# Epitaph

## Hippo Campus

I'm blind and afraid
The colors of this sound like a shape
The feast of words you never could say
And I'm torn apart
In the sun, there is red
The epitaph of an old record player
The sweetness in the salt of her hair
And there's no decisionI knew a girl once
There were splinters from her thoughts
Unless you knew a god
With kindness in her heart
You're a dark one
With a knack for pushing boys off a cliff
And the messy eyes of ink-splattered fits
And it's all found in a pageI need nothing more than my problems
Just let me know when you've found them
You've got mirth and I've got snow hands
Eyes fell and haven't come up sinceMary
Dare me, scare me
Oh MaryI know a place out beyond these pines
Where the sky falls down with the cumulus cries
A winter song for a January type
I could tame my heart
I could blind my eyes
The river is an organ
And the meadow is a church
For a strange inclination
That fortune is a curse
I'm a cryptic writer
I'm an ignorant fool
I'm a poor excuse for poetry
Trying to play it cool
I'm just trying to play it coolI need nothing more than my problems
Just let me know when you've found them
You've got tact and I've got bravado
I'm a ghost and you are a shadowI need nothing more than my problems
Just let me know when you've found them
You've got mirth and I've got snow hands
Eyes fell and haven't come up sinceMary

Dare me, scare me
Oh Mary

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