

# Ink

## Finch

I climb the mountain top, I saw the bottom drop  
I cling to drift wood yeah, I swim in the deep world

Words unspoken seem so foreign

Have you heard this one?

The hair on the back of your neck stands

Another way out, another way out

The army ants have escaped

The hair on the back of your neck stands up

Ink runs into my cup, I sip epiphany

Fang bite tarantula, taste of my symptoms

Gasoline and a pistol, blood filling the bathtub

Swollen eyelids, baffled by this

Tell us what you see?

The hair on the back of your neck stands

Another way out, another way out

The army ants have escaped

The hair on the back of your neck stands up

Ink runs into my cup, I sip epiphany

I've bit my lip for the last time

Fog lifts up for the blind

Free of body, free of mind

I'll build my mold up, rest inside

Ink spills on paper, paper spells my blood

Ink spills on paper, paper spells my blood

The hair on the back of your neck stands up

Ink runs into my cup, I sip epiphany

The army ants have escaped

The hair on the back of your neck stands up

Ink runs into my cup, I sip epiphany

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