

The Hill Dwellers

The Doors

Way back deep into the brain
Way back past the realm of pain
Back where there's never any rain
And the rain falls gently on the townAnd over the heads of all of us
And in the labyrinth of streams
Beneath, quiet unearthly presence
Of nervous hill dwellers in the gentle hills aroundReptiles abounding
Fossils, caves, cool air heightsEach house repeats a mold
Windows rolled
A beast car locked in against morning
All now sleepingRugs silent, mirrors vacant
Dust blind under the beds of lawful couples
Wound in sheets and daughters, smug
With semen eyes in their nipples

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