

Cave-o-sapien -
you were made for breaking of my back.
As I carried you past quiet houses,
kicking through the roses in the yard, I spied
the wildflower kisses on your neck - saw the garden
had been trampled past repair.

Oh, Cave-o-sapien.

You look like the sunrise!
- purple, lemon, baby-blue and gold -
but I knew it sounded bad when you said NO REGRETS
and then said nothing more.
And while you're leaning deep into the smoke
of those sticks
you keep rubbing together,
I keep thinking about how bad it's gonna burn,
and all the people I loved, back home,
who I loved, and love,
that you turned on.
People just offering shelter from the wind.
So bow your head into the wind,
my Cave-o-sapien.

I had a vision of a gorilla,
and he was a killer,
A killer!

Alone,
in fields of stone,
you're not the sunrise,
you're just alone.

But I've got you, until you're gone