

## Creep On Creepin' On

Timber Timbre

From your chair, my narrative tonight Is your dickless cousin,  
brother, father, pet, friend, husband or wife A lavender scent  
A bone-orchard of hearts seems to surround you As you stare each  
gift horse straight in the mouth Stare my arrow down I was invited,  
I was called out to watch you frolic And dance

Oh, I buried my head in my hands I buried my heart there in the  
sand I was cock-blocked, cured, enchanted I was ferociously put  
upon until it was clear I should not keep on, I'll just creep  
on creepin' on Yes I will, I'll not keep on I'll just creep on  
creepin' on

Fell out of this station to levitate your bed And move her hair  
on to my chest Exposing her neck and I tear through Put you in  
to my arms And my stomach dropped as you shifted me off to stop  
The ectoplasm coiled like a hovering halo of smoke And our beloved  
invention Is conjured each night in your throat

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on creepin' on Yes I will, I'll not keep on I'll just creep on  
creepin' on Or do I try one more time? No, I'll not keep on I'll  
just creep on creepin' on