

Asphodel

Cass McCombs

A junky on Leavenworth said
Below the Transamerica Pyramid
There's a tunnel to the underworld
She was just that type of girl

To crawl through demonic steam
Through a dead dog's mouth
A flower grows in the dark
That's what she's all about

Everything I thought I threw away
Come back around to me someday
Footsteps are audible after the grasses cease
The oak is alive by what is buried underneath

A flower grows in the dark
Near the land of dreams
But don't ask me how I know
Don't ask me what it means

Facing the sun, blind to your shade
The darkened spot where our bodies once laid
Upon the flame and left a burn
There's only molecules in the urn

Don't confine or define me
I'm not your experiment
And I mean everything I say
Or something not unlike it

To the vanished one I lost
Tape recorder turning beneath the frost
Flower in the gutter, forgotten
Consecrated with this crop of cotton

I'd recognize your lowdown ways
Even if you change your form
I need my Beltane baby
To keep my body warm