Mermaid Slur

SikTh

Is this the desperate mile? Are the seagulls hungry still? Did the pond run out of water? Turn into a motorway? Did the forest see itself slaughtered and modelled into decay? Did the kitten pur? Did the mermaid slur? I can't see a wind of wind of a way We wonder then thunder Winding road old cold abode Under mountain snow and howling skies Where it is grey but to survive first you must be alive Pinch your skin and look within Find a thought and a fish finger, baked beans upon your plate, its gotten late again Why did the wilderness weep tonight? Do you know the way out? Do you know the way out?

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