

# The Deep

[Roger S.](#)

You'll be a wolf devoured by a lion  
Cause you look like a lamb  
But baptized in fire  
Fearing yet hoping the best  
Has swallowed you asleep once again  
I should go to sleep  
I fear I'm running out of time  
(waits for no one)  
Sometimes I feel I should  
Sever my limbs  
So I could never crawl home

Back home to you  
Waiting and watching to see  
If you'll follow me to my grave  
I might not wake up next to you  
Excuses, excuses, excuses, excuses  
Make excuses for eating your young  
Let's lick the wounds  
And find out where we came from  
When copperas has faded  
I hope you'll still be by my side  
This is not dystrophy but desire  
Desire for comfort in the dark  
Call me a mocking bird and it's done

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