

The Hair Pillow

Shudder to Think

Veins and a rope. Gold hair wrung out. Laughing. From back of the
sheep-shack,
a high bleat hum. Veins map the hair pillow. Strung out. I'm sleeping.
Its the kind
of a nap, though, you don't wake from. Sky of gold. Pink and lazy in
pond I lay.
Take it slow. Drunk and crazy in a pond I lay.

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