

# The Hill Dwellers

## The Doors

Way back deep into the brain  
Way back past the realm of pain  
Back where there's never any rain  
And the rain falls gently on the town And over the heads of all of us  
And in the labyrinth of streams  
Beneath, quiet unearthly presence  
Of nervous hill dwellers in the gentle hills around Reptiles abounding  
Fossils, caves, cool air heights Each house repeats a mold  
Windows rolled  
A beast car locked in against morning  
All now sleeping

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