

Exploring the Axis

Thin White Rope

The axis buried is a pivot in your head
Around which buried things revolve that most people leave unsaid
And it's probably a good idea cause things could happen in your town
And the police come by coincidence and find it written down

The axis calls and sometimes I repeat the things it says to me

I remember one time I read about
A killer who just couldn't get off without
Certain evil preparations; the detectives searched his loft,
Found a portrait in red ink of a girl with her dress off

The axis calls and sometimes I repeat the things it says to me

I wonder if I could
Enter suburban homes
Say 'hi' to trusty dogs
Soothe them with meaty bones
Wander from room to room
Moonlight on every bed
Haloes my chosen one
The axis in her head

Sometimes I walk alone in the fog
Wondering if I'd be seen by an old man and his dog
And maybe that same night, somewhere in the town,
The worst thing in the world occurred and police track me down

Lyrics submitted by Josh Mostek.

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