Rhetoric

Momus

I'll love you 'til they figure out the way that life began
I'll love you 'til the newspaper reports the fall of man
I'll love you 'til you turn into a person I don't know
I'll love you 'til the desert sands are buried under snow
I'll love you 'til the razorblades are held against my neck
I'll love you 'til the sea glows purple and the sky goes black
I'll love you 'til Mount Everest falls down into the sea
I'll love you 'til the tiny worms go burrowing in me
The lovely owl upon the bough is swooping down for me
The brambles tangle round and round far as the eye can see
I'll love you 'til the astronauts go walking on the sun
I'll love you 'til the reaper comes to wake me with his gunI'll love you 'til the melting clocks have chimed a melting hour
I'll love you 'til the world has stopped and time has lost its power
I love you like the engine of a little blue machine
I love you like the bee that dies, dies astride a queen
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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