Ink

Container 90

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
Ink spills on paper, paper spells my blood
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