

## The Hill Dwellers

## The Doors

Way back deep into the brain  
Back where there's never any pain.  
And the rain falls gently on the town.  
And in the labyrinth of streams  
Beneath, the quiet unearthly presence of  
Nervous hill dwellers in the gentle hills around,  
Reptiles abounding  
Fossils, caves, cool air heights.  
Each house repeats a mold  
Windows rolled  
Beast car locked in against morning.  
All now sleeping  
Rugs silent, mirrors vacant,  
Dust blind under the beds of lawful couples  
Wound in sheets.  
And daughters, smug  
With semen eyes in their nipples  
Wait  
There's been a slaughter here.  
Don't stop to speak or look around  
Your gloves & fan are on the ground  
We're getting out of town  
We're going on the run  
And you're the one I want to come