

# Strange Language

[Azar Swan](#)

Up on the bluff, where I wish I was  
Twistin' up the pages of history  
My cold feet danglin', my bony arms gesturin'  
To summon up little chunk of that history  
In the corridor the shadows are long  
And it messes with my equilibrium  
And there's strains of a strange language  
Up on the bluff, where the hardwood's jut  
Out toward the gusts of history  
My crusty mind cracks, my restless heart tracks  
The fractal lines of history  
In the corridor the shadows are long  
And it messes with my equilibrium  
And there's strains of a strange language  
In the corridor the shadows are long  
And it messes with my equilibrium  
And there's strains of a strange language

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