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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