

Dancing Behind My Eyelids

múm

See the fog on the horizon
It's dancing
And it smell like a teenager

See the bones behind my eyelids
They're dancing
And it sounds like tap-dancing shoes

See the bones behind my eyelids
They're dancing
And it sounds like tap-dancing shoes

Worms on the bones under beds
Of insomniac eaten teenagers
They whisper
And it sounds like a crooked flute