

# Mud

## Slothrust

I'll eat the mud.  
I'll suck the sun  
out of the sky,  
puncture the clouds.

When I'm throwin' down,  
it won't make a sound;  
below the bed,  
under the ground.

When I fought the night,  
it stayed asleep.  
It didn't move,  
the dark is cheap.

I'm braiding hair,  
braiding it well.  
My father taught me  
and now I can tell.

When I'm asleep  
and when I'm awake,  
I'm not afraid.  
This dirt is fake.

Lyrics Submitted by Markles

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