Winged/Wicked Things

Sunset Rubdown

Well, I say it's just smoke
So you say it's the hair of ghosts
So I say it's the white hair of Poseidon
Ebbing in the tide in some dead seaSo you say it's some Shroud of Turin
And the sun wore it white and the earth wore it thin
Or the sun wore it white and his faith wore it thinUnraveling heavenward
It's saddled to tiny birds
Or other such winged things
Either way they are strugglingEither way they are miniature
And either way they're invisible
But either way they're confused
As hell would have themAnd the pattern of flight is chaotic and blind
But it's right 'cause chaos is yours and it's mine
And chaos is luck and like love and love blindThe pattern of flight is chaotic and blind
But it's right 'cause chaos is yours and chaos is mine, mine, mine, mine
And chaos is love and they say love is blindBut they're subject to hating us
It's just like the rest of us
Oh, we're just like the rest of us
They need, they needed the rest of us to stay aliveSo that's not where confusion lies
That's not where illusions to the fact that
The truth is just smoke in your eyes does lie
Confusion lies in which other wicked things do lie withConfusion lies in which other wicked things do lie with
And chaos is yours and chaos is mine
And chaos is love and they say love is blindSo I say, oh, I see now it's just smoke
So I say, oh, I see now it's just smoke
Oh, I say, oh, I see now it's just smoke
Oh, I say, oh, I see now it's just smoke

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