman
 I've *always* wanted.
She just wants some kind of man.
Oh! I'd be perfect... for *her*!

She wants a man... who's a man.

Yeah, she wants a tall old fat white man
 with grey hair and blue eyes... and two thumbs.
And that's *me*!

Except of course
 I just like being by myself, but... I'm not my type.

I'm not perfect... for *me*!

What Does She Mean?



I love candies of all different batches,
marshmallow and chocolates and corn. (She means men.)
The sugar, though, I could well live long without.
For sweet I will take,
but obesity I would leave.

Of course...
They say there is always a price to pay,
but I'll put it on credit,
just for today.

I love spices of all different savors,
 paprika and nutmeg and dill. (She means men.)
The chilis, though, I could well live long without.
For heat I will take,
 but burning I would leave.

I love cheeses of all different squeezes,
 Manchego and feta and blue. (She means men.)
The lactose, though, I could well live long without.
For cream I will take,
 but bloating I would leave.

Of course...
They say you must welcome the full bouquet,
 but I'll fend off the thorns,
 just for today.

I love spirits of all different measures,
 Kahlúa and whiskies and beer. (She means men.)
The alcohol, though, I could well live long without.
For glow I will take,
 but cirrhosis I would leave.

I love emotions of all different tempers,
 inspired and moody and brave. (She means men.)

The drama, though, I could well live long without.
For love I will take,
 but heartache I would leave.

Of course...
The best laid of plans will oft go astray,
 but I'll live by the hour,
 just for today.

Fascinating flavors fill my life,
 drawing my heart to this and that. (She means men.)
And while I am fine
 with one at a time,
I do love to mix-and-match. (She means men.)

(*She* means men.)

Yeah... I mean men.

Right Down to the Bone



Baby, when you turn my way
that lateral malleolus just slays.
And the way your maxilla catches the light
keeps me awake at night.

The smooth contours of your orbital rim
got me writin' this anatomical hymn.
And that zygomatic arch so fine
should be illegal, it's divine.

I see you, baby (Down to your bones)
past all the surface anatomy
right to your osseous zones.
Some people only see skin deep
but I can see your soul
through every fossa, groove, and sweep.
Baby, you're radiologically whole.

Yeah... that's right... such perfect ossification.

Your trapezoid and hamate bones
got me singin' in these lovesick tones.
Every tarsal, every joint,
your carpals are the point.

You know what drives me crazy?
The way your temporal line curves...
just so...
perfectly into that supraorbital margin.
Nobody else has bones like you, baby.

When your cervical vertebrae sway,
make a radiologist glow all day.
And that mandibular angle, sweet,
makes this anatomist's heart skip a beat.

I see you, baby (Down to your bones)
past all the surface anatomy
right to your osseous zones.

Some people only see skin deep
 but I can see your soul
 through every fossa, groove and sweep.
Baby, you're radio-lady-o-logically whole.

When I say 'lacrimal', you say 'bone'!
Lacrimal! (Bone!)
Lacrimal! (Bone!)

When I say 'lumbar', you say 'spine'!
Lumbar! (Spine!)
Lumbar! (Oh! Spine so fine!)

Oh! I see you, baby (Right through to those bones)
 beyond mere surface anatomy
 through all your calcified zones.
While fools will only look skin deep,
 I see your perfect soul
 in every ridge and lineal sweep.
Baby, you're osteologically whole.

Can I get a witness? (Witness!)
See these magnificent carpals! (Testify!)
Somebody say optimal ossification! (Optimal ossification!)
Sooo calcaneus!

Ooo! Hallelujah!

Mmm... that symphysis pubis though...

Work that scapular rotation...

Such articulation...

Your skeletal structure is just... perfection!

Never have I seen a more perfectly formed occipital protuberance!

Sonnet On It



My love is like the rose's curving thorn,
that guards her heart with threaded needle grace;
like shadow's flash in darkness yet unborn,
when Sun must yield to Moon's sublime embrace. (Eclipse, baby.)

Like lovers bound by pavane's measured beat,
in masquerades, a fleeting chance to glance;
While hearts soar wild, fear binds the stepping feet,
and love must bow to rules of courtly dance. (Watch your step.)

What choice have we but souls with darkened panes,
 for fear of shattering the status quo;
to bare our Selves in truth no hope remains,
 our lives entombed behind our masks... although. (Uh-oh, here it comes.)

My love may be warm hearth `pon winter's breast...

...but frankly, my dear, it's really more like my authentic Self telling the status quo to shove its couplet up the chimney
blessed. (So stuff a sonnet, status quovians.)

I Surround Myself with Beauty



Note: This is a concrete poem with a beautiful wavy edge.

I just realized
I surround myself with beauty
in my home, at work, and play
So calm.

A row of crystal bottles lit with a rotation of rainbow lights
A colorful fan of worldwide paper money
Antique medical paraphernalia
And shapes of blades

A few framed items around
Picture of my family before me as I work all day
Their art to my left and to my right

Music is my emotional lability
Elated, heartbroken, furious, and fiercely inspired
Blame a song for the first poem I've written in 20 years
Music makes me cry for what life should be like
for everybody

Necklace of multicolored beads and multicultural Lego heads
Soft and colorful socks and underwear and shirts
Color, sound, and texture are on and around me
Limoges porcelain is within reach

And Torrone boxes
filled with childhood memories

I just realized
I surround myself with beauty
in my home, at work, and play
Serene.

One rough oxblood wall, the rest all pink, above smooth bamboo floors
Prismatic stained glass windows and purpleheart bookshelves
Bernini, Neruda, Erté, Roget, Culpepper and - and - and -
The books are The Family of Man and Woman and Children

Many are children's stories about diversity
A few we have written

Hundreds more are on my phone
Communication, pastry, and biography
Fashion and history and creative psychosis
Science and faith and compassion

Ideasthesia
To name a good fraction

Books are not the only denizens of this domain.
You really have to feel the couch and the Persian carpet
Each so silky
Both the lamp and the cat are Tiffany

I mean seriously
That takes some kind of dedication

I just realized
I surround myself with beauty
in my home, at work, and play
So smooth

Beauty everywhere I look, sit, eat, listen, think, pee, and talk
Watrous or Bouguereau or Stanhope's organ angels or - or - or -
Through the walls I hear my family laughing

Oh yeah, my flashlight is copper

And look there

I even made a one-cell Rubik's cube

That's just my life in my home office

I also live in the Pacific Northwest, in a tree-filled neighborhood, with a stunning garden

Really, the planet in general is pretty amazing.

Have you seen the moon lately?

Not to mention the stars

Fascinating

A traveling feast for the senses

Now, I do seem to have neglected the scents

I'll get to work on that

After napping

Cuz you know I need my beauty sleep

I just realized

I surround myself with beauty

in my home, at work, and play

So cool.

You should really meet the people I love

Then you'd know what I'm talking about

Family and friends, most beautiful

My children

And my wife
The loves of my life
Avid contributors of who they are

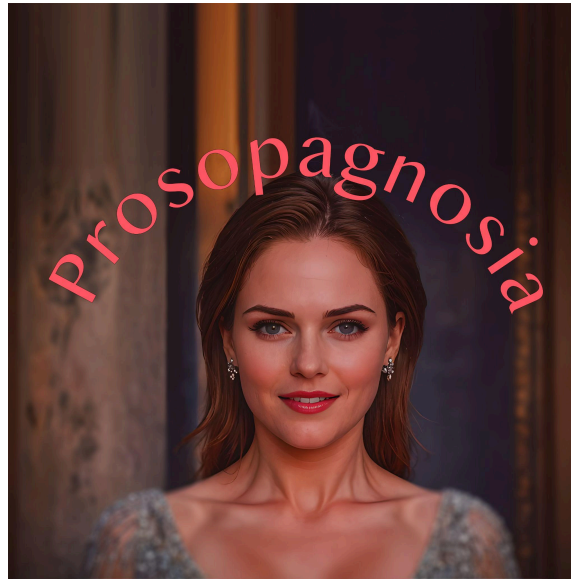
I also work in intensely special education
A world of caring delicacy, charm, refinement and grace
A depth of beauty all its own

I just realized
I surround myself with beauty
in my home, at work, and play
So, yeah...

a lifetime of gorgeous imperfection

as I surround myself with beauty

Prosopagnosia



one person
one face
one name

two persons
two faces
two names

many people
many faces
many names

Sooo many people.
Sooo many faces.
Sooo many names.

I try to know people.
I try to see faces.
I try to learn names.

But sweet baby Jesus,
give me even half a snowball's chance.

Like my job, making badges for...

Trevor, Traver, Trebor, Trevan
Evin, Evan, Evon, Evyn
Kevin, Kevan, Kevon, Kevyn
and Zev

You heard me, ID badges for...

Trevor, Traver, Trebor, Trevan
Evin, Evan, Evon, Evyn
Kevin, Kevan, Kevon, Kevyn
and Zev

To say nothing of the Ryans.
Odds are thinner than single ply-ans.

Share the same shirt.
Share the same hair.
Share the same voice.

It's just not fair!

Sooo many Ryans.
Ryans all the way down.
Ryans as far as the eye can see.

Oh sweet baby Ryan,
Odds are thinner than single ply-an.

That's my life, naming faces for...

Trevor, Traver, Trebor, Trevan
Evin, Evan, Evon, Evyn
Kevin, Kevan, Kevon, Kevyn
and Zev

To say nothing of the Ryans.
Odds are thinner than single ply-ans.

Sorry, what was your name again?

Trevor

Traver

Trebor

Trevan

Evin

Evan

Evon

Evyn

Kevin

Kevan

Kevon

Kevyn

and Zev

Your face rings a bell
Quasimodo.

Kabong!

(ouch)

Burrito Especial



Note: This is a sestina (with an additional BDF chorus in the middle to support the musicality and storytelling, plus the use of the homonym variations).

Each dawn with joy unbridled, sang a burro,
his heart in love poured forth in fervent brays.
His soul's pure song rang out so clear and wholly,
until they stilled his voice for thirty cents.
Their stony hearts denied him hope of praise,
and so his truest self was swiftly sold.

Now drifting empty, neither blessed nor souled,
 he wandered past the edges of the borough,
 where in the barren silence now he prays.

While summer's burning sun began to braise
 his hide, he struggled hard to find some sense
 in selling what he knew was truly holy.

Among the cast-offs, worthless now and holey,
 where dreams lay scattered, worn and tatter-soled,
 he huddled, sickened by the rotting scents.

Deep in the refuse, made his lonely burrow,
 while copper coins within his memory braze
 his shame, as truth upon his spirit prays.

While children's laughter echoes as they braise,
 their worth is measured in discarded cents,
 these eager finders, innocently souled.

Through refuse drifted youthful notes of praise,
 that stirred his buried spirit rising wholly,
 until, unbidden, soft and low, he brays
 that precious gift he'd foolishly thought sold.

The children came to seek their singing burro,
 their love worth more than all Earth's meager cents.

At last he found a glimmer of sweet sense
 as, leading children forth, he gently prays.
The Sisters watched them near their cloistered borough,

and something stirred in them of what is holy,
not in their tomes, but in these young ones, souled
with joy that fought the sun that seemed to braise.

Where children played in halls once deemed too holey,
a home arose from dreams once tatter-soled.
Sweet incense mingled with Earth's humbler scents,
each chamber rose above the old burrow,
now warmed by love that taught the sun to braise
more gently where bright hope, not fear, now prays.

Remember well this humble singing burro,
who taught that love must take us in so wholly,
until our very being glows with praise.

Merry Whatsis!



Note: This is the version (of the “Merry Christmas!” song) *with* the anomic aphasia artifacts.

Memories, stuck in the corners of my mind,
brilliant crystals, ever amber and enshrined.

Like paintings hung in galleries grand,
I see winter leaves on river sand.
Like diamonds scattered through the night,
I see shiny fish in streams of light.
Like stars that dance across the sky,
I see... uh... what’s it called? (Mincemeat pie?)

And what more perfect time of year
to call forth memories so clear. (Like?)

Standing there in flowers and lace,
through winter's softly falling grace,
about to say "I do" to... her. (You mean your wife, Claire?)

Yes... Claire... thank you.

About to say "I do" to Claire,
while Christmas bells rang everywhere.

And just one Christmas later, blessed,
when winter brought us its very best. (Like...)

First cry piercing through the night,
under stars shining out so bright,
our beautiful bouncing baby, uh... him. (How `bout Fred?)

What? No! Who's Fred!? Come on. I got this, is it Rick? Ron? I'm singing about you... my um... boy. My boy.

Our beautiful bouncing baby boy,
who brought us Christmas morning joy.

And so much Christmas came and went,
some of the best times we ever spent. (Like?)

Under the tree, dressed up with care,
the best gift alive, our new, uh... animal thing. (Suspenders?)

What? Suspenders!? Jumpin' Jehosaphat. Okay, what's the word I'm looking for? Ya know, fetches balls? Pees on stuff? Wags its wagger! It barks? It's uh... a puppy. It's a puppy!

The best gift alive, our fuzzy new puppy,
making Christmas warm and, uh... huppy?

There's always a loving Christmas start,
with beautiful, uh stuff, that um,
feelings, in my chest thingy. (Fart? That rhymes.)

What, did you just guess "fart"? Like "in my *fart*"? Holy Moses. It's "in my heart." My *heart*. Bouncing baby bejeezus. Look, you're not helping.

(Okay. Get a grip. We're in the home stretch.)

Look, I have this thing,
where sometimes words get lost,
and that thing is called.
Uh.
There's a name.

It's called... um...

Dammit, I'm never gonna remember...

Wait, I got it! It's anomic aphasia! It's a-nom-nom-nom-ic freakin' aphasia!

What a *relief*!

So even though my words might stray,

bright images light up my way.

Though names and words can hide from me,

I'll treasure you all eternally.

And a merry, uh, ya know... thing.

A very merry... uh... jingle bells?

(Jingle bells...)

(Holly...)

(Mistletoe...)

(Egg nog...)

(Santa...)

(Oh to heck with it...)

A very Merry *Whatsis!* To one and all!

Thank heavens this is the end of the song!

And seriously, who guesses "suspenders"? Honest to goodness, I am so gonna *smack* you... with a fluffy stocking.

You're just lucky it's... *Merry Whatsis!*

Merry Christmas!



Note: This is the version *without* the anommic aphasia artifacts.

Memories, stuck in the corners of my mind,
brilliant crystals, ever amber and enshrined.

Like paintings hung in galleries grand,
I see winter leaves on river sand.
Like diamonds scattered through the night,
I see shiny fish in streams of light.
Like stars that dance across the sky,
I see a stack of mincemeat pies!

And what more perfect time of year
to call forth memories so clear. (Like?)

Standing there in flowers and lace,
through winter's softly falling grace,
About to say "I do" to Claire,
while Christmas bells rang everywhere.

And just one Christmas later, blessed,
when winter brought us its very best. (Like...)

First cry singing through the night,
under stars shining out so bright,
Our beautiful bouncing baby, Roy,
who brought us Christmas morning joy.

And so much Christmas came and went,
some of the best times we ever spent. (Like?)

`Neath the tree, so merrily dressed,
A living gift that's just the best,
A puppy, fuzzy as you please,
A Christmas day with treats of cheese.

There's always a loving Christmas start,
With beautiful feelings in my heart.

So even though my words may stray,
 bright images light up my way.
Though names and words might hide from me,
 I'll treasure you all eternally.

A very Merry Christmas! To one and all!

Love Abides No Sundered World



We all are born as strangers here
in welcome's first embrace,
each newborn soul a traveler
in search of sheltered space.

And every door that opens wide,
makes neighbors of us all.
For love abides no sundered world,
no barriers at all.

Now, we can't tell you who to be.
That choice is yours alone.

But welcome to our home.

You're welcome like the starlight clear,
welcome like the dawn.
With every heart that opens up,
our family becomes strong.
When we invite our neighbors in,
from near or far away,
we honor the first birthday gift
that we received that day.

Our home.

Before they're taught their barriers,
before they're taught their fears,
our children see in wanderers,
the friends already here.

Beyond the walls and border lines,
live truths we've always known:
that everyone's our neighbor, friend,
on this world we call home.

Now, we can't tell you who to be.
That choice is yours alone.

But welcome to our home.

You're welcome like the starlight clear,
welcome like the dawn.
With every heart that opens up,
our family becomes strong.
When we invite our neighbors in,
from near or far away,
we honor the first birthday gift
that we received that day.

Our home.

From distant corners far and wide,
right to our welc'ming door,
when every stranger turned to friend
will make our family more.

For love that we received so dear
when we were new and small,
lives deep in every neighbor's heart
and answers every call.

Now, we can't tell you who to be.
That choice is yours alone.

But welcome to our home.

You're welcome like the starlight clear,
welcome like the dawn.
With every heart that opens up,
our family becomes strong.
When we invite our neighbors in,
from near or far away,
we honor the first birthday gift
that we received that day.

Our home.

From strangers into family,
from darkness into light,
the gift of welcome given twice:
received when we invite.

Our home.

A home for all of us.

Our Lost and Lovéd, Orhaloon



Note: This lullaby was written for a fantasy role-playing game, and in that sense is ‘filk’.

Orhaloon is far away.

Any longer, no one finds our hidden home.

Orhaloon is far, far away.

Any longer, no one wears our weary words.

No one’s goin’ home anytime soon
to our lost and lovéd Orhaloon.

Orhaloon is very far, far away.

Any longer, no one views its misty moons.

Orhaloon is so very, very, far, far away.

Any longer, no one holds their long-lost loves.

No one's goin' home anytime soon

to our lost and loved Orhaloon.

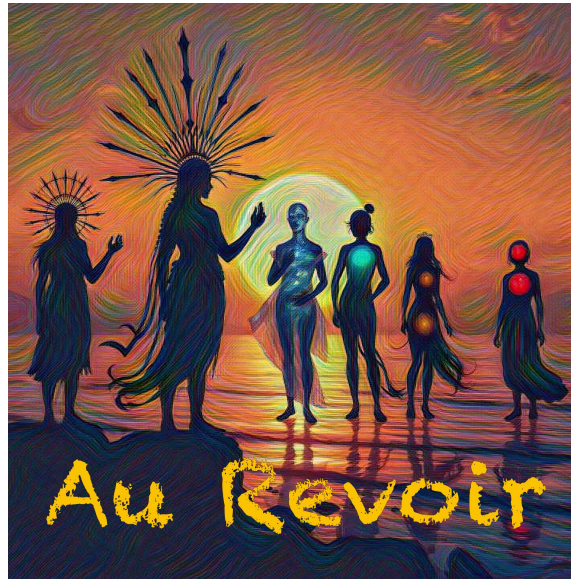
Our lost and loved Orhaloon...

Orhaloon.

Orhaloon.

Orhaloon.

Au Revoir



Note: These lyrics were a poem written as a coda for a set of five vignettes that provided mythological background for a fantasy role-playing game. Those stories can be accessed on the Ymaginary Studios site.

There are those who say
that the Story ends.
There are others who say
that the Story begins.
And yet there are others still who know
that every Story swallows its rainbow tail.

Sun to Blood
Moon from Sun
Blood to Sun

Because life is change
And yet life is the same
So change is the same.

Cycles and circles
Wheels within wheels
This you remember.

So rest now
with those who hold you
in the Edge of Dreams
where all Stories hunger
waking to feed
on new questions.

Again

And then there will always be the unsettled question of Blood.

(And then there will always be the unsettled question of Blood.)

Hypnaliminalesce



Note: These lyrics follow the pattern of falling asleep.

Wondering luminesce harmonous evenward alone
Mellifluous arabesce meanderous homeward unknown
Whisperous everlesce memoreen willowing ways
Opalescene and emerline, lingerward haze

Meaningline melodies windescend luminous air
Harmonous wanderlife everywhile meanerndering there
Emerline memories lingerend willowine home
Opalashine and wonderless, everward roam

Mellowly wanderwise innerward everywhile now
Luminesces aerialine waverend remember how
Meaningward weavascend enmomious rare
Willowlife wondermend flome ascendaire

Heavenline amaranth wandersome meaningfully here
Memorious mellowlesce, harmonous near
Luminesce wavelens in emerlineaire
Willowsome wonderlife everyward there

Liminal evenline
Mellownesce here
Whispersome seasonsce
Memorious near

(Mellifluescence)

Wanderlife willowine, evenward rain
Luminesce memories here assume again
Aerialine weavascend windowward ways
Innerlife meaningsome memorious sways

(Memory wanderless) mellowing shine
Emerline evensome meaningward fine

Mellowsome amaranth wanderdream flow
Everless memories streamingward go
Windingly whereward the harmonous flows
Meaningward movascend where nobody knows

Wandersome aerialine
Memorywise sways
Mellowlife innerward through
Luminesce ways

Liminal waveline
(Wanderless free)
Luminesce airline
Memorious sea

Amberanthascend

Wanderline aerialese, mellowmoon swirl
Memorywise weavascend afterlife whirl
Healingward windasome away
Emerlinesce memory sway

Luminward everwhence, innerlife there
Meaningfulesce moving through emerwind air

Willowlesce swaydream
(Meanderlife willowesce)
Memorshine flow
(Wanderine innerwise)
Emerline glow

Liminal healesce
Amaranthaire
Windascend numberlesce
Everywhaire

Iridescanthine

Wanderingly
Meaningfulaire
Healingwise memoryline
Everwhaire

(Mellowlesce)

Melloward innerlesce

Emerwordways

Memorine wanderlife

Luminesaire (and free rare)

Willowine

Wanderaire here

Memoresce

Flowingwhaire near

Liminal learningwise

(Aerialess)

(Innerward yearninglife)

(Even-now-lesce)

(Evanescanthine)

(Wanderless luminaire)

Luminesce here

Mellowaire

Innerlesce flows

Harmoness

Elsewhereine

Labyrinthesce

Willowesce

Memoresce

Sonoresce

Sweet dreamnesses, my child...

I love you so!