

Interior Live Oak

Cass McCombs

A sprite called Uriel was imprisoned in a tree
And freed by a wizard, now there's a tree growing inside of me
The mystery cannot be believed, no theory to buy into
No forest of books to clear, it is and isn't
It was and wasn't, buzzing bees, distant cousin
The wiz, couldn't muzzle the mystery
Of the great and silent tree

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New fingers growing from each stem showing no tell
Icing you out, cold as hell
What a sap I was at the cloisters by the George Washington Brid
ge
Unhinging a door to an abandoned fridge
Flesh howled on the bone, roots dived deepening the mystery
Of the tree

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I found you by touch alone at the masquerade
Your anklet made its way to my neck and we slipped off
Our atoms surged, blood became one
We were neither lovers nor enemies
Kindred nor kindling, yet I knew
The mystery was not through
The vandal delights in carving his handle into
The proud and ancient tree

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