

## Requiem: 820 Latham

The 5th Dimension

When I came to you there in that cold  
Telephone pole horror of the night  
And you came out to meet me  
In that filmy thing and sat down on the porch swing  
And I knew the moon would melt  
Before I held you to my breast, like that again, yeah  
Why could I not die then, warm, behind the curtains of your hair

When we stopped the clock on that cold rock  
Mixed our hot young blood with granite dust,  
And I raised my head to kiss the sweat  
That hung like honey from your Goddess brow,  
And I knew the mountain side would be  
Ten million years of dust and rust before I took you up there again, yeah  
Why could I not die then, warm, behind the curtains of your hair

Instead I was found dead and well  
Carrying on my life, with much gusto and death breath  
Buried without casket and no one writes my epitaph  
'Cause they heard that I'm still breathing and they think that  
means, I'm still alive  
I'm still alive

And I knew the mountain side would be  
Ten million years of dust and rust before I took you up there again

And why could I not die then, warm, behind the curtains of your  
hair  
Why could I not die then, since it doesn't really matter where