

# I've Got A Witch Mad At Me And You Could Get Into

## Forgive Durden

Consider this your fair warning  
There's no turning back now  
You're leaving your  
Blanket of cleansed gospel  
For the smut of vicious truth  
You won't need your wool coat  
Because out there the sun beats through  
So interlock your fingers with mine  
And squeeze tight  
Stay close behind  
We haven't much time  
So I'll cut to the quick  
We'll burn the midnight oil  
The sun will peek into our windows  
And be surprised to find empty beds  
Walls naked, our closets stripped  
Of all it's threads  
We will awake in a new world  
Our own island  
This floating mass  
A jagged slab  
Where bulbs burn  
For us until the end  
When dawn arrives  
We'll be ten drinks deep  
If we can fight of turning horizontal  
We'll explore our new home  
And find similarities at every turn  
No matter how far we go  
It's all a fragment of a whole  
Even if all locks are keyed  
Or calloused become our feet  
No matter how far we go  
There's no escaping the glow  
We'll take our seats at the throne  
Wonderland is now our home

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