

## Sewer Blues

Timber Timbre

Now I come before you  
Moving through this tomb of vapor and perfume and fog-  
filled rooms  
Silent compass, anger at dawn  
Locked down in the harness, drawn away from the low  
The voice is barking of nausea and fear  
An unholy jargon in the judgement seat  
This knowledge that despite the angel you assume  
Commander alibi  
I'll surrender to the fume  
It's all flesh and fleshed out and forgotten now

I'll go away back to you  
I'll go away back through your love  
I'll go away back to you  
I'll go away back through your love

Better sing a money tune  
Light a cigarette  
Raise the roof above this ruin  
As the song repents  
Order of the underground  
As the sewer runs clear  
Stretch your skin in front of me  
Unto every other year

But now I come for you  
I come for your womb  
For your vapors and your perfume  
For your fog-filled rooms  
For your [?] compass  
For the body you adorn  
As a belt, as a necklace  
As a mask, as a horn  
It's all flesh and fleshed out and forgotten now

I'll go away back to you  
I'll go away back through your love  
I'll go away back to you  
I'll go away back through your love

I'll go away back to you  
I'll go away back through your love  
I'll go away back to you  
I'll go away back through your love, through your love, through  
your love, through your love, through your love