

Comatose (III. Home and Dry)

Pendragon

you are the path, you are the sun
you are the light that shines the way
you are the honey that drips on open lips
from every word you say
you are the warmth, you are the seed that's sown to grow and reach the stars
Then in some ways this messianic tombstone falls
and I start to wonder why you feel so fucking dangerous
They only call to say hello
they cannot waste these precious words
the only fools that fool you now
might make you never come back to us.
If God should want us to survive
he'd reach out with his magic words
and bring you back to us alive
bring you back home and dry

They only stop to say hello
they follow all the footprints
in the golden sands that clear blue skies
which road to take they ask not why

You are the voice that steals my choice
and leads me helpless through the fire.
You are the acid that drips that burns my thoughts
ensures my foothold slips
And one day, while allucinating in red and gold
the Hendrix posters yellow and old
it's time for me to head back home

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which road to take they ask not why
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