

Origin Of The World

David Keenan

I'm singing this song in an act of rebellion
But if I wear a white shirt, will my appearance seem clean?
I've emptied my skull of stale symbolism
From my fingers I scrubbed you like a nicotine stain

Craving some daylight and the sobering cold
Oh, I have heard of that deity from a yarn I've been told
By an elder of our tribe with the mind of a hunter
He'd the spirit of a bird and the soul of an orphan
He released in me wisdom and happy endorphins

Wish me luck, I'm in trouble again
I'm in love with a woman friend

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So I let out a whistle, and my hand came a yelping, yelping
Our Diana, she bathes in that there pond beyond those ditches
I hear the Act of Contrition from Christopher Hitchens
Sends the opium smoker off, off, off to the astral plane

Then I move through the forest while unraveling the linen
I had placed on my chiseled and the well-worn blade
From her tongue and her teeth
I bear the marks of a slave

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Being chased by this beast, how many young fellas died?
Poets digging their trenches have been buried, buried alive
By this clandestine creature with the kill in her eyes

Though would Luna and Lupa both be made from the den
If they gazed even once into the origin of man?
Ah, would Luna and Lupa be put to the sword
If they dared even once touch the origin of the world?

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Wish me luck, I'm in trouble, I'm in trouble again
I'm in love, I'm in love with a woman friend