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 historyIn the corridor the shadows are long
And it messes with my equilibrium
And there's strains of a strange languageUp 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 historyIn the corridor the shadows are long
And it messes with my equilibrium
And there's strains of a strange languageIn the corridor the shadows are long
And it messes with my equilibrium
And there's strains of a strange language

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