

Here in my cot where my cot loves me
i'll stay here while in the cotton wool cocoon
'til the chrysalis is ripe 'til the time is right
with this feeling of insecurity
i have to shrink back inside run and hide
back in the cocoon hugging my knees
watching my insides the skinned glow worm writhings

Lying in blankets i've been here a while
tapping out rhythms against the mattress and wall
the heat melts the sheets another layer is peeled
tapping out rhythms...
just my cot, the wallpaper and me
i've been here a while tapping out rhythms

Still finding charms in the memory of those constrictor arms
glowing in the dark in my luminous green
a pearl beaded lizard bathed in a gossamer scent
with my heat detector lip pit pulling at the newly formed tissue
lying in blankets i've been here a while
tapping out rhythms ... against the mattress and wall

Waiting to lose the bandages
waiting for new appendages
lying in blankets i've been here a while
i've been here too long banging out rhythms
listen for other tappings

banging out rhythms
back in the cocoon