

# villagers

Califone

Safe underneath the water  
Child of the slaughter  
Sung it to yourself  
Sound swimming in the silence  
Daughter of the violence  
Sung into the void  
A roxy music cassette dying in the dashboard sun  
Clean redemption  
Your attention asleep in someone else's car

Found mowing down the flowers  
Vanishing the hours  
Yelling at the moon  
Sleep-walking with the jackals  
Expanding on the fractals  
A diorama breaks  
The villagers as one go quiet as you come closer

The weekend cannibals arrive

Child of things we never mention  
Grounded in the tension and digging up the bones  
Lost inside of your good graces  
Forgot a million faces  
A memory or dream

Worlds never collide  
They just hover and spin  
The sweetest forever is always and never halfway home  
Halfway home, halfway home  
Halfway home, halfway home  
Halfway home, halfway home  
Halfway home