Stay

Iceage

Grazing peacefully on the plains of functionality
And then suddenly breaking free, with snorting and fiery breath
As if to run out of its own skin, it flies across the landscape
When I'm alone
It poses as a constant threat
Merciful derelict
Hands become thundering hooves
Every which way I turn
I can sense it creeping in
So stay a little while
Before my thoughts go running wild
As a feral horse
And it will gallop till its death
So stay a little while
Before my thoughts go running wild
They smolder in the below
Ready to shoot out of the ground
Its as if I can see them all crash in epiphany
One deafening deep combusting sound
Hands become thundering hooves
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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