

Pagan Poetry

Karl Latham

Pedaling through
The dark currents
I find an accurate copy
A blueprint of the pleasure in me
(Swirling black lilies totally ripe)
A secret code carved
A secret code carved
(Swirling black lilies totally ripe)
He offers a handshake
Crooked five fingers
They form a pattern
Yet to be matched
On the surface simplicity
(Swirling black lilies totally ripe)
But the darkest pit in me
Is pagan poetry
(Swirling black lilies totally ripe)
Pagan poetry
Morse coded signals
They pulsate
They wake me up
From my hibernate
On the surface simplicity
(Swirling black lilies totally ripe)
But the darkest pit in me
Is pagan poetry
(Swirling black lilies totally ripe)
Pagan poetry

[Incomprehensible][Incomprehensible](Swirling black lilies totally ripe)
[Incomprehensible][Incomprehensible](Swirling black lilies totally ripe)

I love him, I love him
I love him, I love him
I love him, I love him
I love him, I love him
She loves him, she loves him
(This time)
She loves him, she loves him
(I'm gonna keep it to myself)

She loves him, she loves him
She loves him, she loves him
(This time)
She loves him, she loves him
(I'm gonna keep it to myself)
She loves him, she loves him
(And he makes me want to hurt myself again)
She loves him, she loves him
She loves him, she loves him
(And he makes me want to hurt myself again)
She loves him, she loves him
She loves him, she loves him
She loves him, she loves him
She loves him, she loves him

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