

Sink Beneath the Line

Incubus

Solstice sun it sank beneath the line
And the commoners were Drunken upon the hillside
Or so the story goes.
I guess she followed along
So she could Watch their games!
Sink beneath the line little girl.
Peak above the shrine them commoners were.
Harvest moon it peaked above the shrine
And the crawlers emerged multitudinous!
Silly girl she sat upon their doorway
Just poppin a squat!
That's when she Felt the squirms.
My underpants!
All I know is that she wanted to be part of the crowd.
I could've told her she was welcome here, anywhere! But instead she combed the outskirts lookin inside
And then she sat upon a bughill.
This was when things started to get rough. An army-o-de-pinchers climbed their creepy ways
Right inside her 5-0-1 cut-offs
And her skin took on a hue of a chemical unknown to me that's right!
They were biting her beneath the line. She was a sitting on atop their shrine.
I wish I could've warned her!
"She should've worn underpants!
There's bugs crawling everywhere and shit,
I can't believe it!"

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