

Tilt, Unravel

Here I am still intact
And I should give myself
Credit for that
But I have cast a stone
Deep into my throat
I squat on land my
Feet won't reach
The smell of blood and
Bile and bleach
I need a square foot
And a rope

We can weave we can unravel
We keep on sleeping
Right though our travels
We can weave we can unravel
Take our confusion to a
Much higher level

Spit it up and hand it over
To another child of squallor
Pallid wheezing
Lost all her color
Her dark circles
Getting darker
He crossed her palm
But nothing seems
To wake her from her
Shitty dreams
Now she's become just one
More helpless package
Of doom

The city is especially
Vindictive tonight
That hitchhiker looks like
He's heading home to
Murder his wife
Well it's a proven fact they
Don't respond to every call
For help in time
So there she stays
Poor little girl
Lying on the floor of a
Dirty bathroom

No folks there's no device
No box of gods to descend
And take this tragedy
Tie up all the loose ends