

Ink

Piano Dreamers

I climb the mountain top, I saw the bottom drop
I cling to drift wood yeah, I swim in the deep world
 Words unspoken seem so foreign
 Have you heard this one?
The hair on the back of your neck stands
 Another way out, another way out
 The army ants have escaped
The hair on the back of your neck stands up
 Ink runs into my cup, I sip epiphany
 Fang bite tarantula, taste of my symptoms
 Gasoline and a pistol, blood filling the bathtub
 Swollen eyelids, baffled by this
 Tell us what you see?
The hair on the back of your neck stands
 Another way out, another way out
 The army ants have escaped
The hair on the back of your neck stands up

Ink runs into my cup, I sip epiphany
 I've bit my lip for the last time
 Fog lifts up for the blind
 Free of body, free of mind
 I'll build my mold up, rest inside
Ink spills on paper, paper spells my blood
Ink spills on paper, paper spells my blood
The hair on the back of your neck stands up
 Ink runs into my cup, I sip epiphany
 The army ants have escaped
The hair on the back of your neck stands up
 Ink runs into my cup, I sip epiphany
 Ink spills on paper, paper spells my blood
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