

Carpet of Horses

Red Red Meat

Lit deep, tin drops
Half the lights, shot out
The roof of your mouth
Back in your hollow, odd habits, odd

Lidded, stoned and guarded
You never take that face down anymore

Fever to sand, surgery lights
Head full of sin, shot out
Absinthe stutter, heaven knows
Needles off the sand
Carpet of horses from the plane

Shade fell
Shimmering flies in the pauses at your table
The flesh on your back, sparrows swallow
Scratch their way down into you

Lidded, stoned and guarded
If you let it in

Fever to sand, surgery lights
Head full of sin, shot out
Absinthe stutter, heaven knows
Needles off the sand
Carpet of horses from the plane...

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