

The propheteer
The prophet's here
Only 'til August
Bearing down into the grass, down into the grass for me

The prophet's come
The prophet's good and stung
Gobbled up on cable wires
Dangling low + above the fires
They won't work out like the lovely ones
High wires
That bring the heathens out for a fight
Ergo sum
The game's grown young
There's a danger now in the town below

And the hobble of gawker's look across onto the road
There's a tazor
And a brave young one
Spilling fiber like you, son
And the cherry pouts your lungs

Just stay here
Stay here just loving me
Or just STOP bloody loving me
See now.
Sweep behind the gauzy curtain
High rise
High + wild

I pick at you, my limestone
When you fiddle with your red stone
What are you without your flint then, sonny?

Can't count out your only lie
Can't you cap out your only lie
Sitting fore
Keel.....

Not before
I was in front
Of the pekid fountain
The whole time