Cobwebs

cyriak

With your head in a noose and a grape on a knife
Found you some breakfast or adventuring eye
You smell trouble, well, how should we get some sleep?
When the last of the notes dries dead below skies
Poems about poisonous berries and vines
Would you warm out of the fire of nature, burning up your sheet
You know, I wore mistakes so I'd feel alive
Unlearn perfection a number of times
Just wood un-refurbished sounds more like paradise to me
Oh, the stones'll start talking, bad weathers a sign
Hunters and robbers that drip blood in fall time
Glow star told me, "Better run while the earth holds this heat"
Well, come out in the night
Everybody we know
We'll be laughing and singing
And there won't be no fighting
Well come out in the night
Where all the lasers are firing
And our babies are gurgling
And our elders are wobbly

We're not going underground
Are you going underground?
I'm not going underground
But their light and the pressure is pushing me down
Are you going underground?
I'm not going underground
But we say get to it, just to make the sound
Are you going underground?
I'm not going underground
We're not going underground
Are you going underground?
I'm not going underground now
Cobwebs! Cobwebs!
They took my home, I'm in disoriented glee
Cobwebs! Cobwebs!
They blocked the path that was connecting you and me
Cobwebs! Cobwebs!
It's a sticky case the more I move the less I'm free

Ever since I was a boy I found new ways to view my porridge
Sometimes electric, organic like strawberry meat

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