

# **Jonti**

## **Wild Cub**

In the crisp seclusion  
Timid impulses hidden and turned  
Dormant possibilities  
Compromised and shadowed and turned away  
In this suspension  
This pre-pubescent age  
The very real question of what will remain at the thaw  
I don't know  
Somewhere in the middle  
I stood standing  
I didn't know it but I'd never understand it, no  
There's no explanation  
There's no answer  
Lines crooked like the center of your hands and oh  
I see it now  
It's brighter when the lights are out  
Behind the closed door  
It's turning off and on  
The light from below blinks true  
It blinks true  
And what does it say to you?  
I see that raw spark sinking  
The faded blinking and the big man winking at you  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>