The Toy

What a slow Familiar dream I wake up Laughing and drowning From the boy Crying and calling 'Cause the toy, in my hand Is real What a tomb We're building here In the sphere That's where we all die In the eye That's where I'm living The toy, in my hand Is real In the room The warm hands play On my breast What is she singing? This horror, ringing and ringing 'Cause the toy, in my hand Is real The toy, in my hand Is real Charcoal womb The jet planes purr And the cruel, distant is paid for Children burn Faceless paper 'Cause the toy, in my hand Is real 'Cause the toy, in my hand Is real

Big Thief