

# Wide Mouth Mason, Shot Down Satellites

I crawl home from underneath a stone  
Shaking all the pebbles out  
Telephone screaming all alone  
I'll go out and walk it off  
Body shivers mind is racing all over tonight  
Sky is burning riders coming for shot down satellites  
I don't know where your feather tongue  
Is at when the fork is out  
Stole the cold from the under winter snow  
Froze in the rising sun