

Walking In The Dark

Throwing Muses

I can't forgive a dream
You own a question
It's a body
You can make me cry

You have a right
I can see you live
I can't forget you die
You own a question

It's a garden
You can
You can
Can where'd you go

Where'd you
Boxing writhing twist and burrow
Walking in the dark
A hunter

Runner
Walking
Picking up the sticks
I had a dream

I had a dream
Rub the peers away
They don't invade me
I just turned 35

A round bottomed beaker
I could glow
I could glow and swell
I could glow

Turn black
Turn back
Ride and forget
My ghost of seasons past

Asked this bedroom what to say
I said stay I have to sleep
Tangled in my families hair
Build a house of sticks and grow

The grass and build a mask
Pull the grapes
Turn black
Turn back

I can't say it till you grow a face
Walking in the dark