

The Hole We Are In

Disillusion

A fire grew
In the snow
In the cold
In the yard
Will this be ever ever named in an appendix?

Took some time to figure out
To figure out what it would mean
That maybe I was blinded by a sheen

Smelled like me
Smelled like you
Smelled like the things that we've been into

To dare a leap
Off to sweep
To get rid a square of disbelief

To have tried
To have lied
To have slipped and get back on your feet

We have it all
Down in your hole
Dancing with the shadows of the dead

Flames go high out of sight
Beyond contrite, take a bite
And I am wrapped in a peculiar scent of cumin

Took some time to figure out
To figure out what it would mean

Smells like me
Smells like you
Smells like the things that we've been into

Dare a leap
Off to sweep
We are dancing with the shadows of the dead

A fire grew
In the snow
In the cold
In the yard
Will this be ever named in your appendix?

Took some time to figure out
To figure out what it would mean
That maybe I was blinded by a sheen

The hole you're in
A whole year in
and I keep receiving invitations

Dare a leap
Off to sweep

We are dancing with the shadows