

Take all the little things away
Seek all the dimensions that stray
From my eyes
Dig holes in me with wooden carved trowels
Hold still in me the hops
That left its guard down

Waking up is easy but you're breaking my whole thesis
I'm gone, feel it, but you're flowing with the shaman, and another thing
I'm in love with truth and sick and tired of this youth
And thinking that you're falling, but you're stalling when you're holding me

I'll grow bitters on the borders of your whistling skin
I'll sew pockets of the locks that fall from your bristling chin
Keep all my secrets in the trinkets
Dangling from the walls
Take what you are make it sacramental

I'm in love with truth and sick and tired of this youth
I want it to be easy but I'm queasy at the thought of it
I don't need no proof, no lucky charm, no wisdom tooth
To know it in the same way of that feeling when you're loving me...

Brew you a warm drink out of
My tattered hulls
Build you thick paper out of
My clumsy skull
Soundly discreet make
Your bouldering shoulders glow
My grand loves
I'll not finish what I done started

I'm sick of this, you're sick of that, I'm not as dumb as that
(My sacred pining whims, my sacred vining whims)
[repeat]

I'll stake rare toothpicks in my dirt filled heart
Meander the sacred lot of you
In every season

See that visual
You are invincible
You hold it for your halo song