

Miasmal Smoke & The Yellow Bellied Freaks

Wintersleep

Donated her eyes
When she was young and shy
Hated her awkward breasts
And filled the yawning skylines with kisses Sweet to hear existence beat
To hold it tangible and drifting
Ever so gently sifting summer sky
Donated her eyes, donated her eyes To feel her actual senses
Oh, sweet 16, to feel what life was like
Donated her eyes to feel life
As she imagined it Go back to sleep, you yellow bellied freaks
Afraid of God and modern science
Go back to sleep, if I could only sleep
If I could stop imagining
If my dreams weren't after me Through piss and sweaty blankets
The deafening hum of some great silence
The jingle jangling heat, the strangling sheets
Terrible and fucking meaningless

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