

Late for the Devil

Kid Harpoon

I used to be a Capricorn, stolen
My mother bore with all her love.
Cavities and tiny portions,
Shared amongst my fellow orphans,
One always gets away. Neither eye has grown,
A pupil, soggy bones,
Home is where the heart is,
Wave goodbye and wish good tidings,
It was good for while it lasted,
I have been moved along. And I suppose, its better than never,
My soul, is late for the devil,
I must have missed him calling out.
I smile, for the first time ever,
My soul, flies through heaven,
The early bird gets the worm. No time to lose,
I am new to experience the ways of my world, Feel an awkward breeze,
The bending of my knees,
Rejoice! I am at peace. And I suppose, its better than never,
My soul, is late for the devil,
I must have missed him calling out,
I smile, for the first time ever,
My soul, flies through heaven,
The early bird gets the worm. Through the walls come falling hands,
Much too young to understand,
Things don't ever go to plan
I'm upside down,
Again! Feel an awkward breeze,
The bending of my knees,
Rejoice! I am at peace. And I suppose, its better than never,
My soul, is late for the devil,
I must have missed him calling out,
I smile, for the first time ever,
My soul, flies through heaven,
Here I am, reborn again!
Reborn again...

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