Indiana

Cymbals Eat Guitars

As the descent began I got the distinct impression
Lake Michigan had been frozen for decades
I conducted the warmth from my metronome sternum
To our massive jetting vessel billowing plumes of spent fuelThe tundra under us cracked and ruptured
To reveal palisades
Made of blades of gray, gray bristling grass
And papulose lichen
I was so frightened
As my grip on you tightened
Your skin got slickerI am a deserted bus depot
Though our approach suggested
An American hazy sea
Like the one I found inside
After driving you home once
Still half highI-90 through utter desolation
I sense evil at the heart of each far flung well lighted home
I close my eyes and see cellar stairways
Vermiculated with delicate animal boneMusty rooms house racks of fur jackets
Spattered with plasma
On a bus in Indiana
I called you and screamed
Under ceaseless patterns of weeping light

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/