

The World Looks Red / The World Looks Black

Swans

Push it away
The world looks red
People wish fish eyes
The ground sucksWalk on my fingertips
Displacing the fog
The weight of my body is too much to bear
The memory drains the life from a dogAn ocean of insects works like a sheet
The immevoable fact buries my mind
In a horse-hair coat in a pile on the floorBury my mind
Bury mind
Bury my mind
Bury my mindFollow the Sleeper
Follow the Maker
Follow the Keeper
Follow the LeaverFollow the Sleeper
Follow the Sleeper
Follow the Sleeper
Follow the Sleeper

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