

# Sedimentary

Cloakroom

How careless are we to wonder  
Apart from the stream  
It hides itself in channels deep  
To exist but to never behold  
You know

Discard your beliefs and squander  
Such trivial thoughts for the future

Catching and releasing won't put dinner on your plate  
When you wound something that great you've got to want it  
In your waking hours you find you're tethered to some line  
Escaping every single time, you've got to disconnect it

But you're still prone for mistaking the sky  
For the shore collecting wealth we've long cast aside

When you need her most you throw yourself into the silt  
Sort of cleansing off some guilt, but getting dirty all the same

My God, she goes by many names  
I can't discern which one rings true  
What keeps me grounded or unglued  
If I should dwell or think it through into some lost paradigm  
Ruin your mind

There's an agent of change on the wind  
Through the storm door to end everything  
She sings