

## 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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they follow all the footprints  
in the golden sands that clear blue skies  
which road to take they ask not why  
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