Obelisk

Timber Timbre

From your chair, my narrative tonight
Is your dickless cousin, brother, father, pet, friend, husband or wife
A lavender scent
A bone-orchard of hearts seems to surround you
As you stare each gift horse straight in the mouth
Stare my arrow down
I was invited, I was called out to watch you frolic
And danceOh, I buried my head in my hands
I buried my heart there in the sand
I was cock-blocked, cured, encharmed
I was ferociously put upon until it was clear
I should not keep on, I'll just creep on creepin' on
Yes I will, I'll not keep on
I'll just creep on creepin' onFell out of this station to levitate your bed
And move her hair on to my chest
Exposing her neck and I tear through
Put you into my arms
And my stomach dropped as you shifted me off to stop
The ectoplasm coiled like a hovering halo of smoke
And our beloved invention
Is conjured each night in your throatOh, I buried my head in my hands
I buried my heart there in the sand
I was cock-blocked, cured, encharmed
I was ferociously put upon until it was clear
I should not keep on, I'll just creep on creepin' on
Yes I will, I'll not keep on
I'll just creep on creepin' on
Or do I try one more time?
No, I'll not keep on
I'll just creep on creepin' on

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