

# How to See Through Fog

## The Drones

And the marble moon sifts jets of sluice  
from treetops down candle wax roots  
while rain towers drown the morning song  
a magpie with a mottled tongue  
And they only ever treat you well  
when you're nothing but a church bell  
and they only ever think you're good  
when you're walking like you're made of wood  
It's another friday afternoon  
you shuck the shell, peel the cocoon  
but it ain't friday on the moon  
like it ain't Kenya at the zoo  
And they only ever treat you well  
when you're walking on an eggshell  
and they only ever treat you kind  
when you're talking like you'll change your mind  
Creation's all just a hit and run  
limping to the beat of your own going numb  
a fog curling tight around a weathercock fight  
and an end to see you in hindsight.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>