Delicate Cutters

Throwing Muses

It's just the lack
Of time I keep
Reaching out, lashing outIt's just the lines
Run down the walls
I can't believe they never fall
The walls never leave
And the walls begin to screamAhhh
And my toes against the wall
I stare ahead
The door inside the wall
Your face inside the door
You crawl across the room
The picture never moves
My books are very still
You slide to my feet
You slide across the floorI
Throw your head across the ice
I
Throw my head through a window
Crash
Like poetryIt's four o'clock, I'm waiting
Your face appears
I keep forgetting your name
While I'm writing this, you
You crash through the wall
You fall off the floor
I
Slide your head across the ice
I
Throw my hands through the window
Crash
Like godsA room
Full of delicate cutters
All sitting down, the room has many doors
All but one of them are closed
She goes around
(Remember)
Opening the doorsThis has another ending
Full of innocent children

One of them are closedShe goes around
This has another ending
(Remember the room)
Full of delicate cutters
Opening the doors
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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