

## Basket of Eggs

Clutch

As through a glass darkly you seek yourself  
But the light grows weak while under Yggsdrasil  
A basket of eggs, may you count your days  
Though your gut lies filled, only shells remain

I can tell you've been drinking by the scent of your breath  
Another little sip, a bit deeper in debt  
You can rest your head in your wrinkled hands  
But when you awake, you're in another land

In fields of green rolling on endlessly  
You find a fallen nest where there is no tree  
Mark the brown furred hound tied to the mandrake root  
Dare you carve a face in that virtue food?

I can tell what you're thinking, I see it everyday  
I'll help you with your coat, see you on your way  
Sure you want to go walking on a night like this?  
Look, there goes another one now  
One day I swear they will not miss

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