

Furies

Billy Woods

Planetary orbits and temporal numbers
Ancient mathematical astronomy
Mennonites' children
Time and space reunited
Selling the true time, the valley of fear
Tales of unrest, milk from my breast
Imagine communities outside my wife
Washington at a latitude of 77 degrees, outside my life
Newer time reckoning
Time flies like an arrow, me and a few witches on the broom
With Santa, 1930, hustlin' coke
Poppy field, weed smoke
Outside the concentration camp, lookin' for a light

My good eye devil may care
The bad one slide over e'rything with a stare
Bad vibes and the vestibule in your head is a time share
Madame Bovary with the good hair
I shoulda stopped right there
But a trick is a trick, like Flaubert
The flow bare bones, the trick is the dead air
The beat goes and goes and goes
The night hides in caves and holes, whisperin'
She answered, open robe, black body glistenin'
Like she swallowed the sun
Shook it off like a fever run its course
And what did I want?
What did I want, what did I want?
Low lying cloud, crowd the church spire
The first liar played the lyre so sweet the furies weep
Might let me be, before they tear a piece each
Like he promised, Persephone swam up out the deep
Cold as fish, we kissed, we closed lips
Greek cliffs, sunbaked, white bricks
Silent, empty horizon, but I know it's ships

It rips through the fabric
And sits like foam on the lip of a savage
Outside Buckingham palace
Waitin' for black sabbath
Enacts the crack cabbage
Wreak havoc
The fourth horseman
Earth B.C. beast, the dragon
Revelation trappin', I'm snappin'
The women clothed in the sun
Givin' birth to a future light
Lift 'em high, Bill Cartwright
I just want to make it right
Fly like LeBron in the night
Supersonic flight
But they don't want me to shine
They don't want me to shine
'Cause I remind 'em of the fight
And they don't want me to dine
They don't want me to dine
I bled the pork on the knife

Feet of clay, hands of light
'Cause I remind 'em of the fight
They don't want me to dine
They don't want me to dine
I bled the pork on the knife
Feet of clay, hands of light
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